

## Moon And Her Mother, The "Numbers"

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Come and tear my heart apart  
Ventricles are tenderly unwound  
Pushing wires through my mouth

Numbers on my mind  
Streaming all the time  
No you can't tell me  
This is what I need

Please protect my eyes from light  
Information swims through winding webs  
Penetrates my little head

Numbers on my mind  
Streaming all the time  
No you can't tell me  
This is what I need

Images burning so hot  
Branding themselves on my mind  
Now I fear pictures of God  
Might strike me down dead dumb and blind  
I wanted love I wanted love  
I wanted love I wanted love  
But just because this world  
Is not enough is not enough  
Is not enough is not enough  
What I found wasn't love

Numbers on my mind  
Streaming all the time  
No you can't tell me  
This is what I need

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