Reduced To Teeth

Finch

Behind a mask, a man can bask only for so long
Before being exposed to the sun
The moon is up, a whisper of
"'Til death do you wrong"
Patients bother a patient doctorPlastics itch and bandages the
Aftermath won't add up to this
The fever breaks
The deadly cake masochist
To live like thisI buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanityChasing demons dressed like me
Their eyes are not like mine
Ignorance is divineInstincts are reduced to teeth
That bite the hand that feeds
Fear thy father, love thy martyrThe verdict of the jury hung on
The weight of what has become
A starry night, a vengeful wish
It doesn't have to be like thisI buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanity
Buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanitySound the alarm and make, no mistake about this
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Have been sent to put this boy back
Together again but somehow
He must have been predicting the fallCaged rats, experiments
A brain with no oxygen
Release all the hostages
You've got to wash your hands of thisCaged rats, experiments
A brain with no oxygen
Release all the hostages
You've got to wash your hands of this, this, thisThe verdict of the jury hung on
The weight of what has become
A starry night, a vengeful wish
It doesn't have to be like thisMurder, murder, murder, murder

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