

In Absentia

Patrick Jones

There was once a boy
With knives stuck in his voice
All he wanted, all he wanted was a little affection

Until one day he came
To tempt his mother's taste
All she wanted, all she wanted was to spread her infection

Spit and spindle we refuse
Burning fumes of lucid youth to mend
Her broken thoughts

They've stolen all my love
Buried in absentia

Can you hear my vitreous heart
Breaking in absentia

Smokestacks burn
I won't turn
I won't ever let you go

They've stolen all my love
Yes, they've stolen all my love

He returns alone
Changes here nor there

Does he want some
Does he want a little insurrection?

Withhold my regrets
Insomniac fate

Opt out of incision
Tear down the reason
I've just gotta get out of here

Spit and spindle we refuse
Burning fumes of lucid youth to mend

Her restless limbs

Theyâ€™ve stolen all my love
Buried in absentia

Can you hear my vitreous heart
Breaking in absentia

Smokestacks burn
I wonâ€™t turn
I wonâ€™t ever let you go

Theyâ€™ve stolen all my love
Yes, theyâ€™ve stolen all my love

Taken by the night
Dye the gates remembrance

Check the puzzle, does it fit
I am alpha and omega

And on the seventh day I rise
Past the pangs of my resistance

When the son gives up his throne
What becomes of this theft

Dasehra, make these shackles go away
Dasehra, make these shackles go away

Dasehra, wonâ€™t you help me stand my ground if I should fall

Dasehra, as long as I am injured
Dasehra, as long as I remember

Dasehra, as long as I am injured
Dasehra, as long as I remember

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