

Crushed opal dependency
Hang around my neck on a woven string
Every detail I've been cataloging
For a restoration spell that I'll sing
Tongue touch iron my blood in your drink
Sickeningly sweet sticking in my teeth
In the in-between God willing I'll weep
When the water rises over my feet I'll sleep

Don't bat an eye
Still just sat inside, sat in silence, satisfied
Is that alright? Is that alright with you?
Is that alright with you? Is that alright with you?
Is that alright by you? Is that alright by you?

(How much time?)
How much time did you spend unspooling
The wound-up lies that you set out on?
Is it kind of cool to be disconnected
From everyone that you feel you've wronged?

Is that alright? Is that alright with you?
Is that alright by you? Is that alright by you?

It was stuck in the back of my throat
All the words I thought I spoke
What is this? Some sick joke? Some sick joke?
It was stuck in the back of my throat
All the words I thought I spoke
What is this? Some sick joke? Some sick joke?