

Don't you feel it slipping through your fingers?
Don't you feel it when the knife is turning through you? Through you?
Don't you feel it slipping through your fingers
Don't you feel it when the knife is turning through you

Through you. I feel it from you
I feel it through you.
So cruel to the one who fails the garrison.

When all of the fingers have been pointed.
When all in agreement house their notions

When all of the fingers have been pointed
My sin is not a sin but a different goal.
when all of the fingers have been pointed
You will still blame someone for conflicting the goal.

Who are you to criticize or even judge me
When all that you know is false.

The man who bears his soul for his lung lumber
Reach out and fall