

## **These Arms Are Snakes**

### **"Lady North"**

Visit "[Lady North](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Ghost with a grin  
outside a skin house.  
Set in the middle of a 40-acre marsh.  
Wrapped in moisture.  
Growing, living things  
all around the dead arms,  
dead arms of spring.  
It was my stab at faith.  
A losing one.  
Derailing any one had in the first place.  
You took my hand and threw me in the  
grave grave grave grave yeah.

Now hold your throat.  
The air's a little worse than last week.  
It's a little bit warmer than last week.  
Is it really like you weren't informed?  
You're enlightened now.  
It makes no difference anyway  
We're all on the same list of names.  
Black tar running from your mouth.  
Engine exhaust smoking out your ears.  
Yellow nails and hair like  
twine twine twine twine.

Slow fuel on your side.  
Sharp tip.  
Running water black as night.  
I'm not sure if you are really that informed.  
You're like a small bird needing to be fed.

It's probably something you won't take well.  
Loosening every state.  
Trying to rearrange the way I want it to look.  
Take some out altogether.  
Move a few even closer together and sing along.

It's the death rattle hymn for a place removed from  
inside.  
It's for the party of sins which always wins a place down  
below.

Car balanced on an old wooden chair.  
Legs barely hanging on.  
I'll be there.

We will eat you from the inside.

Visit [These Arms Are Snakes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.