

Lungs

Good Weather for an Airstrike

Well, won't you lend your lungs to me? Mine are collapsing
Plant my feet and bitterly breathe up the time that's passing
Breath, I'll take and breath, I'll give and pray the day's not poison
Stand among the ones that live in lonely indecision
Fingers walk the darkness down, mind is on the midnight
Gather up the gold you've found, you fool, it's only moonlight
And if you try to take it home your hands will turn to butter
You better leave this dream alone, try to find another
Salvation sat and crossed herself and called The Devil partner
Wisdom burned upon a shelf, who'll kill the raging cancer?
Seal the river at it's mouth, take the water prisoner
Fill the skies with screams and cries, bathe in fiery answers
Jesus was an only son and love his only concept
Strangers talk in foreign tongues and dirty up the doorstep
And I for one and you for two ain't got time for outside
Just keep your injured looks to you, we'll tell the world we tried
Keep your injured looks to you, we'll tell the world we tried

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