

These Arms Are Snakes

"Abracadabra"

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Riding midnight rails on a self-esteemed engine.
Tapping hopelessly on plastic keys.
A bottle of friendly next to me and it never gets done.
It never gets done.

Midnight oil tapped clear.
A lobotomy in action.
Hitting walls at the turn of my head.
It's a quail's call echoing in the head.
The fingers move small emotion
like ligaments strung out, taught like string.

Limp like dead fish trying to find water to breathe.
Overworn and confused.
Reaching in air for words
I'd hoped to appear.
What was put in the system last night
is smelling up the skin.
It's open like deep sky.

I need a lift in my head.
I need hours in a day.
I want to hide behind the dresses of women I've never
met.

It works well this way
this machine-like function.
Eyes swollen over halfway shut.
It works well this way.
Looking into walls.
Fishing for humans in a moat.

It never gets done.
With this it never gets done.

It's open like deep skies, like deep skies
falling on the pillars of demon gods.

Sometimes the hands just fall on the book of a god.
Clenching your teeth hope he'd finally give you a nod.
Save me please.

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