

# Nerves

Bauhaus

Nerve ends tick in flicker book animation  
One eye's closed in fear, anticipation  
Will it stay shut? Will it ever open?  
What if?  
What if?  
Nerves.

Tell tale tongues lick at seven senses  
Brittle spittle sparks you are defenceless  
The fabric of dreams is ripped apart  
As you feel the twist of the shadowed dagger  
In your pumping heart  
Nerves.

Nerves like nylon, like steel  
Nerves like nylon, like steel  
Nerves like nylon, like steel

A trail of random cutlery cuts a dash in the concrete underpass  
Sense of serenity is shattered in the glint of splintered glass  
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Nerves.

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Nerves.

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