

The Rifle's Spiral

The Shins

Dead lungs command it
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral
And show us you've earned it
The Cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes
So long to this wretched form
Them gray eyes on the subway
Long before you were born
You were always to be a dagger floating
Straight to their heart
"Listen now, we won't tell anyone
But you're gonna tell the world
This whole life ain't been any fun
Now your viscera unfurls
As you rise, rise from your burning fiat
Go, go get my suitcase. Would you?
You've thoroughly blown their minds
And now I must have passage home. Your life's
Two veins from your heart"
You're not invisible, now
You just don't exist
Your mother must be so proud
You sublimate yourself, granting us a wish
Primitive mirror on the wall
To fortify your grim resolve
Amid the glitz of a shopping mall
Another grain of indigent salt for the sea
Good night to these wretched forms
All them gray eyes on the subway
So long before you were born
You were always to be a dagger floating
Straight to their heart

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>