

The Toy

Big Thief

What a slow
Familiar dream
I wake up
Laughing and drowning
From the boy
Crying and calling
'Cause the toy, in my hand
Is real

What a tomb
We're building here
In the sphere
That's where we all die
In the eye
That's where I'm living
The toy, in my hand
Is real

In the room
The warm hands play
On my breast
What is she singing?
This horror, ringing and ringing
'Cause the toy, in my hand
Is real
The toy, in my hand
Is real

Charcoal womb
The jet planes purr
And the cruel, distant is paid for
Children burn
Faceless paper
'Cause the toy, in my hand
Is real
'Cause the toy, in my hand
Is real