

Magnets Caught In A Metal Heart

Thursday

She spins magnetic rings
Around the dark violet heart of god
She's a magnetic field,
Shower of sparks,
When she comes on.
There's a silent charge
In a coil of wire
When the currents pass right through it.
We're coupled lines in lightning strikes,
We jump like birds on a vine.
We're the magnets caught in a metal heart
Where the blood is pumping through it
When the needle spins, it sings,
"Feels like we're in love..."

He spins magnetic rings that fall apart
When he's removed from her
He's a magnetic field
Under the silver of clouds
Where the lining of skies
Looks like the dirt on the ground.
His only true north is down
There's a silent charge
In a coil of wire
When the currents pass right through it.
We're coupled lines in lightning strikes,
We jump like birds on a vine.
We're the magnets caught in a metal heart
Where the blood is pumping through it
When the needle spins, it sings,
"Feels like we're in love..."

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