

Swans "Jim"

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Its time/to sleep/its time/to leave.
To loose/the binds/to loose/a mind.
Time to/exhale/to drink the green sea/to drift/ upon/
the scarlet breeze.
It's time/It's time/It's time to begin. It's time/it's time/it's
time to just leave...
Let's raise up our hands in prayer, walk barefoot upon
this carpet of air. Let's string up the man at the top of
the stairs. Let's piss on the city thats burning down
there...
Jim/ Jim/ Jim oh Jim. Jim / Jim/ its time to begin, Ride your
mechanical bitch to heaven. Ride your beautiful bitch to
the ultimate sin. Don't cry. Sweet plum, no regrets - we
will strangle you up in the loft. These methadrine teeth
are piled up in the sink and your mother is screaming
to finish him off...
Now heaven will come, we will rise again. heaven will
come, we will win. It is 200 miles to the place where we
begin. Yes heaven will come, we will win...

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