Furnace

Cop Shoot Cop

10.000 miles away from home
Will someone tell me where the hell I am
Tied in knots of skin and bone
And looking for an exit door again
I swear I've seen this before
Looking sideways out of a dream
Some here, some gone
And now somwhere inbetween
Strangulate my memory
But there ain't much I'm able to recall
These faded yellow photographs
Splintered and scattered on the floor
Well there once was a right and a wrong
And there once was an easy way out
But the lines that were drawn
Have dissolved in a furnace of sound, of sound ...
The grinding teeth and flapping jaws
Of cold and bloodless faces in the crowd
Now coming on as white as noise
You double forward into here and now
And we'll get to know our guts
If we have to tear them out
And then pound our fists into bloody pulps on the ground
We'll pound our fists on the ground
In suspended animation
Neither live nor dead
Every day you come up with the money
Living in limbo ain't cheap

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