

Revenge Of The Spectral Tiger

Brandon Boyd

Here in our gilded cage
We turn on the news and are entertained
We are an army of semi-informed, chemically made
Paper tigers that only the cusp only the crown
This isn't the only way down

Either way it's death by a thousand cuts
You would think we choose our blade
But by the way we carry on like nothings wrong
One could argue pointedly
That maybe we deserve to be
Caged

Here in our gilded cage
We're infantilized continuously
Apparent to souls I see that won't let it grow into a tree
A spectral tiger's born with beautiful stripes
And porcelain teeth
And the ghost of the hunt underneath

Either way it's death by a thousand cuts
You would think we choose our blade
But by the way we carry on like nothing's wrong
One could argue pointedly
That maybe we deserve to be
Caged