

Abracadaver

Before Braille

So you see yourself holding the knife
though it seems you're more terrified than the faces you practice at night,
so you can watch your tongue sympathize
We all know it's wrong, but pretend that it's/we're innocent
Get out of the way
You say that you can't move
We'll drag you away to rot in your test tube
Congratulate me just when you need to
So captivating that I rot in place
Innocence fools you
It cuts you into pieces
You try to find a way to live or way to die
The decadence coerces you in zines & books & movies
I know I'm right this time
Get out of the way
You say that you can't move and threaten to stay
Well, chalk up a new bruise
Like a thief in the night
So planned and deliberate
No use for a knife, if you can't hide it 'right'
You fall out of photographs and skin up your knees
Pulled under the undertow I'm so sorry you're sorry
We all know it's wrong
(Here we go)
We'll all get along
Get out of the way
It's clear I can't trust you
You gamble with fate
A downfall for refuge
You reciprocate while plotting your next move
It's not fair to complain from miles away'

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