

Blood From The Beating Heart

Primitive Radio Gods

She counted holes with a shovel. She won't shake hands with the devil

And when she's caught in the middle, she pulls away and it feels

Like a north wind freezin' your body again

Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark

To a mouth where the feelings start

Rush out like the blood from the beating heart

She holds the neck of the bottle, her every thought is a riddle

You try to rise to her level, you sit back down and it feels

Like a north wind teasin' your body again

Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark

To a mouth where the feelings start

Rush out like the blood from the beating heart

The blood from the beating heart

The blood from the beating heart

A strange and delicate creature who only lives if you love her

Invites you to swim in the river and leaves you under the earth

Like a north wind freezin' your body again

Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark

To a mouth where the feelings start

Rush out like the blood from the beating heart

Like a north wind...Like a slow day...

To a mouth where the feelings start

Rush out like the blood from the beating heart