

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--