

## **Primitive Radio Gods**

# **"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' its 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' its 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' its 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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