

The Figurehead

Sr. Chinarro

Sharp and open leave me alone
I'm sleeping less every night
As the days become heavier and weighted
Waiting in the cold light a noiseA scream tears my clothes as the figurines tighten
With spiders inside them
And dust on the lips of a vision of hell
I laughed in the mirror for the first time in a yearA hundred other words blind me with your purity
Like an old painted doll in the throes of danceI think about tomorrow
Please let me sleep as I slip down the window
Freshly squashed fly
You mean nothing, you mean nothingI can lose myself in Chinese art and American girls
All the time lose me in the dark, please do it rightRun into the night, I will lose myself tomorrow
Crimson pain my heart explodes
My memory in a fire
Someone will listen, at least for a short whileI can never say no to anyone but youToo many secrets too many
lies, writhing with hatred
Too many secrets, please make it good tonight
With the same image haunts me, in sequence despair of timeI will never be clean again I touched her eyes
Pressed my stained face I will never be clean again
Touched her eyes Press my stained face
I will never be clean again I will never be clean again
I will never be clean again I will never be clean again

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