

Atlas Air (Heligoland)

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 feats 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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