

As The Tables Turn

CKY

As it all disappears...
Can't you see that I'm sneering from ear to ear?
I call it hardly a shame.
No consistency sustained.

It's synthetic to take your own advice,
but you can't avoid it.
Now it's dramatic to be your own disguise,
when the butcher's hand is mine.

There is no room to improve.
There's no demand for the product of your next move.
Fuel you were using to burn,
is charring you in return.

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but you can't avoid it.
Now it's dramatic to be your own disguise,
when the butcher's hand is mine.

Spare the world of speech.
We're out of reach, as the tables turn.
No blood for the leech, as the tables turn.
Spare the world of speech, as the tables turn.

Bad karma eats you alive.
Contrived intentions will never be revived.
Recalled to settle the score, less of you is more.

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