

# A Static Lullaby, Life In A Museum

The scene has retaken shape  
It seems your stuck in the middle  
The legs of your lover  
Have spread for another  
Youre invaded and coming undone  
Retrace, recount, refuse  
Become, believe, be well  
Impress, impose, embark  
Conceal, connect, conquer  
You give it all  
And sometimes fade away  
You give it all  
We all just fade  
Its not love  
Were not love  
But Im not perishing  
Cause vengeance holds my hand  
To be lost amongst the slaves  
Shackled and blistering  
Its now lust that holds my hand  
Tonight Ill find my way  
So now you think this is safe  
Oh boy you better be careful  
Ive never had the chance for  
This kind of love  
Im infected and coming undone  
Tonight Ill find my way