

## And the Bit Just Chokes Them

Cursive

Here's a new recruit  
With new confusion  
His racing thoughts should be (unmade)  
If he needs more time, give him more time  
We are (not in a prison)

Here's your marriage vows  
It's a sweat ring around your black & blue (collar)  
If he needs more time, give him more time  
To reconfirm his old beliefs  
Make the turn towards apathy  
or regret  
So you can just roam the interstate  
(Left buried but you're so convinced)

What does it matter to you,  
Or does it matter to you.  
In the end, all your friends have gone away  
All your friends have gone insane  
It's just the hardest grip  
and the bit just chokes them  
With regret

(Skirting), half alive,  
Lifeline like a deadline  
To achieve relief  
If he needs more time, give him more time  
We are (planning our) escape routes  
And here's to the year they break us in,  
Here's to the year the break us  
If he needs more time, give him more time  
To carve away his old mistakes  
Make a clean, precision break  
From regret  
And you can just roam the interstate  
Look at him, but what does it mean

What does matter to you, or does the mess just shallow you?  
Down your drain, all your friends have gone away  
All your friends have gone insane  
It's just the hardest (grip),  
And the bit just chokes them  
With regret