

Reduced to Teeth

Finch

Behind a mask, a man can bask only
For so long before being exposed
To the sun
The moon is up, a whisper of
"Till death do you wrong"
Patients bother a patient doctor
Plastics itch, and bandages the
Aftermath won't add up to this.
The fever breaks
It would take a masochist
To live like this

I buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanity

Chasing demons dressed like me
Their eyes are not like mine
Ignorance is divine
Instincts are reduced to teeth
That bite the hand that feeds
Fear thy father love thy martyr

The verdict of the jury hung on
The weight of what has become
A starry night, a vengeful wish "it doesn't have to be like this"

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Sound the alarm and make
No mistake about this

All the king's horses and all the king's
Men have been sent to put this boy back
Together again, but somehow, he must
Have been predicting the fall

Caged rats, experiments
A brain with no oxygen
Release all the hostages, you've got
To wash your hands of this

Caged rats, experiments
A brain with no oxygen
Release all the hostages, you've got
To wash your hands of this

murder, murder, murder, murder