

How much do you make
in that death factory
Severance hold in the chamber of revolvers

Empty jails fall from my scalp
shaped the glove and let me out
Still I can remember the day
that they took you from me

Seems like I've been running
from your trenchant memory
Harpsichord will warn me when its over

Cause if heaven breathes
then someone trade places with me
Cause I don't want to tar feathers instead of rags

Instead of rags

When do I get to see the body preserved inside this brim
sewn on the lips were her last words
I'll be damned I can still hear her laughing

Your angels have tangled their breasts again (lol)
the comfort of doubt, still it keeps you thin
And still I can remember the day that they took you from me

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from your trenchant memory
Harpsichord will warn me when its over

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then someone trade places with me
Cause I don't want to tar feathers instead of rags

Instead of rags

Does your temperature ache?
Is your glass about to break?
Are you purple with currant?
Will you now become the serpent?

Gordian knots in the powerlines
sizes fill empty with pesticide
With a pharaoh to hold
bury me in gold

Will your sun refuse to bite
in the Stockholm city that we provide
If your heart does cease to speak
my fingernail claw will make your chalkboard sing