

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