

# Wendrid

Tallah

I'm just a bug in the wall  
Like an electrical storm  
I'll surge 'til I blow out your circuits  
If that's the price to pay  
Paint me green and remember my misery

I'm living on that cemetery schedule  
I been up all night writing obituaries  
Hands like a devil  
Speaking in riddles  
Pen cracks and leaks ink all over the table...

I'm in between two wrongs  
A head-tilting scene  
All carved up and stabbing with sorrow

I did my best  
Now it's your turn to rot  
And it's my turn to eat  
My best, my best, my Wendrid  
You spat me out  
The mechanical blast self-destructs at the seam  
My best, my best, my Wendrid

Here's your chance to let me know your virtues  
Anyway, you'll soon join my recipe for pain  
Well, one of many

Hey, listen how the music serves to calm me down  
While you're coming 'round  
You were so goddamned cunning  
But I caught you out, so I'll gut you now  
I look at myself and look at my pain  
A weapon that's not meant to stay  
A weapon that's not meant to stay  
It gets in the way  
I look at myself and look at my pain  
I look at my pain  
It gets in the way

But I'm just a bug in the wall  
Like an electrical storm  
I'll surge 'til I blow out your circuits  
If that's the price to pay  
Paint me green and remember my misery

I'm in between two wrongs  
A head-tilting scene  
All carved up and stabbing with sorrow

Yeah... gimme' two more years  
I'll get the ticket for your one-way ride to wayside's resign  
You're a posh guy whose dreams'll be personified  
Live it wild while you're vilified, defiled, and unwinding

It feels just like Christmas  
You're ribboned and wrapped for the press

I wonder what they'll say next!  
Last time, I guess they didn't care much for the razor blades...  
But I'm an adaptable kinda' guy!  
Ribbioned and wrapped like a gift  
Dressed up all spiff'  
If I were a betting man, I'd say you'll be the next big hit!  
Shit, they might want a refill  
And I wasn't prepared to write a sequel  
It's just like Christmas Day!  
You're ribbioned and wrapped for display  
Stuffed in the sleigh  
'Til somebody comes along and tries to open this present  
Imagine what it'll feel like unraveling such a perfectly wrapped package  
Only to feast their eyes upon you

Last chance to let me know your virtues  
Anyways, you'll soon join my recipe for pain  
Well, one of many

I did my best  
Now, it's your turn to rot  
And it's my turn to eat  
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Let's see what's underneath