

We Want Guarantees, Not Hunger Pains

Closure in Moscow

I'll be a martyr for your indifference
if you promise to line my tomb with trinkets
There won't be a resonating cry
just an awkward formal dialogue
between my ghost and those I've denied
We want guarantees, not hunger pains
but starvation just won't subside

Somewhere between the penance & the patience
You drift with every word they say
Somewhere between the penance & the patience
I think we've lost our way

You told me what you stand for
The sleepless crusade
The bitter campaign

In every room that we walk in
the walls are skin and they're writhing
oh they're writhing

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You'd be unwise to sate the urge
but go ahead you wouldn't be the first

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