

So Many Dynamos, These Things Happen

Your hands were cold and your eyes were wide
As you laid there helpless on your side
I don't think I could ever feel alright again
In this hotel bathroom
Your dress was torn and your fingers froze
On a filthy floor in your fancy clothes
I can hear the sirens getting closer now
In this hotel bathroom
Now as I'm flying in circles above your pretty little head
In heat my mouth starts to water
Your pace slows as the wind blows
Your hands were cold and my motives vain
As a rusted spike stood still in your veins
It would take forever to explain the stains
On this plain white t-shirt
I never hoped that this would come true
You said you'd die for me, I said I'd die for you
So what the hell do you think that you are trying to prove
In this hotel bathroom
Now as I'm swimming in circles below your pretty dangling feet
Drawn to the red in the water
Your pace slows as the blood flows