

# The Spanish Dagger

## Before Braille

Well stop cashing me in for a thin line  
You're right on track to know what it feels like  
to lose more than you've ever gained  
Charges pending further investigation  
You've got to expect that you're falling from graces  
Rehearsing all your persona will need when you're front-page fighting  
(aim) for your dignity  
I almost taste the the irony  
How fiction replaces history  
Use daunted glow to light your page  
You say those feelings of doubt will never cut across your mouth  
I know that Socrates and impurities are getting you down  
You'll take all they've got to get your fill  
Your time is running out  
You're getting carried away because no one cares about your fame  
I see the dagger in your name  
Deny your roots for future rain, for future reign  
Add one more kill to raise your worth  
It's so sad, cause it's all the truth you have  
Trade breath for gold  
There's no Armageddon when banks are there to relieve you  
Why prevent yourself to take wealth from someone else  
Dare to incite yourself when you're your only foe  
You're carried away  
Nothing's real about your fame  
I can see you drown in your own wake  
So pale, so thin you'd float away  
I see you trying so hard  
So no one will ever take your place when you feel the dagger brush your face  
Well' I deny myself what I can take when I can wait'and expect the same  
Incriminated, your teeth still shine over the suffering  
Deceiving trade, but the blade will shine

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