

# Thirteen Senses, The Salt Wound Routine

Red letters on the dashboard, oh what a GAP  
They pursue us to the deep end and then depart  
Watch as the cracks in the wall feel pain  
For only patterns on a snake's back give us genuine fear

And I cannot lie, faces drop into the fire  
I get by all the time on a shelf above the door  
And it shouldn't be clear but it's not for me to decide  
It's a delicate degree  
It's a number I can see

Could prison cells be in my brain  
For they're safe inside the cover of a dirty face  
And everybody finds a college graduate with joy  
While I'm happy just sipping tonic water with lemon and lime

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I get by all the time on a shelf above the door  
And it shouldn't be clear but it's not for me to decide  
It's a delicate degree  
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You sit at home up late at night  
When it's beginning to arrive  
And honestly  
I don't see the need for any routines  
I'm all out of sink, I cover my cuts  
And hope they are fixed before I get hurt again

And all this ground beneath my feet  
Has decided not to crumble into the sea  
I walked in a house, it smelt of paint  
And the ceiling it has no trouble with me