

# Reduced To Teeth

## Finch

Behind a mask, a man can bask only for so long  
Before being exposed to the sun  
The moon is up, a whisper of  
"Til death do you wrong"  
Patients bother a patient doctor  
Plastics itch and bandages the  
Aftermath won't add up to this  
The fever breaks  
The deadly cake masochist  
To live like this  
I buried my wife today  
Restitution for my sanity  
Chasing demons dressed like me  
Their eyes are not like mine  
Ignorance is divine  
Instincts are reduced to teeth  
That bite the hand that feeds  
Fear thy father, love thy martyr  
The verdict of the jury hung on  
The weight of what has become  
A starry night, a vengeful wish  
It doesn't have to be like this  
I buried my wife today  
Restitution for my sanity  
Buried my wife today  
Restitution for my sanity  
Sound the alarm and make, no mistake about this  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Have been sent to put this boy back  
Together again but somehow  
He must have been predicting the fall  
Caged rats, experiments  
A brain with no oxygen  
Release all the hostages  
You've got to wash your hands of this  
Caged rats, experiments  
A brain with no oxygen  
Release all the hostages  
You've got to wash your hands of this, this, this

The verdict of the jury hung on  
The weight of what has become  
A starry night, a vengeful wish  
It doesn't have to be like this  
Murder, murder, murder, murder

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