

Beach House "Silver Soul"

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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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