The enemy smacks (live 2011) 15:52

IQ

Helplessly held by the weeds, we are grown,
I tried talking sense to you, leave it alone;
I give in to the weight of the kick,
So weary of waiting and hoping for this,
The two of us alone, no-one else to see,
I promise not to miss you and no more jealousy.
Careful of my gender, it comes, how it goes,
Love me tender so nobody knows,
Nobody knows the trouble I seen,
Each time they asked, I said something obscene,
The splinters shower down, I shelter from the rain,
Against the grain, against the moon,
I waxes and I wanes.
No ecstacy sent for taking a line,
Right through the tokehead they rip, run and shine;
I awake and the feeling won't drop,
Each time they slam down, I swear I will stop,
The two of us alone, no-else to see,
The damage brings us closer to murder, can't you see?
Here in my rocking-horse house,
I keep the curtains drawn;
Inside my little head,
I hear them screaming out my name.
Here in my rocking-horse room,
I keep my syes shut tight:
Inside my peeping-holes,
I know that if they're empty I can sleep.
Don't you believe her, deliver a shiver to me,
Is this what you wanted?
I'm haunted, my eyes grown cold.
I still got second sight,
I still can see at night.
Here comes the enemy, the beast in me,
Alive a little more,
On my hard shoulder,
The warning goes deeper than before.
I still got second sight,
I still can see at night.

Songwriters
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