

Brand New Weapon

Wildlife

Tomorrow is creeping to get a letter off and stop the talking
Twisting halves, smoking brings, a little black box, a hard insanity

You're twisting, I'm leaving; a little rumbling on the mast skins

Skin that crawls, when it all comes crumbling down

All the cities start sliding into the sea

Don't let it get under your skin

You're feeling cold, cold, cold

Don't let it get under your skin

Don't let it get under your skin

Shock, moaning. "I'm fine."

"What kind of mess we're in", and stop the talking

Cut that road and see the bridge falling

A new weapon: a new weapon for me

All the cities I love, all, sliding into the sea

Sliding, sliding into the sea

Don't let it get under your skin

Don't let it get under your skin

You're feeling cold, cold, cold

Don't let it get under your skin

Don't let it get under your skin

She knows you know you are a killer, you know you are a killer
My friends know that weapon makes it better, that weapon makes it better

But she knows you know you are a killer, you know you are a killer

My friends know those weapons make it better, those weapons make it better

Three is just a number

Two is just a number

One is just a number

Now there's nothing

(Nothing for you, nothing for you)

Three is just a number

(A weapon for you)

Two is just a number

(A weapon for you)

One is just a number

(A weapon for you)

Now there's nothing