

## The Shins "The Rifle's Spiral"

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Dead land's collided.  
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral  
And show us you've earned it.  
Cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes.  
So long to this wretched form.  
Down gray eyes on the subway.  
Long before you were born  
You were always to be a dagger floating  
Straight to their heart.  
Listen, now, we won't tell anyone.  
But you're gonna tell the world.  
So life ain't then any fun.  
May this rail unfurl.  
As you rise; rise from your burning fiat,  
Go, go get my suitcase, would you?  
You've thoroughly blown their mind.  
And now I must have passage on the lines  
To the veins from your heart.  
You're not invisible, now.  
You just don't exist.  
Your mother must be so proud.  
You sublimate yourself, drowning us of rich.  
Primitive mirror on the wall,  
to fortify your grim resolve.  
And made the glitz of a shopping mall  
another grain of indigent salt to the sea.  
Go back to this wretched form  
All them gray eyes on the subway  
So long before you were born  
you were always to be a dagger floating  
straight to their heart.

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