

The Cult, Metaphysical Pistol

When I look in your eyes

I see a burning star

I see a heart that's wild

I see a place I can't define

Your mind is sharp

You don't miss a beat

You see right through people

Who can't see into you

Is life just a trip from ... the maternity ward to the crematory

Is life just a trip from ... the maternity ward to the crematory

Your slight smile

Holds me wrapped for a while

And they can't pull me down

Pull us down

Pull us down

Soul of flesh

Burn bright in your hair

Yeah people get scared

They don't understand

How beautiful you are

Mistakes... money... sex... yourself... power... these are all false gods

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate

Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate

Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light

Soul of flesh

Burn bright in your hair

Yeah people get scared

They don't understand

How beautiful you are

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate

Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light

Metaphysical pistol metaphysical pistol
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
We are sitting smack in the middle... of the beatific vision
Heart full of light - money
Gut full of hate - sex
Heart full of light - power
Gut full of hate - yourself
Heart full of light - mistakes
Gut full of hate - these are all false gods
Heart full of light - vision
Gut full of hate - vision
Heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with...
Gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with...
Heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with...
Gut full of hate
Heart full of light...
Gut full of hate...