

# Heart Is Strange

School of Seven Bells

Lately the days  
Feel more like spirits to chase  
My nights are full of strangers  
And even stranger ends

My love, there comes a time in everything  
When these silent grips become ingrained  
As the grooves assembled on your skin

The machine of will  
That shakes me constantly  
Makes the silence behind me  
Snarl like a swarm of bees

My love, the heart is strange and dissonant  
I know I should be happier now  
Than I've ever been  
But stillness weighs heavy and cold on my skin

Darling, you've got to shake this  
Shape you've been drifting in  
Oh I used to think that this rage was living  
But that movement feigns a lull so deceiving  
When nothing has changed in your life

My love, there comes a time in everything  
When these silent grips become ingrained  
As the grooves assembled on your skin