

Metaphysical Pistol

Ian Astbury

When I look in your eyes
I see a burning star
I see a heart that's wild
I see a place I can't define Your mind is sharp
You don't miss a beat
You see right through people
Who can't see into you Is life just a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium?
Is life just a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium? Your slight smile
Holds me rapt for a while
And they can't pull me down
Pull us down, pull us down Solar flares
Burn bright in your hair
Yeah people get scared
They don't understand how beautiful you are The state, money, sex, yourself, power, these are all false gods A
metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
A metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
A metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
A metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light Solar flares
Burn bright in your hair
Yeah people get scared
They don't understand how beautiful you are A metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
A metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
A metaphysical pistol, a metaphysical pistol A metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
A metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
A metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
A metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate We are sitting smack in the middle of the beatific vision A heart full
of light, money
Gut full of hate, sex
A heart full of light, power
Gut full of hate, yourself
A heart full of light, the state
Gut full of hate, false gods
A heart full of light, vision
Gut full of hate, vision
A heart full of light, a metaphysical pistol with a
Gut full of hate, a metaphysical pistol with
A heart full of light, a metaphysical pistol with a
Gut full of hate, a metaphysical pistol with
A heart full of light

Gut full of hate

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>