

Safe underneath the water
Child of the slaughter
Sung it to yourself
Sound swimming in the silence
Daughter of the violence
Sung into the void
A roxy music cassette dying in the dashboard sun
Clean redemption
Your attention asleep in someone else's car

Found mowing down the flowers
Vanishing the hours
Yelling at the moon
Sleep-walking with the jackals
Expanding on the fractals
A diorama breaks
The villagers as one go quiet as you come closer

The weekend cannibals arrive

Child of things we never mention
Grounded in the tension and digging up the bones
Lost inside of your good graces
Forgot a million faces
A memory or dream

Worlds never collide
They just hover and spin
The sweetest forever is always and never halfway home
Halfway home, halfway home
Halfway home, halfway home
Halfway home, halfway home
Halfway home