

Mogwai, Dial: Revenge

Saving time alone
Sustaining my mind with bad memories
Stitch by stitch
Lust for lust
And every time I pick up the phone
It flashes up Dial'[revenge]
A specific revenge
Not the general terror of all that gold frankincense and Mur
A sour frequency brings on a headache
With an iron heart I build clear borders
I change tack and ride the wave
Caching that bait
With all the energy that my head can muster
Rising to the surface
An explicit revenge
Not the general terror of all that gold frankincense and Mur