

# Animus

## Whitechapel

Somewhere, through the frozen fields,  
Somewhere, beneath your pale and tender skin,  
Lies a house, absorbing fear and pain -  
Solar, Red, Contained -  
And feeding on my dreams.  
Somewhere cold, inside the optic wire,  
Down where fingers and semen crack and bleed -  
There I will be, with my arms spread out and broken,  
Waiting for your breath, to animate my veins.  
We're not alone: All our thoughts are numbered -  
Malignant and cold, animal and hungry.  
But I will contain all that ever was or will be,  
Then I'll watch my skin erupt, in a symphony of flames -  
Screaming out your name, screaming out your name...  
Why can't I hide inside your halleable, electric face?  
You'd suck away the pain, and swallow down my sickest dreams.  
Now my body feels like snow, spilling out the shattered screen -  
Where will we be then, when all the fear and blood are gone,  
Drained into one hundred million open children's mouths -  
Screaming out your name,  
Screaming out your name...

Lyrics provided by

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