

From The Mouth Of An Injured Head

Radical Face

Well, hold me against the floor
Find something to bind my hands
'cause I don't know where I have been
And I don't know what I have seen
But the puzzle is carved into me

And I know that I miss you
But I don't even know your name
Oh, when you're near me I feel OK
Yeah, when you're near me I'm not ashamed
And the holes in my head they explain

In my sleep I can hear a voice
A call, a withering echo
And it sings, it sings all-knowing words
But ones I can't understand
Like running water slipping through my fingers

When I'm down near the window
I feel your hands as you bind my head
I'm watching birds through the open shades
I hear you wonder if I'm OK
Or if the cracks are too deep in my brain

In my dreams I can hear a voice
A call, a withering echo
And it sings, it sings all-knowing words
But ones I can't understand
Here it goes again...

But there's something missing'
There's something lost in my head
Could you help me fix it?
Could you please come stitch me up?
'cause I don't know how
Yeah, I don't know how
The answers are buried in me

And I know that I miss you
But I don't even know your name