

Aztec Camera, Knife

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Like a child could have the trigger,
And the best man needn't fall,
To understand that heaven,
Could be any place at all,
Just five colours set in motion,
And I try again to place it,
And it's features are obscured
Everytime I turn to face it,
But I still chase it.
Oh it's twists are cruel and hopeless,
Like neglect has worn it thin,
And it could rip the sky wide open,
And let the rain come tumbling in.
And we wait on every whisper,
Like it makes us more alive,
There's a sense we didn't have,
And I feel it in the other five.
See the pity and the pride
In the same sea of emotion,
Cup my hands and touch the tide,
And expect to feel the ocean,
It's just a notion.
And the knife has got my number,
And the number that you keep,
And the knife has called division,
And it's drawn when I'm asleep.
Oh it's twists are cruel and hopeless,
Like neglect has worn it thin,
And it could rip the sky wide open,
And let the rain come tumbling in.