

Silverchair, Ana's Song (Open Fire)

Please die Ana
For as long as you're here we're not
You make the sound of laughter
and sharpened nails seem softer
And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow

Open fire on the needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my knees desires
What I need from you

Imagine pageant
In my head the flesh seems thicker
Sandpaper tears corrode the film

And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow

Open fire on the needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my knees desires
What I need from you

And you're my obsession
I love you to the bones
And Ana wrecks your life
Like an Anorexia life

Open fire on the needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my knees desires
What I need from you
Open fire on the needs designed
Open fire on my knees desires
On my knees for you

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