

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