

# Circuits of Fever (Innerpartysystem Remix)

## Thursday

You are my blanked out pages  
All the wasted spaces  
The old weapons vanished  
Spit blood at dawn, closed forever You're an ivory icon  
Held in glass captive  
You're a falling column  
Sharp little teeth kiss goodnight He was upside down and drifting  
In an endless ocean of night  
The terror came in waves  
Each one pushing him further from the shore You are a fractured mirror  
Silver paper in the wind  
A desperate measure  
Sharp little circuits of fever I can feel the unslept hours, see all the traces  
I can hear the ticking of clocks  
Old record running down, you can't replace it  
You get distracted by the sound He hears an ocean in the dial tone  
Every night after the sleeping pill goes down  
He wants to believe that he doesn't exist  
He's everywhere and he's nowhere all at once We'll fill the blanked out page, we'll burn the traces  
We'll turn the unslept hours to days  
Old record running down  
We'll flip it over and sing the songs we've never heard  
Now, now, now, now, now, now, yeah

Songwriters

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