

Test Icicles, All You Need Is Blood

If I'm the shell and hey it's easter
crack me open and watch my yolk.
splutter out into your arms
or at least it would if you had your arms open.

For now I'll watch my yellow pity
spill out onto the spare room floor.
And place my ass in the centre of this cup
I'll watch you aim --- shoot

Street lamps have heated my stomach up
Way too much and the night air has
Inflated my head way above anything else...

... Before, is that what they said,
is that what they all think or,
is that what they all know?

Of course, full of gas so i can fly away.

Translucent agenda and late night hotels
Bedroom floors oh bedroom floors
And toilet bowls my second home.

The Sun is only talking to me
When my mouth is dry and tied shut
Warap me up in telephone wires
Disconnect my hormones I'll "BRB"