Iron Boots

Rustic Overtones

Are your thoughts breaking? Are your thoughts crushing?
Are they naked, are they aching to be pushing?
Do you feel clean?
I feel that too much
and the hunch I didn't play beckons my way
like a crutch
Iron boots, aluminum wings
I just can't stop running into things
And I'm all smashed up
Honey...today I hit the ground and found
these wings made of tin will just cave in
and iron boots just keep me down
Are your thoughts in silence or are your thoughts in sirens?
Is it steel rubing steel or is it iron to iron?
Do you think like me? Does trouble just come up?
What is the sickness that growls like machines in your gut?
Iron boots, aluminum wings
I just can't stop running into things
And I'm all smashed up
Honey...today I hit the ground and found
these wings made of tin will just cave in
and iron boots just keep me down
tripping me up again
iron boots and matching staight jacket suits
and I fall down again on my chin
Fuel spilling out, fuel still rushing inis how it begins.
It's a miracle I can still stand up pulling me down with your gravity.
Sadder than tragedy's sound. I still get around.
I still get up with iron boots on the ground
It's in times of riot not times of quiet
it's were I hide it; inside it.
It's the distortion, give me distortion to clear it all away.

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