

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 ins
anity
You're twisting, I'm leaving; a little rumbling on the mast ski
ns
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 kil
ler
My friends know those weapons make it better, those weapons mak
e 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