

# Mother Superior

## Katzenjammer

In the clockwork, in the clockwork,  
time is never at ease  
A frantic sensation is hammering  
nails in your spine  
Multiple fractions and  
muscle contractions will tear  
your mind into shreds, cutting your threads  
Do you regret you were born?  
Take my hands into yours,  
dance my senses away  
Take my hands into yours,  
before mother superior's home

Monsieur, monsieur you look like  
the saint in my dreams  
Igniting the flame and carving  
my name next to yours  
This urban decline is  
leaving its sign round my neck  
Pulling the noose, tells me I'll lose  
There's nothing to save

I'm sober, I'm sober, but I wish I was not  
A gentle diversion or  
a touch of divine I could use  
The curtains are closed,  
but I still feel exposed to the world  
Wishing away somewhere astray  
Are you still listening?

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Lyrics submitted by Hannah.

Lyrics provided by  
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