

# Brave Saint Saturn, Heart Still Beats

The girl in the alley kneels with exhaustion  
She's guarded by the skinny guy who limps from some infection  
Behind a veil of bleached thin hair, her eyes tell a story  
Like a photo of Berlin, December 1944  
She's looking for a handout; she's been high for several weeks now  
She's too far gone for whoring, and the money just gave out

And her heart still beats inside  
And the blood runs in her veins  
A remanent of life remains  
And her heart still beats inside

The man finally comes to the door; I've seen him several times  
He always looks pissed off, and his sunglasses stay on  
I think he got his biceps and tattoos while in prison  
And it doesn't seem to bother him when he says "Go to hell"

And his heart still beats inside  
And the blood runs in his veins  
A remanent of life remains  
And his heart still beats inside

The thought, it comes to my mind, to somehow intervene  
But it could bring me trouble, and what could I do anyway?  
It's hard to be affected when it happens so often:  
To see a life unraveling through drawn venetian blinds

I'm sickened by compassion, I'm stifled by my limitations  
Anesthetic apathy, take the pain away

And my heart still beats inside  
And the blood runs in my veins  
A remanent of life remains  
And my heart still beats inside

Oh God, we need you here  
We're sinking fast and we don't care  
The evidence is all around me  
On both sides of my door  
Our hearts beat  
Our hearts beat  
Our hearts beat  
Our hearts beat