

Swans, Animus

The Sun Is An Acid Eye
We're Corroded With Pleasure Inside
There's A Hole In Your Thin White Skin
Now We'll Never Be Clean Again
Our Hands Are Two Broken Claws
We Scrape At The Ground For Hours
I Buried This Sound In The Floor
To Gain Control Of This Feeling
(Amnesia)
And This City's A Crowded Room
And The Earth Is A Closing Tomb
In My Hand Is Your Perfect Womb
When You Breathe Your Breath Is Obscene
My Heart Is A Lead Box
Ideas Are Shutting Locks
The Air Was Just Turned Off
And You're Sucking From This Machine
(Amnesia)
The Sun Will Not Rise Today
You Children Will Stay Where You Lay
The Oil Is Black And It's Thick
And Sex Is A Void Filled With Plastic
The President's Mouth Is A Whore
When There's Murder The Audience Roars
There's No Room Left For The Strong
Everything Human's Necessarily Wrong:
(Amnesia)