

Burning Airlines, Morricone Dancehall

Damned!

Is this the body you were last found living in?
What you bury has a way of blossoming.
All that bitterness in bloom on your skin,
And the fiction cruelly continuing:
Slick surrogate to get to the bottom of everything.

The detective sings,
Bedridden in the far west wing.
And all the aces are wired,
And all forces conspire in this brutal bed.

Without the body,
There is no crime.

Doctors all dance at your bedside now.
No cure that medicine will allow.

Shame!

Sexless and the air's even belligerent.
Counting down your senses,
Sucking on cigarettes.
Turning and burning on the spit where you spin,
With the fiction cruelly continuing.
Everything's true when nobody is listening.

The detective sings,
Bedridden in the far west wing.
And all the aces are wired,
And all forces conspire in this brutal bed.

Without the body,
There is no crime.

Heeled-up here,
Unhealed,
In twenty-to-fifty skin.
Sealed up here,
Some story that ends without loose ends.
Doctors all dance at your bedside now.
No cure that medicine will allow.

Without the body,
There is no crime.

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There is no crime.