

## Silver Soul

Beach House

We gather medicine for heartache  
So we can act a fool  
It's incomplete without you  
The silver soul is running through  
It's a vision, complete illusion, yeahhh

The needle along the spinning wheel  
Collecting silver coil  
It gathers heat without you,  
Whether or not you're turned from it  
It's a quick turn  
To let it figure out

It is happening again  
It is happening again  
It is happening again  
It is happening again

The bodies lying in the sand,  
They're moving in the dark  
It is so quick to let us,  
We feel it move through our skin  
It's a sickness, a manic weakness, yeahhh

It is happening again...