

Antony & The Johnsons, Crackagen

Pour me, little rivers from my hands
Pool at the bottom of the stairs
My face, all the cities in my eyes
Doves in the skies

Oooh the Crackagen

The rain, water came from fathers eyes
He was made of stone
Glorious, and watch as the curtain came down and wet the hungry rabbits
Flooding the land

My heart, oh the twist of cruel cokeglen(?), to bring me free
Dry eyes by the sun the waters rise
Dirt will crack again
Dirt will crack again