

# My Vitriol, Windows & Walls (Acoustic)

I'm starting to crave a Kalashnikov  
I'm spending my pennies at your thoughts  
I'm hearing them all  
Through windows and walls

They're pulling the feathers under my wings  
They're feeding my anti-anxiety pills  
They're making me ill  
All of the pills  
Are making me ill

Twist me like your smile  
So I can hide in here  
Safe for a while

And oh, what can you say?  
The colour photographs are fading away  
And oh, what can you do  
They've got the lenses on  
And staring through you