

# Silver Soul

## Beach House

We gather medicine for heartache  
So we can act a fool  
It's incomplete without you  
The silver soul is running through  
It's a vision, complete illusion, yeah The needle along the spinning wheel  
Collecting silver coil  
It gathers heat without you  
Whether or not you're turned from it  
It's a quick turn to let it figure out It is happening again The bodies lying in the sand,  
They're moving in the dark  
It is so quick to let us  
We feel it move through our skin  
It's a sickness, a manic weakness, yeah It is happening again

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