The Counterfeiter

Crooked Fingers

So pleased the way they calmly come for youArriving at your gateYour ghost have come to chooseA play to carve your crimeCut red in twoYour back to spear your name'They've come to end the truceYou don't belong hereYour hearts a fake

The ghost who choose you were mistakenCrossing off your name nowThe cold blood in your heartIt's traveling it's way downTo give you what you wantA little line you got a lot to loseDon't toss it all away,Mad clawing at the moonI catch fire, and all the doctors sayThe Jack your trying to claimIs shattered and in ruinOut in the cold clearHot on the makeAll of the doctors know your fakingCrossing off your name nowThe cold blood in your heartIs traveling it's way down

To give you what you wantTo give you what you wantTo give you what you wantEtc.

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

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