TV on the Radio

DLZ

Congratulations on the mess you made of things; On trying to reconstruct the air and all that brings. And oxidation is the compromise you own But this is beginning to feel like the dog wants her bones saved

You force your fire then you falsify your deeds Your methods dot the disconnect from all your creeds And fortune strives to fill the vacuum that it feeds But this is beginning to feel like the dog's lost her lead

This is beginning to feel like the long winded blues of the never This is beginning to feel like it's curling up slowly and finding a throat to choke

This is beginning to feel like the long winded blues of the never Barely controlled locomotive consuming the picture and blowing the crows, the smoke

This is beginning to feel like the long winded blues of the never Static eplosion devoted to crushing the broken and shoving their souls to ghost

Eternalised. Objectified. You set your sights so high. But this is beginning to feel like the bolt busted loose from the lever

Never you mind Death professor Your structure's fine My dust is better Your victim flies so high All to catch a bird's eye view of who's next

Never you mind Death professor. Love is life, My love is better. Eyes could be the diamonds Confused with who's next

Never you mind Death professor. Your shocks are fine, My struts are better. Your fiction flies so high, Y'all could use a doctor Who's sick, who's next?

Never you mind Death professor. Electrified, my love is better It's crystallized, so'm I. All could be the diamond Fused with who's next

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever