

# The Rifle's Spiral

## The Shins

Dead lungs command it.  
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral  
And show us you've earned it.  
Cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes. So long to this wretched form.  
Them grey eyes on the subway  
Long before you were born  
You were always to be a dagger floating  
Straight to their heart. Listen, now, we won't tell anyone.  
But you're gonna tell the world.  
This whole life ain't then any fun.  
Now your viscera unfurls As you rise; rise from your burning fiat,  
Go, go get my suitcase, would you?  
You've thoroughly blown their minds.  
And now I must have passage on the lines  
To the veins from your heart. You're not invisible, now.  
You just don't exist.  
Your mother must be so proud.  
You sublimate yourself, granting us a wish. Primitive mural on the wall,  
to fortify your grim resolve.  
Amid the glitz of a shopping mall  
another grain of indigent salt for the sea. Good night to these wretched forms  
All them gray eyes on the subway  
So long before you were born  
you were always to be a dagger floating  
straight to their heart.

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