

Pedro The Lion, Transcontinental

Engine severs lower legs
I feel my bruised heart beating
Spinal cord remains intact
Still sending and receiving

Lying back on shoulder blades
The cargo rushing past
Missing limbs beneath the cars
Twitching on the tracks

Click, clack, now handicapped
North am transcontinental

I remember as I bleed
Certain tales of bravery
A man who's legs were crushed beneath
A fallen evergreen tree
He decided he would chop them off above the knee
To sacrifice his shins and feet to make his torso free

The luxury of having been spared the hard part
You'd think would be enough for me to pull this off
But I'm left to bleed to death
Now all the man I've ever been
North am transcontinental