

# Shadow Stabbing

Cake

Adjectives on the typewriter  
He moves his words like a prize fighter  
The frenzied pace of the mind inside the cell

The man on the street might just as well be  
The man on the street might just as well  
The man on the street might just as well be

Outside, outside the walls  
Out there you don't hear the echoes and calls  
But the steel eye, tight jaw, say it all, say it all  
But the white paint, plastic saints say it all, say it all, say  
it all

Say it all, say it all  
Say it all, say it all, say it all  
Say somebody forgot to say it all  
Somebody got to say it all

I'm so nervous, I'm so tense  
My heart can't forget about this self defense  
When the air is so hot and my breath comes fast  
I thumb the cool blade but I know this, it can't last  
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