Working On Beyond

Shadow Project

Hypnotize the phone Down there I can't get up I'm working on beyond, a handful of understanding Fills and overflows Fills and overflows The bough breaks, suspicions of the flesh A cord of light closing, desperate in my hands Fire doing time saw blue Fire doing time saw blue What can I give my chest Trapped inside escape In these boxes of old clothing? It hurts when you're scratching up their sleeves Two or twenty on my cheek Working on beyond Sharpening my disguise Living rooms get too dark, Pinning down the rumors Working on beyond I can fight and sleep alone Famous sitting in the kitchen Famous starving in our kitchen When can I look back? Twelve stories down past thirty years

In a vacuum called love Where nobody lives In a vacuum called love Where nobody lives

Hypnotize the phone Down there I can't get up I'm working on beyond, a handful of understanding Fills and overflows Fills and overflows The bough breaks, suspicions of the flesh A cord of light closing, desperate in my hands I fell asleep with a gun in my hand I fell asleep with a gun in my hand