## The Church, Chromium

Silver needles
Golden eagles
Frightened faces
Basket cases
Jags and riches
Queens and witches
Electric mantras
And tight-fitting dreams

Never been so high Never been so low Never been so high

Gilded flowers Long-lost hours Morning programs With fake suntans Neo-maniac in the cul-de-sac Otherwise it's this ennui

Chromium platin'
All this waiting brings me down
Suffocatin'
All those colors bring me around

Broken records
Faded labels
Songs to sing to
When you were young
A tattooed pierced arm
Fresh and perfumed
Switch your prison
Fly away

And jewels on your fingers Tears in your dresses Fabulous mansions And damp little rooms This one intrigued me This one will grow Purity sleeping Reality looms