

Mountain Goats, The

"Autoclave"

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Hand me your hand, let me look in your eyes
As my last chance to feel human begins to vaporize
Maybe it's the heat in here, maybe it's the pressure
You ought to head for the exits, the sooner the better

I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no one in her right mind would make her home my
home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave

When I try to open up to you I get completely lost
Houses swallowed by the earth, windows thick with
frost
And I reach deep down within, but the pathways twist
and turn
and there's no light anywhere, and nothing left to burn

And I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no emotion that's worth having could call my heart
its home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave

I dreamt that I was perched atop a throne of human
skulls
On a cliff above the ocean, howling wind and shrieking
seagulls
And the dream went on forever, one single static frame
Sometimes you want to go where everybody knows
your name

And I am this great, unstable mass of blood and foam
And no one in her right mind would make her home my
home
My heart's an autoclave
My heart's an autoclave

