

## Claws, Part 1

Typhoon

You've got your hope caught up in your chest  
So when you speak it makes you swollen in the face  
You shouldn't be such a good target  
I'll make you choke, I'll make you hide it between your legs  
For if I have none, you'll have the same

We are conceived all with the same chance  
To be spared, to be salvaged, to be kept safe  
Then you hope to god nothing bad will happen  
From when you're born 'til you go quietly from old age  
To make your hope feel like a crushing weight

I found a friend in the great great beast  
He's digging his claws in me  
He's digging his claws in me

All degree shall be leveled  
Because you know, you have the right, you have the right  
To pursue the happiness of your neighbors  
And when you catch it, you'll put it out like a light  
And the few who are left, we'll set them right

Found a friend in the great great beast  
He's digging his claws in me  
He's digging his claws in me  
As he's digging his claws in me  
Whispers names of my enemies  
He names my enemies  
And as he names my enemies  
I don't suspect anything  
Is this what freedom is supposed to mean?  
I can choose what I don't believe in  
The truth is dying  
Your youth's a dying breed

Oh misery loves company  
So careful of the friends you keep

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