Mesopotamia

Eighth Wave

Mesopotamia, Mesopotamia
You fucking give me the creeps
You fucking give me the creeps
I've never known another city to burn
Face down in the bottom of a river
Swimming with the dead makes me want to shiver
If you really wanna know, I'd rather just drown alone
Clay fingers reaching for the ceiling
Once numb, now tingling with feeling
You'll see in the end that nothing really gets away
And I'd give it all just to be with you
Mesopotamia, Mesopotamia
You fucking give me the creeps

You fucking give me the creeps
I've never known another city to burn
You took back the mud from which you're made
And threw it at me like a fucking grenade
You keep cutting my throat, then you ask me if I'm feelin ok
This city is just like any other
They keep blowing it up, then building up another
If you look in the hole, you'll see it ain't going away
And I'd give it all away just to be with you
Mesopotamia, Mesopotamia
You fucking give me the creeps
You fucking give me the creeps
I've never known another city to burn
City to burn

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