

Bystanders

Moses Sumney

Oh
You wanna strip away
Veracity is great
But you'll bleed
And all
For a lukewarm embrace
You serate your face
With glee

Don't waste your candor
On bystanders
They'll watch you waste, waste, waste, waste away

What's the use of confessing the truth
To an executioner in a booth
About the dueling forces in you
Now you barely remember your youth
You used to embrace the eerie and helm
Visitations from spirit realms
Gifted to see between astral planes now you plead to be plain

A bystander
Of bygone standards
They'll watch you waste, waste, waste, waste away
Don't waste your candor
On bystanders
They'll watch you waste, waste, waste, waste away

The minute you mitigate your fire
The innocence of carnal desire
Is stolen
It's stolen

And it's true that the truth gives you free
But when truth is a breech of decree
Dying for praise from a gallery
Whose morality is grey
And they tie all their stones to your name
And they cripple your bones with their shame
Honesty is the most moral way
But morality is grey