

Leave me to the darkness and the dogs  
I'll do much better here  
So you never learn to pick the heavy loss  
Then your captive market didn't go for you this year

Now whose love will you take prepared  
With detachment like famine food  
Ease into being with disgusting care  
And smothered by etiquette and your invented rules

Don't let me go  
To the shattering of glass  
To the disasters of the past

Shared breath can cradle into being  
A shrine to your own heathen self-glory  
A cult I note but don't believe  
A testament to botherism and your coyish cruelty

And I point no fingers and place no blame  
Nor would I be inclined to start killing Casanova  
While he rages with appetite that's unrestrained  
But you might find that you grow sick of the fare  
Before the feedings over

Don't let me go  
To this hysterical house  
To the shattering of glass  
To the disasters of the past  
Don't let me go

Leave me to the darkness and the dogs  
I'll do much better here