

# Slow Burn

## Turnstile

Here shall we live in this terrible town  
Where the price for our eyes shall squeeze them tight like a fist  
And the walls shall have eyes and the doors shall have ears  
But we'll dance in the dark and they'll play with our lives  
Like a slow burn leading us on and on and on  
Like a slow burn turning us round and round and round  
But who are we? So small in times such as these  
Slow burn, slow burn  
Oh these are the days, these are the strangest of all  
These are the nights, these are the darkest to fall  
But who knows? Echoes in tenement halls

Who knows? Though the years snare them all  
Like a slow burn, leading us on and on and on  
Like a slow burn, twirling us round and round and upside down  
There's fear overhead, there's fear overground  
Slow burn, slow burn  
Like a slow burn, leading us on and on and on  
Like a slow burn, turning us round and round and round  
And here are we at the center of it all  
Slow burn, slow burn, slow burn

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