

Every Breath Is A Bomb

The Blood Brothers

(fake fake flowers) (fake funeral)
This room is a fluorescent tomb:
it's brazen bulbs mimic death's hyena croon.
He pulls on her wires, she jerks to attention,
she's animated again, she's talking to a hypodermic reflection.
We've watched it all from the window ledge...
the nurses offer their condolences...
tougnes flapping I can't make out your tone,
out hearts beat in slow motion.
If we make it to the final scene...(fake flowers!)
show me the sapphire pit (fake tomb)
peel the candy crust off my body (fake flowers)
throw in the brittle skeleton...(fake tomb)
Can you inject love's tender touch back into the gang bang?
Can you knit the stiletto back to the bloodstain?
Can you put the bite back the the beast you've broken, tied and tamed?
Can you crease the wrinkles back into the cracked and open brain?
So doctor won't you pull the fucking plug?
Won't you cut the cord?
Because you can't put the life back into this hospital ward.
She's gonna make it out ok...
but she's shaking like a revolution...
and she stares at the fire all day...
mumbling to herself..."
every hole has a snake in it...
Every crotch is a siamese gun,
every ray of sunshine hides a cancerous chime,
every breath is a bomb."
I'd like to wrap my arms around you like a flesh canopy.
I'd like to take your head,
place it somewhere between my shoulders and neck,
but I'm afraid your brittle bones would break.
We can hear the black orchestra singing...
Can you inject love's tender touch back into the gang bang?
Can you knit the stiletto back to the bloodstain?
Can you put the bite back in the beast you've broken tied and tamed?
Can you crease the wrinkles back into the cracked and open brain?
So won't you pull the fucking plug, doctor?
Won't you cut the cord?

Because you can't put the life back into this hospital ward.

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