A Disruption In Our Lines Of Influence

Cursive

The days are spent
chatting amongst the workers
of how cold it is outside,
not to mention their greatest fears
like finding their children neglected and naked
in battle for with some crack fiends,
like a substitute for love.And no one notices something disrupting the normal swing of things.
These hands are shaking.
The gloves are touching me.
Reaper's regret
This memory has weakened.
Now I recall everything.What's with all the commotion?
I swear there's nothing to see here.
You didn't see it coming.AlreadyThis is the part where the ambulance comes.
There's a dead man in the street;
we gotta take him to the morgue.
He can't be here;
he's been blocking traffic for hours.
We can't find him help his willsomething's disrupting the normal swing of things.
This institution
will run efficiently.
Standard regrets
Send the misses our regards.
Sign it "deepest sympathies"Sympathies: some patronage for the weak.
I swallowed some musk and now I'm choking it up.
I refuse to say they won;
I win the poison all mixed up in my head,
On my head, On my head all those phonies were liars
I don't need this
Let's disappear.
Break it down (repeated x9)
I don't need this...
sympathy.
I don't need this.

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