

Primer 55

"Blood From The Beating Heart"

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She counted holes with a shovel. She won't shake
hands with the devil
And when she's caught in the middle, she pulls away
and it feels
Like a north wind freezin' your body again
Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rush out like the blood from the beating heart

She holds the neck of the bottle, her every thought is a
riddle
You try to rise to her level, you sit back down and it
feels
Like a north wind teasin' your body again
Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rush out like the blood from the beating heart
The blood from the beating heart
The blood from the beating heart

A strange and delicate creature who only lives if you
love her
Invites you to swim in the river and leaves you under
the earth
Like a north wind freezin' your body again
Like a slow day makin' it's way in the dark
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rush out like the blood from the beating heart
Like a north wind...Like a slow day...
To a mouth where the feelings start
Rush out like the blood from the beating heart

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