Them Walls

Poisonblack

House that he build is crumbling down like him, silently And brick by brick, patching the walls but failing repeatedly Room after room Silent as a tomb

Gather one, gather all Come see a struggling man fall

Feel free to throw stones at him Don't waste your sympathy

Rusty nail by nail, coming down are the tired floors And echoes the beat of the hoof at the bolted door Homesick home So sick to the bone

Gather one, gather all Come see a struggling man fall

Feel free to throw stones at him Don't waste your sympathy Feel free to gob scorn at him Denounce him the enemy