

# As the Tables Turn

CKY

as it all disappears...  
can't you see that i'm sneering from ear to ear?  
I call it hardly a shame  
no consistency sustained it's synthetic to take your own advice  
but you can't avoid it  
now it's dramatic to be your own disguise  
when the butcher's hand is mine there is no room to improve  
there's no demand for the product of your next move  
fuel you were using to burn  
is charring you in return it's synthetic to take your own advice  
but you can't avoid it  
now it's dramatic to be your own disguise  
when the butcher's hand is mine

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