

Pinback, Subbing For Eden

Petals falling from the engine.
Can you see the number?
Can you trace the name?
Sifting through you trash.
A piece of ancient history.
A ballad of an old one.
Nothing wrong with you.
What a numb excuse.
Nothing quite so tame.
As what you're finally under.
A vengeful darling.
Subbing for Eden.

And I consume the raging fire
And I can feel the depths of the ocean.
And I become consumed by desire.
And I swear I thought of you.

Tumbler.
Roll the dice and counter.
Strikes a fervent market.
Nowhere to complain.
Folder reference cache.
Zeros, ones and tildes.
Cracking velvet nerves.
Holes start to come unglued.
Nails start getting chewed.
Legs are getting bent.
Maybe finally understand why you're out here
Subbing for Eden.

A slave to desire.
Slam breaks on the soul.
Swerved and missed by a hair.