

A Feast of Consequences

Fish

I tear a page from the book of faces,
Throw your letters in an open fire,
I couldn't say that I still despise you
But I'm finding it hard to not to
After all that was said not done it's time this thing was over
Did I want you to change your mind I don't honestly think so
Picking me up like a lovesick puppet
You were dancing me over a burning flame
You kept pulling the strings the few strands remaining
You just wouldn't let me go

We were running out of words, running out of lines, running out
of things to say
We were running out of heart, running out of love, running out
of reasons to stay

There was something so deeply flawed
In the beginning we tried to deny it
Like a crack in a china doll,
A masquerade in silence,
Where we try to recognise just who exactly we're trying to hide
We played our roles in this grand design
Fooled ourselves in our own disguises

We were running out of pills, running out of smoke, running out
of fine white wines,
We were running out of road, running out of fuel, running out o
f places to hide,
It's a feast of consequences
Facing up to a feast of consequences
Bearing down on a feast of consequences
It looks like we're dining alone

(GTR)

Table for one for a word drunk poet,
Losing my mind in a dancing flame,
It kept pulling the strings the few strands remaining
It just wouldn't let me go
We were running out of World, running out of hope, running out
of resources
We were running out of time, running out of space, running out
of tomorrows
If we only knew then what we know now would we have changed our
minds, it was all about time we faced the feast of consequence
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Can't walk away from this feast of consequences,

Can't ignore this feast of consequences