

Thistle

Tallah

I guess I don't know who is to blame
What could I do?
What could I do with no heart, no pain?
To the abyss went all of your dreams
You let 'em go
You let 'em be something else
Dissolved in the cesspit of your being

You were never gonna' be freed
'Cause the pig man's big
Put that money deep in your pocket
Sleep with the light on
Kept your thief on a tight leash
Street after street he lurked at a distance
Feet were consistent
Crept with the swag of a piston
The disciple with no resistance
Infected with thoughtless conviction
But that doesn't mean you wouldn't ask a favor...
You'd been trapped all in that room
It took two years pay your way out
I know people can change
But you'll never find me
Still spouting that same fucking bullshit
I've the last line!

It keeps me believing
That I was chosen from the Bleak Beyond
To partake in the greatest experiment
The world of science has ever seen!
I let an angel pick me up
It made me walk the line
I let it reach into my soul to extract the one thing
I never had the confidence to notice

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What's inside's outside
I ran the tests until I got it fucking right!
You're the type of man who keeps his shoes polished bright
You made us stray from the path
To abandon our posts
Steep was the slope you had cherished the most
But you still don't get it...
So, that's why you lie here with a buzz saw in your skull

You'll never be freed!
You're a big, pig man
Got so much money in your pocket
Talked a whole lot of shit for a man of elegance
You always kept it clean
You had a pistol just for me

On the chance that you escaped
To tell the world what you have seen
They'll never know just what it means to be this great!
But this is the end of the fucking line, bitch!

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How long?