

You Were the Cancer

Thursday

It's the sigh of a building falling down
It's the world spinning us around
It's the slip of the surgeon's knife
Darker crimes of common existence
It's a missile sleeping in the ground
It's a camera trying to photograph a sound
It's a case for the basic flaw
Ending a film in the coming attractions
It's a sound that's spinning out of control
It's a light at the edge of a black hole
Scream of an orchestra
Total collapse of an overreaction

In your blood there is a sad, sad song
Bleeding through your nervous system
It's killing you but it's bringing me along
You were the cancer in my life
You were the cancer all the time
You were the cancer
That's all you'll ever be

It's comfort in a bathtub full of ice
It's the promise of a peaceful afterlife
Or the string of a violin wound too tight
It's gasping for oxygen
It's the signal that's sent out over the air
At the speed of a thousand unheard prayers
Faith in the chemicals
A shot in the dark the size of a particle
It's blood from the neon sign
Shine a light away from your insides
Make a map of the balance
Watching life slip through your hands
They're not for shaking
They're not for praying
They're just for holding close
Everything you love that is fragile in a dream

See, you're coming down
Noone knows where
See, you're coming down
Without a prayer

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