

War For The Crippled

Grieves

I scale the razor while I rope over the dead space and arrows s
ticking out that bullseye tattooed on my breastplate
I'm high flying, tasting the poison on the clouds breath, a lit
tle bit too nervous just to follow when that crowds steps
I break, break, into little tiny pieces and vanish and you can
take, take all the memories and make patterns of em
and say, say, that you'll never think about me when they ask
and if they don't look like they trust you can turn around and
dash
and this is awful to say but I don't think you ever needed me
that tooth was through your lip before you ever started eating
me
beatin' it downs not what you need to be taught here, I'm beggi
n you just to stop for a little bit
and let that broken record play for you
and you can smell the smoke from all the pain it took to lay it
s groove
and fall into that place where you can die from it or face the
truth
it's silly, 'cause I all see is danger when I lay with you
the voices start talking and saying

I know they say happiness is a warm gun, and sorrow is a cold j
agged blade
I know they say happiness is a warm gun
I know they say happiness is a warm gun, and sorrow is a cold j
agged blade
I know they say happiness is a warm gun and I got it torn and i
t aimed at your face

How come your eyes hurt me so bad?
mirrors or windows? can you feel that? how would you describe t
hat?
I fear I'm too simple. How come your hands are so, so cold?
my skin or yours? no circulation, heavy pulse
I fear with every use to me my aneurism now
that caution so convincing, fully engage the arm hairs, drys ou
t the mouth
it's alkiline, count the cate, that courage, that now's the tim
e
that head devise, spin, spin, with a big fake grin and the skin
gettin thicker by the blink
know the ill by the stink and the length of the beard
know the real by the stare and the feel way
know the real by the gut, know to seal your convictions with st
eel
know steal by how it stings your feelings, no further advice
no cure for the vice, no feelings searing like spice in a con l

ife

with the fears like contacts and never call any backs, what's u

p

and I feel foul 'bout it, but so much lighter 'bout it, right?

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