All the Stories But One

Floater

What's it gonna take tonight, just to get you by my side?
In my book on lies, I've got a chapter on you.
You know where the answers lie, you're in love with Jesus Christ.
In my book on spite, There's a chapter on you.
Disgusted by it. You turn away.
And without question, you don't question,
stick to the question, without questioning, you know.
Hey, what can you say?
So some of it's true, as she takes that throat and tries to kill for you.
Oh, it's all coming true.
Just look at your father and I'm looking at you.
Watching you tell all the stories but one. All of the stories but one.
I've got a book on people, it's got so many blank pages.
I keep filling it up with things I see.
Have you any lies to tell me? How much can you care about me?
Now don't hold back, give it all to me.
Electrified, and you take a life.
How many must fall?
Broken on the ground, before you realize that your an insect.
And how many must go, just like the bones in your well,
before you realize that you're an insect.
There's always the injection, if you weary of the thinking.
And the voice.
Deep in your reflection, it's a crawling little creature.
And the vioce.
And the voice in your head won't go away.
Deep down inside, you're afraid.
She's talking to you feel the squeeze.
These broken bones and this body are your own.

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