

Devil In The Wire

Dealer

A tremor placed upon my mortal shell
Ridged fingers clasp the steering wheel
But who am I to deny this obviously erroneous fault in mind
As this time it's my blood I'm bleeding
I stare at the road, a darker form of grieving
Finally bleeding

It's between a rock and an unforgiving lie
The fact I've even tried this, a thousand fucking times
Who am I?

Who am I?
To think I'll survive?
The lashing of a thousand suns
When right now I loathe even being alive

And don't you think that it's funny
These beasts I'm hunting
I made from my old skin
I set them off running
Through circular time
To build this defective design
Both hostage and the knife

Ensnared
The devil in the wire

The ten of swords take form inside my spine
As Mother Mary watches blind from the sidelines
Within that frame of mind
I feel their calling, feel their calling

Call from the dark
Their call from the dark
Hand in hand into the dark
Follow me and fall apart

Into the dark

I'm the devil in the wire
In the dark I conspire
With the truth I cannot see
That even I am dead to me

Why let the truth try and hide
Death doesn't fucking lie

Why let the truth try and hide
Death doesn't fucking lie