

TV On The Radio, Diz

Congratulations on the mess you made of things;
On trying to reconstruct the air and all that brings.
And oxidation is the compromise you own
But this is beginning to feel like the dog wants her bones
saved

You force your fire then you falsify your deeds
Your methods dot the disconnect from all your creeds
And fortune strives to fill the vacuum that it feeds
But this is beginning to feel like the dog's lost her lead

This is beginning to feel like the long
winded blues of the never
This is beginning to feel like it's curling up slowly
and finding a throat to choke

This is beginning to feel like the long
winded blues of the never
Barely controlled locomotive consuming the picture
and blowing the crows, the smoke

This is beginning to feel like the long
winded blues of the never
Static explosion devoted to crushing the broken
and shoving their souls to ghost

Eternalised. Objectified.
You set your sights so high.
But this is beginning to feel like
the bolt busted loose from the lever

Never you mind
Death professor
Your structure's fine
My dust is better
Your victim flies so high
All to catch a bird's eye view of who's next

Never you mind
Death professor.
Love is life,
My love is better.
Eyes could be the diamonds
Confused with who's next

Never you mind
Death professor.
Your shocks are fine,
My struts are better.
Your fiction flies so high,
Y'all could use a doctor
Who's sick, who's next?

Never you mind
Death professor.
Electrified, my love is better
It's crystallized, so'm I.
All could be the diamond
Fused with who's next

This is beginning to feel
like the dawn of the luz of forever.

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like the dawn of the luz of forever.

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