

Violent Sun

Everything Everything

Violent arms
Violent sun
Violent arms
Violent sun

And you realise you don't know how long
That the river has been sweeping you along
Past the dreams and the colour and the moment
And the way the light is entering your eyes
And the problem that you're having with your mind
And the tears and the venom and the plasma

And the patterns in her rippling hair
Are collapsing into animal prayer
And you might get out if only you could read them
And you heard it from the whispering wall
Like the miracle of anything at all
There's a way that you don't ever have to be

A lunatic
Or an error
Or a prisoner
Of your terror
I'm too old to be crying out

I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes
And we're swept away
I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes
For us

And she takes you in her violent arms
And you stare into the violent sun
And you know this will be gone in the morning
And the flesh in the machinery jams
And they come to take the rest of our hands
But the feeling of her skin on your fingers

And you can barely make a silhouette out
And you open your ventriloquist mouth
And the words are wrong but in the right order
And you know it has to happen tonight
And you feel it for the very first time
And she's saying you don't always have to be

A lunatic
Or an error
Or a prisoner
Of your terror
I'm too old to be crying out

I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes
And we're swept away
I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes

For us

Hey, I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes
And we're swept away
I wanna be there
When the wild wave comes
For us

Then she takes you in her violent arms
And you stare into the violent sun
And the words are wrong but in the right order
And she takes you in her violent arms
And you stare into the violent sun
And you know this will be gone in the morning