

Butcher's Mouth

Emery

I've got a way
of finding out what you said,
but I want to hear it from the butcher's mouth.
I've got a way
of freaking out all your friends when I'm talking out loud.
But it ends me when I can tell that I've become the person I can't ta
ke, that I hate,
a person so much like you.

I've got a way.
Your jealous eyes, with reckless pride, feasting on the wealth.
I've got a way.
This little click, brick by brick, has turned upon itself.

You're a broken record repeating these vanities.
Over and over again.

You find your words and made them work for you,
and trust me, people will drink them in.
The absence of a witness, no one to see this.
Hid your affection for self-obsession and the greed.
But now it's back to your, back to your knees.

I've got a way.
Your jealous eyes, with reckless pride, feasting on the wealth.
I've got a way.
This little click, brick by brick, has turned upon itself.

You're a broken record repeating these vanities.
Over and over, the same old story.

(Throw yourself a pity party,
pulling each and every heartstring.
We brought you here.
We brought you here.
And no one will come to your defense.)

Let's break that smile right off your face.
Taking time to save the place
where names are of no use
and ridiculous answers will find their sleep,
and you will find your sleep too.

(Way, I've got a way.)

You're a broken record repeating these vanities.
Over and over again.