

# Swans, Animus

The Sun Is An Acid Eye  
We're Corroded With Pleasure Inside  
There's A Hole In Your Thin White Skin  
Now We'll Never Be Clean Again  
Our Hands Are Two Broken Claws  
We Scrape At The Ground For Hours  
I Buried This Sound In The Floor  
To Gain Control Of This Feeling  
(Amnesia)  
And This City's A Crowded Room  
And The Earth Is A Closing Tomb  
In My Hand Is Your Perfect Womb  
When You Breathe Your Breath Is Obscene  
My Heart Is A Lead Box  
Ideas Are Shutting Locks  
The Air Was Just Turned Off  
And You're Sucking From This Machine  
(Amnesia)  
The Sun Will Not Rise Today  
You Children Will Stay Where You Lay  
The Oil Is Black And It's Thick  
And Sex Is A Void Filled With Plastic  
The President's Mouth Is A Whore  
When There's Murder The Audience Roars  
There's No Room Left For The Strong  
Everything Human's Necessarily Wrong:  
(Amnesia)