

Castanets "Cathedral 4"

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Head to head
Split synapse
Remember it brightly
Over breakfast

Hear you shake in your sleep
Hear you shake in your sleep

And our spirits could shift
In two different ways
Into each other
Into our daze

There's a breath on your neck
There's a breath on your neck
You've got this flesh
And you can't lose it

This body is a test
But you can't prove it

This is all our home
This is all our home
We know not to want

We know not to suffer
We know not to haunt
The hatred of others

They too have their flesh
They too need their rest
Honey, turn this room
Into a manger

We'll both get born
We'll both be strangers

There is no path in our flight
There is no path in our flight
There is no path in our flight
There is no path in our flight

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