

Phantoms

Pure Reason Revolution

Faith, take in the wrath
Make it a backward crooked feel
Embrace, make it the last
Make it a rough dirty mystery

You're phantoms & you're evil
You turn the ocean, the verve, the kiss
You run, dare, but you ruin kill love
Can't divide it hurts

Break, naked & cracked
Show me you rag & bone crooked fear
Chase, raid & attack!
Show me your ransacked book of dreams

You're phantoms & you're evil
You cast-iron burn creation, numb
You run, dare, but you ruin kill love
Come denial burn

Make amends, inoculate it
Made it war but I can take it
Oh love's spoils
Come rapture rein in
A cold blunt rough fuck
Now lips hit the womb