

Subterranea

IQ

Belly first, unrehearsed, I'm thrown from all I've
known
A silhouette set among the badlands paved with stone
Photographs, fingerprints, fragile refugee
Higher rise fire in the sky society
Can I hold on, can I believe in
All the things you are?
There's no sane in, chaos reigns in Subterranea
Cadillac heart attack, back of this beyond
Pusher king, TV queen, accommodating blonde
At Traitor's Gate while you wait gender reassigned
Surgeon carves the matching halves
The blindfold leads the blind
Can I hold on? I cannot count them
All the things you are
Were I stronger I'd hold out longer in Subterranea
Without the walls, comfort is freezing in my veins
And caught within chemical rain
My dreams have turned against me
And fatally have fenced me in
Above me cold light and below me over all
The time I've lost, how can I know?
So I keep forgetting what I am half recalling
On a bed of fallen flowers
Hold me now as I was held before
Powerhouse, sacred vows, trigger happy punk
Driven by hidden eyes and figure hugging junk
Heaven knows if I'm close, am I unreleased?
If I'm in hell I may as well be famine to the feast
Can I hold on, can I belong to
All the things you are?
There's no sane in, chaos reigns in Subterranea,
Subterranea, Subterranea
--Instrumental--