

The Rapture, Olio

I called you on the telephone 'cause I was lonely
I called you up just to hear you
Your eyes I know are a cold, cold blue
Pale whit skin dead like a mannequin
Seem to fade

Looking and not wanting to come up to date
Like a broken clock
The hand is still
Through the pain I was watching as sound hit my ears
We don't fit anymore
We don't fit anymore
Not the same
Not the same
Not the same, same, same

Ripped up in the shadows
Over and over again

I remember before as your mouth
It touched my face
Small hands grabbing me

Trapped in my thoughts
You repeating like a machine gun
Phantasmagoria
The times pelting me
Pelting me
Ripped up in the shadows
Over and over again

Over and over again
Over and over again