

The Nothing, Part II

Lady Lamb

Choose to use your heart
If even towards the harshest fate
That it may be swallowed
A masticated, mistaken thing
That you may ripely pine
In the mammoth nothing of the night
Left to your own devices
And too exhausted to know what you want
I know I know
And such is the torment
Of the giving of your organs
When given willingly
How merciless a hand can be on you
And oh, the sour fear of defeat
Like wounded soldiers all still and slight
Lining like silk all the roads to your marrow
All the roads to your marrow, I know
And all the heaps of hurt
Well they've had it up to here with you
And further, but when you feel it at your hip
Every time how you wish that it was home
Oh no, oh no

Singing "Lay me down, lay me low"
"Let go your crown, disarm me"
Singing "Take me south, take me home"
"Hold your own and claim me"
Singing "Lay me down, lay me low"
"Let go your crown, disarm me"
Singing "take me south, take me home"
"Hold your own and claim me" (yea, yea, yea)
"Take me south, take me home" (yea, yea, yea)
"Hold your own and claim me"
That we may ripely pine
In the mammoth nothing of the night
Left to our own devices
And we'll know, we'll know, know just what we want
We'll know, we'll know, we'll know what we want