

I create the things that haunt me
The ghosts you see here
Came with me
I create my consequences
I have weaved my history

Something in your bones
Calls you here
Something in your fabric
Ties you here
So take a breath and mend the wound
Or pull the thread and disappear

I've designed this institution
The lunatics are honored guests
And it was invitation only
The murderers are here at my request

Something in your bones
Calls you here
Something in your fabric
Ties you here
So take a breath and mend the wound
Or pull the thread and disappear

I don't wish distress upon you
Or to be a dreadful host
But you'll likely get what you want the least
Just when you need it the most
Don't fall apart
This is a gift I promise you
A silken thread to mend your injury
But if it scars or not is up to you

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