Miscarriage

The Plot in You

The language of the lie
Barbed and callous tongues shall lick
Behind the thinnest doors
A web of falsehood so unfoldsHumility
Pride dissected, maliciously
A mockery
Bonds dissolve in endless mimicryCruelly illuminated
Subject of shallow spectacle
Inherent weaknesses revealed
Contact withers to a lullOnce perfect pictures
Now stained with fingerprints
Tragedy fucks jealously
The human heartstrings bend and breakVultures with human eyes
Can you feel them circling?
Prey on tender moments
The failures of purest dreamOur selfish means
Are the means to this fucking end
A knife for every spine
Of every bloodNails scratching into the flesh
Until the fibers are broken
Something's got to giveThe bottoms of bottles
No longer ease the pain
And the bathroom mirror
Reflects the face of autonomyMan must invert
Internalize the pain
Sequence replays in the mind
The human heartstrings bend and breakVultures with human eyes
Can you feel them circling?
Prey on tender moments
The failures of purest dreamOur selfish means
Are the means to this fucking end
Alright, knife for every spine
Of every man, of every manLot of the ugly answers
Lie somewhere in between
Intrinsic disregard
The burden of weaknessThey're sharpening
The knives are always sharpening
A life now stained with fingerprints
Something's got to give

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