

Stained Silver

Cave In

Pop culture with a pin
Watch it wheeze in the air like a dying balloon
A mistake dawned on me
And the rest of my tribe.
"Your wish is our command"
No really. It's OK
Give yourself a group hug and a pat on the back
No really. It's all right
Pose your best for a shot from the firing squad
Choosing my defense
I'll stay on the fence
Sneak a gun through the gates of heaven
Raiding tomorrow's prayers
With a stained silver bullet
Oh how it kills me waiting to follow through
On a dare
Pop culture with a pill
Watch it make all the worms in your mind disappear
Maybe so, maybe not
Never sure if it's me underneath a white sheet
Halloween, Halloween
With a mask I can be your new friend for a while
Trick or treat, trick or treat
There's a razorblade inside your candybar
Pop culture on your skin
You cannot keep your fingers away from your face
Memories are haunting me
Like fish floating dead at the top of a tank