Vultures

Envy on the Coast

You'll find the cross only fits,
When your hands and feet are nailed to it.
"Can we get a picture with the pauper,
And another with the prince?"
Ma'am, He's got your daughter wrapped in his fists.To the boys and girls,
He's alabaster,
But to his brothers, just another bastard.
With a story about a girl; enough to make you sick,
And how she made him king of her gracious hips,
She's found a way to crown his fingertips.We'll take apart your smile tooth by tooth.Let's show them where the bad ones go.
Another case of a sheep bearing a broken nose.
Let's show them where the bad ones go.
Color you criminal, paint black lines on your bones.Wake all the children from their sleep
He's robbing pillow-cased dreams and selling cheap.
What lives below? He wouldn't know.
So let's show them where the bad ones go...You curse the tail between your legs;
Blue faced and black jawed,
Your innocent eyes robbed from your bedroom in the night.
A lesson from the learned:
If your skin won't fit,
Don't sell your soul just yet.If the herd is the temptation that the faithless can't evade,
"We ate all forbidden grapes and retreated to the vineyard,
To the void in which we dwell.
With a tortured youth and heartaches we'll sell
I'll be the blood and body if you'll ring that bell."We'll take apart your smile tooth by tooth.
Let's show them where the bad ones go.
Another case of a sheep bearing a broken nose.
Let's show them where the bad ones go.
Color you criminal, paint black lines on your bones.Wake all the children from their sleep
He's robbing pillow-cased dreams and selling cheap.
What lives below? He wouldn't know.
So let's show them where the bad ones go...You'll go down in history
With notebooks, pens, and melodies.
But you're running from all of us.
You're running from all your love.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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