

Monticello

The Dillinger Escape Plan

Watered down
letters of hate
creep in on me
I've watched that water
drip into mud
as charred fingers stab
at my eyes
no regrets can touch this soul
cause I'm a devil,
in a three-piece suit
that good old green
paint on paper
prostitute
for now four walls closing
stabbing at my fate
soon dirt starts staring
down that barrel
turning water into wine
it never seemed so sweet
turning faith into blind
it never was so easy