

Swords Of Truth

These New Puritans

Draw swords of truth in the back of the car
Cue my attack, you know I will say
Strike me down, I am an island, a mountain, a river
And as I always sing
You know I'll be thinking this music's symbolic
This music is weightless and when I sing, so am I
You'll be slashing at the air, describing nothing

Who wrote all the numbers in your body?
Who wrote all of the numbers in your body?
The numbers in your body
I am in the rain, I am in the rain
I am in the- sixteen seconds!

I'm writing on airwaves, I'm writing on the air
I'm writing on your memory, I'm writing on the microphone
The swords of truth, the back of the car
Due my attack but you know I always sing
Strike me down, strike me down
Strike me down, strike me down
Cos I am an island, a mountain, a river
And as I see that, you know I am thinking
This music's symbolic, this music is weightless

Who wrote all the numbers in your body?
Who wrote all of the numbers in your body?
I am in the air, I am in the reign
I am in the- sixteen seconds!

Swords of truth in the back of the car
Cue my attack but to you I will say
Strike me down, strike me down
Strike me down, strike me down, strike me down!
I am an island, a mountain, a river...