

# Life in a Museum

## A Static Lullaby

The scene has retaken shape  
It seems your stuck in the middle  
The legs of your lover  
Have spread for another  
(You're invaded) and coming undoneRetrace, recount, reuse  
Become, believe, be well  
Impress, impose, embark  
Conceal, connect, conquerYou give it all  
And sometimes fade away  
We give it all  
We all just fade  
It's not love  
We're not loveBut I'm not perishing  
'Cause vengeance holds my hand  
To be lost amongst the slaves  
(We're shackled) Shackled and blistering  
Its now lust that holds my hand  
Tonight I'll find my waySo now you think this is safe (huuhh...)  
Oh boy you better be careful  
I've never had the chance for  
This kind of love  
(I'm infected) I'm coming undoneRetrace, recount, reuse  
Become, believe, be well  
Impress, impose, embark  
Conceal, connect, conquerBut I'm not perishing  
'Cause vengeance holds my hand  
To be lost amongst the slaves  
(We're shackled) Shackled and blistering  
Its now lust that holds my hand  
Tonight I'll find my way

Songwriters

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