

The Primitives

Mark Lanegan

Forget your family son
The face on the clock, your foreign body
The ship is just a frame
Pinpoint eyes, seething decks and pain

You wonder how it should be
You wonder how it should go
Then deny no loathsome thing
Hands beyond hands beyond oblivion swing

Forget your yesterdays son
The face on the clock, your foreign body
The ship is just a frame
Pinpoint eyes, seething decks and pain