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