On My Fingers

Iceage

They try to feed me in times of hunger
But I refuse their generous hands
Though I am a taker, an opportunist
I've got longings no offer can stand
Take a good look here
Marble at this stunner of a being so profound
He must be our saviour
The second coming
He has come here to waltz around
I don't care whose house is on fire
As long as I can warm myself at the blaze
Of burning furnish, cherished photographs
Unrelated hell
Come here and balance
On my fingers
They will be here for you
When its all you have left
I always lied to you, did you not know
And I'll put you in manacles, doesn't it show
Little bird land on my fingers
I will place a stone on each of your hostile wings
Can you transcend my force in your broken allure
Flee in my shackles, I'll be coming after you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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