

# Writhe

Great American Ghost

Take a look inside  
Tell me what you see  
When every hand that reaches out  
Holds hostility

One step from an open window  
One stitch from a closing wound  
In a world of smoke and mirrors  
Shattered glass can cut you too

Wear your scars for all to see

I know you can hear me  
From your hallowed throne  
No choir here or below  
Can heal the hate in your soul  
Tighten the hand on your throat  
Tighten the hand on your throat

No fuel for the hunted  
As they dress the table now  
The feast of fools  
Only scraps for the hounds

Bonfire of the beggars  
Wretched filth within the roots  
Scorched earth for the harvest  
Rotting limbs yield poison fruit

Generational torment  
Suffering you crave  
Empathy is but a sickness  
Buried in an unmarked grave

You fear what you own  
A tyrant without a throne  
A coward that dies alone  
Tighten the hand on your throat  
Tighten the hand on your throat

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Tighten the hand around your throat  
Tighten the hand around your throat  
Tighten the hand on your throat