

Deerhunter, Snakeskin

I was born already nailed to the cross,
I was born with a feeling I was lost,
I was born with the ability to talk,
I was born with a snake-like walk.

I was trippin' now on a city cloak,
They were separated then within sunlight shroud,
I was born a crippled man on my back,
I was natural, I was geographic black.

I was dreaming of a man with a neon back,
I was dreaming of a man with a heart attack,
I lost my marbles all over the pink, pink cage,
I tried to find a cable that was engaged.

I was lost in that home for the aged and lonely,
I cried and I choked, I was sick and I was boney,
I was feelin' kinda hell, I was feelin' kinda lonely,
In a time was erased, yeah but, I was so homely.