

Calmly, she's sat with her back pressed against the door
But the day you came knocking
You chose so foolishly, you thought that you could poke the bear
But this time, you'd find out

Why should I refuse this murder of crows?
'Cause they've never seen
Twenty beasts through the blinds, tainted dreams on twenty-
two parallel lines

God is moving gently, should we put blood on the door?
The card's saying, "No"
Wheel within a wheel, crushed by figurines, empty carousels
Yeah, we'd all get crushed
Down, down till we become dust

Was it you that locked me in this great beyond now?
Vociferous
Hooves that mark the space where dead horses reign
How many have died?
Oh, oh
Oh

I can see you walking in and out of your own cremation
Measure twice and cut once
Too many voiceless offer passage to her in the rain

Your pain is colored axe red
Peaking through the cumulus scripture
Go rid yourself of machinations
Blooming in fields of the lord

Till we all come crashing down