

POLONIUM

SERAPHIM

Lyrics

Bastard

The boardwalk is cold this time of year
And the steel rivets are as gray as sky
Rising up out of October sands
That speckles the dull beachfront with glass

Down in the water
Where the algae stains
Wrapped in dead seaweed
Bloated and waterlogged

Sick fish smell
And decay cover up this hidden

I'll jump in and choke on the sea
I'll push back, kick like I always do
No shell can cover up the dark sweet mussel of this secret
Truth

Sea
Foam
Tide
Ebb

And though the water burns up in my nose and throat

I wade and splash as I pull to that thing which flows

My clothes are soaked with a liquid
The wound on my leg burns with salt
The numbness in my forearms breaks up
And my eyes scream with the thought
Of what my fingers hold

Paleface

Instrumental

Kitchen

The point
At which you
Suffer
The last of me

I'm scared
And sitting down
I listen

Steam comes up
And your back's to me
I shake and speak
Your silent mouth
You sift and cook
As steam comes up
And I listen

You cook
My last meal
And we both know

Sift through a cupboard
Smile when you find it
Hold the cup tightly
Slowly tip it over

Sift it out gently
A fine glass powder
On top of my dinner
I get to the point

Motherfucker
And you'd take my own
And you'd sift

You know
When I
Drop my
Fork and
You know
When I
Never finish
Eating or hold

Kids on Top

We have set our sights to burn
And I won't stop
Roll it out put it onto the floor

You'll feel your heart drop

Kids on top

Flames behind push you out of a window
And burn the face of a clock
We'll take them down two and three at a time
And we won't stop

And I won't stop

You're surprised to see us here
And mutter out a prayer to your god
But our hands are around your neck
And our fingers tear away at the rot

The sun sets on our morning star
And our flag will raise in power
We'll scramble up to the top of the heap
And youth has found its hour
We kill 'em if they're over twenty and this ours

You can say that I'm just a kid
But I won't stop

Mean

Instrumental

Nebbish

I am startled up
It's five o'clock
I answer the phone
And get the word

Downstairs
With his hands tied to the seat
He can't see

He'll hear me
Through the floor
Walk over
And pick it up

My hand shakes
It's open
I push the magazine in and lock it
Safe, load

Downstairs

The cellar's damp and dark
The light comes through the stones
He sucks air past the rag
I'm starting down the steps

Paid, sold

Downstairs

I see his silhouette
The steel against his skull
His head whips back and forth

His tears a sorry cry

Steel

Cocked

Tight

Pull back cold

Angry

Instrumental

Tuberculosis

I spent the twelve best years of my life

Behind a desk

Staring at a pile

Of papers rising up

And I'd pull one down

And review it twice

Before putting my stamp on the bottom line

I'd pass it off

And start again

As hours would tick away

And the cross beneath my shirt would

Hang in silent agony

And the sweat would drip on a dusty desk

I'd suffer like my savior did

Upon his cross

And now my youth is gone

I spent the best years of my life

My god forgive what I have done
My hacking cough is sick with gin
I spent the best years of my life and now they're gone

And now my arrestors are in the hall

Break down the door
Right in my face and
So alone I feel my god had left me here
To face them all
But I'm so drunk
I have no strength
My body filled with alcoholic waste
And there's static on my lips

And now my arrestors are at the door

My time is here to stand and suffer the state
But I am wracked in my pathetic sorrow

Homesteader

Instrumental

Bali Hai

I feel the heat upon my face as I ignite the fire

My fingers smell of gasoline
My face is black with soot
My lungs are thick with smoke

And as this sweat pours off my naked skin
I'm lit with orange glow
I grew up here out on the beach with sand beneath my feet
My fingers itch in sorrow

Out of the sky
Into my hands
The city burns
They can't see
Out of the sea
Across the land
The fire burns
A reason why
I have forgotten why

You come to me
Blood on the hands
Out of the sky
Into my throat
Your sun is gone
You're half dead
You cannot cry
Your voice is torn away and

Out of the sky into the land

When I had come into my age
My brothers and sisters would take me down
Into our father's place
And they would take me down
I found a gift to turn my body on
The fuel would push me higher
And I can't tell who I was

I only know what was given to me

Today I face the ocean breeze
Rust that shines in a rainbow
Pools of oil swim in my eyes
And they would take it down

I used to think I had a reason why
I'd burn this land to ash
Don't' ask me that now just
Put a fire to my fuse
I'm going to explode

Lyric credit: Polonium