

# Ian Astbury, Metaphysical Pistol

when i look in your eyes i see a burning star  
i see a heart that's wild i see a place i can't define  
your mind is sharp you don't miss a beat  
you see right through people who can't see into you  
is life just a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium?  
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your slight smile holds me wrapped for a while  
and they can't pull me down pull us down pull us down  
solar flares burn bright in your hair yeah people get scared  
they don't understand how beautiful you are  
the state money sex yourself power these are all false gods  
a metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate  
a metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light  
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we are sitting smack in the middle of the beatific vision  
a heart full of light money  
gut full of hate sex  
a heart full of light power  
gut full of hate yourself  
a heart full of light the state  
gut full of hate false gods  
a heart full of light vision  
gut full of hate vision  
a heart full of light a metaphysical pistol with a  
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