

Splinter Down

Mordred

See you hunkered on the ground
Magnifying glass in hand
Can you focus in one spot for long enough?

If you see the whispered smoke
Curling vine-like from a leaf
You will turn the glass on me
That I know for sure

Pass the boneyard on the left
There's a secret that I keep
Like a tick upon my skin

I will take you to that place
If you leave your glass behind
Not afraid to say "I am afraid"

You've got to learn which logs to cure
Which ones to burn

If I rake up all my wits
Pile them up into a heap
There's no guarantee that you won't be the wind

Turn a placid day in fall
Into a hurricane
So if I stay inside again, some windows down
You know I'm saying

You've got to learn which logs to burn
Which ones to cure
And I wanna say this now
When I see you with the timber I will splinter down
And paint your arms with scars
Paint your arms with scars

[Breakdown]

You won't ever let me out
I won't ever let you

That would serve me right
Would serve me all too right
That would serve me right
Would serve me all too right

Won't hear you laugh in my face, what's your name?
Throw down your axe, you're a mess, what a shame

[Solo]

You've got to learn which logs to burn
Which ones to cure
And you know it's now
Not long before the fire's spent
And all your trouble's gone to waste
Gone to waste

You've got to learn which ones to burn
Which ones to cure
Which ones to do something with

You've got to learn
Which ones will burn you
And which ones will splinter down and paint your pretty arms with scars