

Artist: finch

Title: Reduced To Teeth

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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"

I buried my wife today  
Restitution for my sanity  
I buried my wife today  
Restitution for my sanity

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