

Autoclave

The Mountain Goats

Hand me your hand, let me look in your eyes
As my last chance to feel human begins to vaporize
Maybe it's the heat in here, maybe it's the pressure
You ought to head for the exits, the sooner the better

I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no one in her right mind would make my home her home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave

When I try to open up to you, I get completely lost
Houses swallowed by the earth, windows thick with frost
And I reach deep down within but the pathways twist and turn
And there's no light anymore and nothing left to burn

I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no emotion that's worth having could call my heart its home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave

I dreamt that I was perched atop a throne of human skulls
On a cliff above the ocean, howling wind and shrieking seagulls
And the dream went on forever, one single static frame
Sometimes you want to go where everybody knows your name

And I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no one in her right mind would make her home my home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave