

Malign Monologues

Diablo Swing Orchestra

White knuckles, grip so tight
My porcelain pride has shattered in your hands
(Tall as a tree, you're looking down on me
I keep raising my gaze, all I see is more of you)
Past due to make this right
Come walk with me, it's time to make amends
(Tenderly you're bleeding down on me
Well, I will wipe my bloody brow and see this through)

Radiating three-mile-smile
I will watch you burn alive

Follow me into my theater of lunacy
A place where victors write the history
Where sweet atrocities are done
In my dreams you're nothing but a distant memory
I had a sinful opportunity
They'll never know that you are gone

Flash my immoral might
The vice-like grip of white walls closing in
You squeeze me oh so tight
Your good example was your greatest sin
(In a long lost life there was no struggle or strife
A mental override left me acidified)

Herd my darlings, kill my sheep
take my blade and hide it deep

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