

Working On Beyond

Shadow Project

Hypnotize the phone
Down there I can't get up
I'm working on beyond,
a handful of understanding
Fills and overflows
Fills and overflows
The bough breaks, suspicions of the flesh
A cord of light closing, desperate in my hands
Fire doing time saw blue
Fire doing time saw blue

What can I give my chest
Trapped inside escape
In these boxes of old clothing?
It hurts when you're
scratching up their sleeves
Two or twenty on my cheek
Working on beyond
Sharpening my disguise
Living rooms get too dark,
Pinning down the rumors
Working on beyond
I can fight and sleep alone
Famous sitting in the kitchen
Famous starving in our kitchen
When can I look back?
Twelve stories down past thirty years
In a vacuum called love
Where nobody lives
In a vacuum called love
Where nobody lives

Hypnotize the phone
Down there I can't get up
I'm working on beyond,
a handful of understanding
Fills and overflows
Fills and overflows
The bough breaks, suspicions of the flesh
A cord of light closing,
desperate in my hands
I fell asleep with a gun in my hand
I fell asleep with a gun in my hand