

Terminal

Silent Planet

The hourglass is vacant
Sand turns to medication
You can fill me but I'll never be full
I'm slipping to sedation
The seconds are contagious
Can you tell me if I'm terminal?

Idle hands and naked hearts
What sleeps in our skin waiting to tear us apart?
I count the pills - you count the time
There's never enough... never enough to change my mind

Don't look back, Sea of the Dead!
I turned to salt in a hospital bed
I'm shaking hands with stillborn clocks
I'll stare to the east until time stops

All these pills won't scratch the surface
If the cancer's in my soul
Am I terminal?
Every day is an anesthetic
Dying young just to grow old
In this terminal

Holy wars... a choir of swords sing us
Back to the desert - into the dust of before
Tie me down, inhale the key
Pure as smoke in your sacred fantasy

All these pills won't scratch the surface
If the cancer's in my soul
Am I terminal?
Every day is an anesthetic
Dying young just to grow old
In this terminal

Burn the forest for the splinters
Medicate the witch in me
Drop the bomb and make it winter
Take my hand like surgery
Fly away, you're white as snow
We only return when there's nowhere to go
We only return when there's nowhere to go
There's nowhere to go in this terminal!

All these pills won't scratch the surface
If the cancer's in my soul
Am I terminal?
All these pills won't scratch the surface
If the cancer's in my soul
Am I terminal?
Every day is an anesthetic
Dying young just to grow old
In this terminal

(Don't look back, Sea of the Dead!
I turned to salt in a hospital bed

I'm shaking hands with stillborn clocks...)

In this terminal...

(Burn the forest for the splinters
Medicate the witch in me
Drop the bomb and make it winter...)

In this terminal...