

## Magnets Caught in a Metal Heart

Thursday

She spins magnetic rings  
Around the dark violet heart of god  
She's a magnetic field,  
Shower of sparks,  
When she comes on.

There's a silent charge  
In a coil of wire  
When the currents pass right through it.  
We're coupled lines in lightning strikes,  
We jump like birds on a vine.  
We're the magnets caught in a metal heart  
Where the blood is pumping through it  
When the needle spins, it sings,  
"Feels like we're in love..."

He spins magnetic rings that fall apart  
When he's removed from her  
He's a magnetic field  
Under the silver of clouds  
Where the lining of skies  
Looks like the dirt on the ground.  
His only true north is down

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In a coil of wire  
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