

# Furnace

## Cop Shoot Cop

10.000 miles away from home  
Will someone tell me where the hell I am  
    Tied in knots of skin and bone  
    And looking for an exit door again  
    I swear I've seen this before  
    Looking sideways out of a dream  
    Some here, some gone  
    And now somewhere inbetween  
    Strangulate my memory  
But there ain't much I'm able to recall  
    These faded yellow photographs  
    Splintered and scattered on the floor  
Well there once was a right and a wrong  
    And there once was an easy way out  
    But the lines that were drawn  
Have dissolved in a furnace of sound, of sound ...  
    The grinding teeth and flapping jaws  
    Of cold and bloodless faces in the crowd  
    Now coming on as white as noise  
    You double forward into here and now  
    And we'll get to know our guts  
    If we have to tear them out  
And then pound our fists into bloody pulps on the ground  
    We'll pound our fists on the ground  
    In suspended animation  
    Neither live nor dead  
Every day you come up with the money  
    Living in limbo ain't cheap

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