

Venona

The Receiving End Of Sirens

Men are waiting patiently
Remove me from the scene
A sea of faceless souls in suits
A sight for eyes, like thumbs

Sore crooked and bow and foul relief You have, you have been exposed Your eyes speak well of you

They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial You conspiracy
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities

I've been betrayed so graciously My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink
Which led me to the words you scribbled down
Obituary dedicated to me

[Incomprehensible] Your eyes speak well of you
They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial You conspiracy
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities

I've been betrayed so graciously I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine Your fingers are star-crossed
Lovers that can't seem to get enough of each other
This pantomime dialect doesn't practice what you preach
Doesn't practice what you preach I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine Your eyes speak well of you

They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial

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