

Silhouettes in my stomach till it pangs
Thunder reigns we think of summer when in pain
From windowpanes I think how some are just in pain
Then winter came out in the colors that I paint
Yea we runaway to try to find a better plain
In bed or plane it's fly or die in heaven's name
Our fliers dyed by feathered wings
We buy our by and bys and go wherever zephyrs aim
And those who don't know decide by weathervane
Or put a slow poke inside a weathered vein
Whether vain or insecure the cure's to sell the fake
Wrap it in cellophane sacrifice the self for fame
We celebrate the dead and mourn so I pour up
They said I'm plain and never more so I Poe em
I leave the Ravens, raving about my poems
To each their own but you can read my palm
They're not impressed my stomachs tied in knots depressed
I've come to press the pressure present in my sunk-in chest
There's no treasure in this sunken chest
Under duress underdressed we can't suck in breath
In the breadth of the shrunken heads we call to you
Sonic booms is what the knocks turn to

We're nocturnal dizzy from the crop circles
Acid burns we're taciturn and non-verbal
Still we mill through the mildew
They're frail with the brail but they still say they feel you
What you don't know can kill you
That one-in-a-mill you can't come from that milieu
They told us we could be anything
They always lie through their teeth
They told us we could chase any dream
And then we died in our sleep

(x2)

I sit upon my pedestal
Await the day you don't come home
Your shades fade into your throne
Your silhouette and what's soon to become

Your scent lingers as the Sun goes down
Your shape fades and times goes on
Your body burns at the break of dawn
And I've lost track of where we are

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