

# Motelroom.Grandpiano

## Fear Before The March Of Flames

I picked the most appetizing flowers from these gardens.

I know of virgin thighs.

Anointed in your sweat.

Sat them in a glass.

And took the bench between your hips. These are beautiful wooden legs you have to stand on  
Take me lying  
down

I played my heart out on your rib cage and you tried to sing along

But the keys I chose: sour notes

And your singing turned to moan This is the sound of dying inside Everyone was sleeping.

Slaves to a gutted imagination.

The light of the television sprayed us into the shadows on a wall.

We: new gaceless mannequins.

We: new oil spills.

With no eyes how is it you cry.

With no smile how is it you laugh.

Closer now.

Our shadows move like one.

Back and forth.

Our machine lips. We the machine would like to speak.

We razorblade chochlaes.

We watch her in sleep.

We're here to pronounce your children blind.

Led them astray and toyed with their lives.

We taught them sex and muted their laughter

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

Lyrics provided by

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