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Medicine "I Hear"

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A butchers grin from ear to ear No one outside who can hear Don't you think your time has come? I hear

Powders melt inside the cup Don't you think she's drunk too much? Touch the lips that blueish cold She's not too old

Turn the gas on high speed Shut the windows tightly Wrap the babies safe and warm I hear

Pull the wings off lightly Break the bones politely Don't you think the time has come? To raise the line

A sweethearts sharpened kiss Twenty four marks on her breast A lover gasp rings through the might I hear

Pull the wings off lightly Break the bones politely Don't you think the time has come? I hear

Powders melt inside the cups Don't you think she's drunk too much? Touch the lips that blueish cold She's not too old

Blueish eyes through the earth stare Frozen face without a care Another chance to raise the line I hear

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