Figure

Ratboys

Those were just words, I know it
Lost sounds that flew by in space
Could not have been misdirected
Felt like a slap in the face

Is it the point of a story
To draw a picture in flame?
I grew a heart in molting
Pleasure got beat down by shame

Every last person on this big ole fat earth
Was given a chance to make their own worth

But those were just words, I wrote em
Movements and shadows out my mouth
Daunted and bored and faulty
High hopes are bleeding me out

Every crying baby, shut up
Crowds in exodus all stuck in the mud

Sickening prayers and poems
Open doors slammed in a rage
Take a good look at the mirror
Only a figure in frame

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