

Basement

Covey

Your eyes are painted red
Just to show your age
As the man with the sharp teeth bites down on your brain
Point me to your grave
That's where you'll play guitar
With a gun to your head
And a flame in your heart

They keep you in the basement
With no one you can hurt
One more chain 'round your leg
And twelve rips in your shirt
And now you're counting
Down till mother is dead
Like the rest of the world
You detested for so long

They don't tell you
Not to try
They just wear you down
As you run your fingers along the marked wall
That you chipped and inscribed
With the thoughts you could never let go

And you're shaking your arm just to stay away
As you're getting grey hairs at age twenty-two
You've been counting the hours down today
'Cause you know that you've got just one chance to escape all o
f this

They don't tell you
Not to try
They just wear you down
As you run your fingers along the marked wall
That you chipped and inscribed
With the thoughts you could never let go