

Scarlet Servants

Felt

If I wanted what was yours
then I would surely want what's mine
you take it all the time and then
something blows up and my head's
full of ideas like a cloak of evil
or the message unclear like a
courtroom jester when the king says
the waiters wait in their rooms
the chauffeurs dancing doom
the waiters wait in their rooms
the prophets forecast gloom
and the stars are out tonight
no one knows don't let them know
and the sky is filled with light and then
the night exploded yeah somethin's
happening here like a sky of thunder
and a message unclear like a blown-
out candle when the daylight draws near