

Lies  
Volumes between you and yourself  
A live one  
Kneels down

And when he comes to find you  
The saviour spares yours  
And takes mine  
Truth too sharp for your ears to hear  
Rattled to pieces  
Over and over

Kick over the statues  
You've prayed away one million nights

Termites choke on a splinter  
He saves yours and takes mine  
Truth too sharp for your ears to hear  
Rattled to pieces  
Over and over

Thoughts not worth their salt  
Once gold in the womb  
An afterthought

Thoughts not worth their salt  
Gold in the womb  
There's gold in the womb  
Gold in the womb

Thoughts not worth their salt  
Once gold in the womb  
An afterthought

Thoughts not worth their salt  
Gold in the womb  
There's gold in the womb  
Gold in the womb