

Kimya Dawson, Anthrax

there's anthrax in the envelope i opened in my dream
the sky is red and little kids are running, screaming in the street
i tried to run and save them but i had molasses feet
i keep having nightmares and i'm scared to go to sleep

if you fall in i'll jump down
and touch your face while we're both sinking
(stinking thinking) we won't drown
you are my friend
and what we're doing's too important
for our lives to end quite yet

in montreal i got so mad, someone broke into the van
stole my guitar and aaron's bag
then we turned on cnn, watched the towers fall again
and realized that our lives aren't so bad

this is just a test take it with love and you will pass
you will be rewarded if you do your very best
nothing ever goes as planned so don't take anything for granted
if you do the world will kick your ass

the air is filled with computers and carpets
skin and bones and telephones and file cabinets
coke machines, firemen, landing gear, and cement
they say that it's okay but i say don't breathe in

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they say that it's okay but i say don't breathe that shit in

an angel named gabriel is watching over you
he was a friend mistreated now he's dead so say you're sorry to him
when you say your prayers tonight if you make amends
the gates to heaven here on earth will open up again

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