

Latch to this life like a death grip,
we're satisfied
with the mundane I'm keeping out of sight,
but still we are young.
We are young.

I'll steer the angels down
Keep him in the back room, shut the door.
Let go.

And now he's there at the grey/gold dead bed of lies.
Pushing daisies while we still feel the sunshine.

We are young.
We are young.

Sift through the marigolds to please our damaged souls.

This place is holding me.
Jump through the rope let's make it credible.
When blood is all we see,
Life is impossible.

Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling.
We're on the clock and the needle's turning.
The misery's killing me slowly.
Give me a spine to work it out.

I'm just another one wandering endlessly on to the grave.

The signs of the times are upon us.
So we're pitting for tomorrow.
Sucking on the mother's dead tit
Of sorrow.
Sorrow.
It's all right.
We learn it all before we go.
Snapped by the neck as we swallow.
Chin up.
I'm tying the rope.
Leaving all hollow.

This place is holding me.
Jump through the rope let's make it credible.
When blood is all we see,
Life is impossible.

Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling.
We're on the clock and the needle's turning fast.
The misery's killing me slowly.
Give me a spine to work it out.
No funeral. No pyre that's burning.
This body's dust in the wind that's hurling past.
The misery's killing me slowly.
Give me a spine to work it out.

I guess I will just leave things the way they are.

This place is holding me.
Jump through the rope let's make it credible.
When blood is all we see.
Life is impossible.

(Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling.
We're on the clock and the needle's turning.
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Give me a spine to work it out.)

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