

# Beware The Tales Of Scorpions

## A Girl A Gun A Ghost

The furnace is cold, the timber rotten and old.  
The parasites have found the time to kill something bold.

It's a lover's embrace without the lovers,  
It's the thrill of the chase without the hunters!  
It's the satisfaction of the other's reaction as they're going under!

Our embrace carried us into town.  
No longer alone, their eyes on fingertips and throwing ghosts.  
You know who you are; you know what you've done.  
I know where you are and what you have become.

I justify my right tonight to take these words, sharp as a knife,  
and gut your memory, severing the ties that bind.  
You were my Judas; your lips still burn my cheek.  
You were a liar.  
You are a liar.

Imprisoned to this ball and chain,  
If I cannot break it am I able to be Cain?  
I cannot love.  
I shall not hate.  
I will give anything to feel it's not too late.

It's betrayal from one soul another.  
It's a fury that burns with all the others.  
It's emancipation. Infatuation. Desecration.

I cannot live. You will not die. I cannot live while you are alive.

You are dead to me.

We are your failed children. We are your broken dreams.  
We are your faith denied. We are your jealous screams.  
We are the murdered. We are the murderers.  
We are the victims. We are your weapons.  
We'll raise a glass to the one-eyed moon!  
With the subtlety of dynamite the brothel will swoon  
Hurling their harlots screaming in scarlet,  
Muttering hymns for the nearly departed.

The future has been set ablaze with the words of burning prophets.  
We're blind to golden yesterdays and their shimmering corruptions...

But I can see all too well.