

Fangs

Man Man

And every time she tries to find
The kind of love that won't leave her behind
She ends up feeling like some sort of shadow on the wall

Raised and braised on mysticism
Like Jesus flesh and cataclysmic
Punishment for following
The hunger her pleasure creates

She falls downstairs completely aware
It'll tarnish her beauty beyond all repair
The bruises that blossom remind her she's human
She hates that more than the fact
(So she)

She hides her fangs behind her back
She slips them in when no one's watching
Pretends to laugh
At the boxes she's been born in
She hides her fangs out in the open
Hoping somebody will steal them
And her

When she was young she held a fantasy
Of being the female Steve McQueen
Careening an ancient motorcycle
Through the throngs of those she hates

The spirit of sperm it haunts her thoughts
Like harnesses for golden swans
Her belly deserves a future much brighter
Than a hovel for a squatter
She chews her fingers down to the bone
Whenever she feels her life's out of control
She plays the piano, it sounds like tornadoes
But who will tell her the truth?
(I won't)

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And I wish that I could provide
The kind of weapons money don't buy
Together we'd go hunting through
The hollows of our hearts
And kill the things that keep us down
And cut the strings to which our fears seem bound
You kiss the flicker of the flames that burn us out

From within