

# 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 fowl 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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