

# The Figurehead

## The Cure

Sharp and open leave me alone  
I'm sleeping less every night  
As the days become heavier and weighted  
Waiting in the cold light a noiseA scream tears my clothes as the figurines tighten  
With spiders inside them  
And dust on the lips of a vision of hell  
I laughed in the mirror for the first time in a yearA hundred other words blind me with your purity  
Like an old painted doll in the throes of danceI think about tomorrow  
Please let me sleep as I slip down the window  
Freshly squashed fly  
You mean nothing, you mean nothingI can lose myself in Chinese art and American girls  
All the time lose me in the dark, please do it rightRun into the night, I will lose myself tomorrow  
Crimson pain my heart explodes  
My memory in a fire  
Someone will listen, at least for a short whileI can never say no to anyone but youToo many secrets too many  
lies, writhing with hatred  
Too many secrets, please make it good tonight  
With the same image haunts me, in sequence despair of timeI will never be clean again I touched her eyes  
Pressed my stained face I will never be clean again  
Touched her eyes Press my stained face  
I will never be clean again I will never be clean again  
I will never be clean again I will never be clean again

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