

# Reduced to Teeth

## Finch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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