

Iron Mouth Act

None More Black

I'm the escapist, scrutinized to hell and I'm trapped under water.

The Caustics; they embrace me.

I'm bleeding through my wrists as you stare in fascination.

If I was gonna let go, I would have put it on the bill.

I should be hiding in the rafters, instead I'm drowning in the well.

I was an artist.

I fibbed around the meaning cause the truth didn't cut it.

On to another city.

Unpack the shackles.

Wow 'em with the lies that I've gutted.

(now see me go!)

It's all interpretation. Now you see me. Now you don't

Behind the smoke and mirrors. I'm still drowning in the well.

Cut my teeth as a conjuror. Sleight of hand. In total control.

Get me out of this predicament before I go unknown.

NANANANANANANANANANA

I'm up here dying. You paid your admissions; did you get what you wanted?

This night won't go forgotten in a padded cell, comatose and rotten.

I thrash about the septic. My lungs filling up with spite.

I'm dying in the theater. Thanks for coming Goodnight.