labourissuesinthetoydepartment

Dillinger Four

"know your place"
It's like a voice
that wont't go away
like vices we hold to tradition
like children not allowed across the street
starving for some recognition
where want and honesty meet
nothing known can match the bitter pain
of knowing happiness is just beyond
the reach of your chain
and the overwhelming feeling it
will be the same forevernow here I am looking down a hole again
treating damage and despair like
they're long lost friends
with no remedy at all
i'm waiting for the fall
staring out the window
like what's outside's unattainablecover me with roses for the funeral pyre
shoot this dashing carcass out to
fucking sea
I cant wait, in this state
this voice, these hands
don't feel like they're really
mei'm the blinded who can feel
that he's surrounded by walls
and relief is very seldom cheap
now I think i'm gonna snap
like prey in a trap
watch as desperation takes a seat
forgive me my trespasses
like I know i'll trespass tonight
don't want to hear any voices at all
even if they're saying i'm alright.memorys beating soundly on the body
cursing what's left of the story shell
i'd give anything to make this heart
stop pounding
staring out the window
like what's outside's unattainablecover me with roses for the funeral pyre
shoot this dashing carcass out to

fucking sea
I cant wait, in this state
this voice, these hands
don't feel like they're reallynow lifes like a b-movie
that no one wants to see
here comes the zombie
portraying me
what was once so crystal clear
is now cranked past the norm
and i can't take it anymore.(your going to fight them after all)

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