Subterranea

I.Q.

Belly first, unrehearsed, Im thrown from all Ive known
A silhouette set among the
badlands paved with stone
Photographs, fingerprints, fragile refugee
Higher rise fire in the sky societyCan I hold on, can I believe in
All the things you are?
Theres no sane in, chaos reigns in SubterraneaCadillac heart attack, back of this beyond
Pusher king, TV queen, accommodating blonde
At Traitors Gate while you
wait gender reassigned
The blindfold leads the blindCan I hold on? I cannot count them
All the things you are
Were I stronger Id hold out longer in SubterraneaWithout the walls, comfort is freezing in my veins
And caught within chemical rain
My dreams have turned against me
And fatally have fenced me inAbove me cold light and below me over all
The time Ive lost, how can I know?
So I keep forgetting what I am half recalling
On a bed of fallen flowers
Hold me now as I was held beforePowerhouse, scared vows, trigger happy punk
Driven by hidden eyes and figure hugging junk
Heaven knows if Im close, am I unreleased?
If Im in hell I may as well be famine to the feastCan I hold on, can I belong to
All the things you are?
Theres no sane in, chaos reigns in Subterranea

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