

My Vitriol, Windows & Walls

I'm starting to crave a Kalashnikov
I'm spending my pennies at your thoughts
I'm hearing them all
Through windows and walls

They're pulling the feathers under my wings
They're feeding my anti-anxiety pills
They're making me ill
All of the pills
Are making me ill

Twist me like your smile
So I can hide in here
Safe for a while

And oh, what can you say
The colour photographs are fading away
Oh, what can you do
They've got the lenses on
And staring through you