

Most Precious Blood

"Science And Machinery"

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Lost in an ocean
Floating in space
Drawn by the motion
Time out of place

The quiet is blinding
Keep your eyes closed
Somebody's speaking
Breathe through your nose

Walking on eggshells
In metal-capped boots
The dreamer's assassin
Asleep when he shoots

So take some comfort in the science and machinery
But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me
We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete
Or our adrenaline turns sour

The puddles are empty
And the ashtrays are full
I've looked over plenty of designs for the shade of things to come

But everything's broken
The lines are all wrong
Pulled into focus
The meeting's gone

So take some comfort in the science and machinery
But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me
We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete
Or our adrenaline turns sour

So take some comfort in the science and machinery
But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me
We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete

The player's blown the stage and overturned the
monkey cage

You should've seen what I'd done
When everyone else had gone
Blinkered to the eyeballs,
I can't breathe and I dream of swallowing my tongue

I can't take it no more
Scrambling on the floor
Is this the life I'm bound to,
Hopeless drifting through the storm forevermore?

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