

# The Rifle's Spiral

## The Shins

Dead lungs command it  
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral  
And show us you've earned it  
The Cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes  
So long to this wretched form  
Them gray eyes on the subway  
Long before you were born  
You were always to be a dagger floating  
Straight to their heart  
"Listen now, we won't tell anyone  
But you're gonna tell the world  
This whole life ain't been any fun  
Now your viscera unfurls  
As you rise, rise from your burning fiat  
Go, go get my suitcase. Would you?  
You've thoroughly blown their minds  
And now I must have passage home. Your life's  
Two veins from your heart"  
You're not invisible, now  
You just don't exist  
Your mother must be so proud  
You sublimate yourself, granting us a wish  
Primitive mirror on the wall  
To fortify your grim resolve  
Amid the glitz of a shopping mall  
Another grain of indigent salt for the sea  
Good night to these wretched forms  
All them gray eyes on the subway  
So long before you were born  
You were always to be a dagger floating  
Straight to their heart

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>