

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