

## 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