

# Prodigala

## Trap Them

Things get done here,  
so don't ask me for hands to hold out.  
They're held up by their own underneath.  
No, not for the trusters that trust that they can be home returners,  
all dismentioned, all disgathered. Around here are white walls  
and they stay white walls.  
White, white, white walls. Past those hands,  
past those wrists are the arms  
decorated with a constellation of holes  
the size of the cigarette burns  
that marks the faith  
in delirium return.  
Around here are white walls  
and they stay white walls.  
White, white, white walls.  
Around here...  
Around here, things can only get done when the hearts starve.  
Around here,  
they know what they need to move on.  
They need to mar,  
need to maul and to spite  
and swallow down sleep.  
And fucking repent. And fucking repent.

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

Lyrics provided by

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