

Demons In The Scenery

Second Person

Anticipation of pain is more important than
When it begins
It's above any love I have
To see these bruises for my sins
And it's not about what we are today
It's an unspecific stage
It's the rate of desiccation
That I anticipate

But when the systems start
And the lights go down
Demons in the scenery turn my world around
And I get myself lost
I won't be found

Is there a difference in meaning
Between a brief vacation and a brush with death
And which one do I need
I'm sick to speak
I'm too weak to catch my breath
Well, I'm caught in these thoughts and awkward words
I'm making clinical, chemical, friends
Above my head discrete circled birds of sleep
Preparing to descend
(Preparing to descend)

It's a constriction of chest
At best, at worst, it's burst by a heavy stone
I can do things that you know I've done before
When I've been with myself alone
(When I've been with myself alone)

I know it's destructive
Is there anymore I can
Be surprised by joy
Nevertheless in my stress and anxiety suggest
There's nothing left to destroy

But when the lights go up
And the curtain falls
Demons in the scenery scream like animals
And I get myself lost
Inside that voice
Some things will fracture slowly
Some things have sudden breaks
I wish someone had told me
Not to repeat mistakes
I step inside my story
And see it's told in blood
If you were better for me
You wouldn't be so good

But be the clever hands
The people take their bows
The demons in the scenery scream, "it's over now"
And I get myself lost

Sometimes the lights go down
(Some things will fracture slowly)
Sometimes the lights go down
The demons in the scenery turn my world around
(I wish someone had told me)
(Demons)
Did I get myself lost
(How do I turn my dreams down)
I won't be found
Won't be found
Won't be found