

You'll be a wolf
devoured by a lion,
cause you look like a lamb
baptized in fire,
fearing yet hoping the best has swallowed you
asleep once again.

I should go to sleep,
I fear I'm running out of time.

Sometimes I feel I should sever my limbs,
so it could never crawl home,
back home to you,
waiting and watching to see if you'll follow me
to my grave.

I should go to sleep,
I fear im running out of
time waits for no one.

I might not wake up next to you
excuses, excuses, excuses,
make excuses for eating your young.
Let's lick the wounds
and find out where we came from.
When copperas has faded
I hope you'll still be on my side.

This is not dystrophy but desire,
desire for comfort in the dark,
call me a mocking bird,
call me a mocking bird and it'done.