

Silver Soul

Electrosexual

We gather medicine for heartache
So we can act a fool
It's incomplete without you
The silver soul is running through
It's a vision, complete illusion, yeah
The needle along the spinning wheel
Collecting silver coil
It gathers heat without you
Whether or not you're turned from it

It's a quick turn to let it figure out
It is happening again
The bodies lying in the sand,
They're moving in the dark
It is so quick to let us
We feel it move through our skin
It's a sickness, a manic weakness, yeah
It is happening again

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