

# Atlas Air

## Massive Attack

Yes, shall we take a spin again in business?  
This time is fixed, let's sweeten our facilities  
It took all the man in me  
To be the dog you wanted me to be Shall we take a spin again, no witnesses  
This time is fixed, seven three seven is  
You won't feel a thing  
Begging until you give it up insane Fish like little silver knives  
Make the cuts on my inside  
Yeah, let him feast, my heart is big, my heart is big  
My blood will slide in metal studs  
Tourniquet will hold its groove  
Tourniquet will keep its grip  
It took all the man in me  
To be the dog you wanted me to be  
Yeah, let him feast, my heart is big  
My heart is big, my blood will slide  
Yeah, let him feast, my heart is big  
My heart is big, my blood will slide Got not to lose but my chains  
Internet feasts on my brains  
Head in the sand, feet in the clay  
And time is still, like grease it slips  
Sucking in, spitting pips  
Yeah, spitting pips  
Not to lose but my chains  
Internet beats on my brains  
Head in the sand, feet in the clay  
A place to piss, a place to pray  
A little money should tell me of my faith  
This gun of smoke is slaying me  
And time is still, like grease it slips  
Sucking in, spitting pips  
Yeah, spitting pips  
My heart was big and like my pride  
Let them feast on my insides  
And when the filled had spilled its guts  
Gently open then it shuts I'm in the hole three thousand days  
A buried soul  
They live the dream in terminal  
No war too mean  
I know the drill, got cells to burn  
I'm dressed to kill  
A mortal coil and time is still

On secret soil  
Yeah, pay the bills, cells to burn  
Mouths to fill  
On Boeing jets  
In the sunset make glowing threats

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