

Splatter

Stolen Babies

Now it had come a time when nothing is aligned,
And there is movement somewhere behind
Scattered and lost in doubt, and left to figure out
And when it struck, the mess was disgraceful

Take the knife, don't let it go for any reason
Twist it in
And get me while I'm turned around
That world is full of itself and full of treason
And you can keep it all

You're making no mistake
Your treachery could clear the room out, but
Your charm could bring them right back
Swinging every little piece where it's adored and safe
But your trail is a room and a body splattered
How can you live like that?

Take the knife, don't let it go for any reason
Twist it in
And get me while I'm turned around
That world is full of itself and full of treason
And you can keep it all

Run to the open arms of the weak and empty
Run to where it's easy
Run to the open arms of the weak and empty

(Chorus)