

Hands Like Houses

"Starving To Death In The Belly Of A Whale"

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There's no injection for this, the aching in your lungs.
So bite down, but even vipers mind the venom lacing
their tongues.

Puncture wounds and almost no colour in our skin.
And we smashed every vial of the cure.
Aren't we vicious when we're backed against the
walls?

I wish you'd just passed me by and we went about our
ways,
Instead of this bitter exchange of poisonous words.

There's no injection for this, the aching in your lungs.
So bite down, but even vipers mind the venom lacing
their tongues.

If the sting would tear you, tear you inside out,
Wouldn't it be worth just holding it in, holding it
inside?
If the sting would tear you, tear you inside out,
Wouldn't it be worth just holding it in, holding it
inside?

Revenge should be honey on our tongues,
But it's turned to ash in our mouths.
Empty out the hives of our honeycomb lungs.

Don't we all want to be left alone?
Don't we all want to be left alone?

There's no injection for this, the aching in your lungs.
So bite down, but even vipers mind the venom lacing
their tongues.

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