

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?
is life just a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium?
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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