

# Lydia Lunch, 1000 lies

WE HANG OUR HEADS IN THE HEAVY HOUSE  
WITH HALLS THAT SCREAM A LONG SLOW NO  
DIRTY THOUGHTS FALL FROM MY SOUL,  
HEAPED LIKE CLOTHES UPON THE FLOOR  
THIS NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND LIES  
THAT BURN HOLES IN MY PETTY HEAD,  
FLESH CREEPS UP ALL THE WRONG WALLS,  
IT'S MY MISFORTUNE THAT YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS,  
I COULD SWEAR A THOUSAND PRAYERS AND CAST STONE BIBLES INTO THE SEA,  
BUT MY LIFELINE'S FULL OF SOLITAIRE, YOURS IS HAPPY FULL OF NOTHING.