Margin Walker

Fugazi

You make yourself so beautiful,
You make yourself so, so beautiful
And now i feel like i'm going,
I'm going to set myself on fire.
I'm going to set myself up at a window,
This margin walker wants a clear view,
This margin walker wants a clear shot,
and now i'm shooting it right on you.
Untraceable, untranslatable,
I can't explain all i ever wanted to do
Trajectory passing right through me
Threads my needle sends it right through you.
You make yourself so visible,
You make yourself so, so visible,
And now i feel like i'm in the tread of
some bastard jealousy.
Up here, above the avenue, up here, where
the things you do,
They lend me a problem with the language,
split my seams and then they drop in a fuse.

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