

Rustic Overtones, Iron Boots

Are your thoughts breaking?
Are your thoughts crushing?
Are they naked, are they aching to be pushing?
Do you feel too clean?
I feel that too much
and the hunch i didn't play beackons my way
like a crutch

Iron boots, aluminum wings,
I just can't stop running into things
and I'm all smashed up.
Honey..today i hit the ground, and found
these wings made of tin will just cave in
and iron boots just keep me down

Are your thoughts in silence
or are your thoughts in sirens?
Is it steel rubbing to steel or iron to iron?
Do you think like me? Does trouble just come up?
What is the sickness that growls like machines in your gut?

Iron boots, aluminum wings
I just can't stop running into things
and i'm all smashed up.
Honey...today i hit the ground, and found
these wings made of tin will just cave in
and iron boots just keep me down

tripping me up again
iron boots and matching straight jacket suits
and i fall down again on my chin.
Fuel spilling out, fuel still rushing in is how it begins.
It's a miracle i can still stand up
pulling me down with your gravity.
Sadder than tragedy's sound.
I still get around.
I still get up with iron boots on the ground.

It's in times of riot
not times of quiet
it's where i hide it;
inside it.

It's the distortion, give me distortion
to clear it all away
to clear it all away

It's the distotion, give me distortion
to clear it all away
to clear it all away