

## Shins

### "The Rifle's Spiral"

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Dead lungs command it!  
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral,  
And show us you've earned it.  
The cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes.

So long to this wretched form.  
Them grey eyes on the subway  
Long before you were born,  
You were always to be a dagger  
Floating  
Straight to their heart.

Listen, now, we won't tell anyone.  
But you gonna tell the world.  
This whole life ain't been any fun.  
Let your viscera unfurl

As you rise; rise from your burning fiat,  
And go, go get my suitcase, would ya?  
You've thoroughly blown their minds.  
And now I must have passage on the lines  
To the veins from your heart.

You're not invisible, now.  
You just don't exist.  
Your mother must be so proud.  
You sublimate yourself,  
Drowning us of wish.

Primitive mirror on the wall,  
To fortify your grim resolve.  
Amid the glitz of a shopping mall  
Another grain of indigent salt for the sea.

Good night to these wretched forms.  
All them gray eyes on the subway.  
So long before you were born,  
You were always to be a dagger  
Floating  
Straight to their heart.

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