

# Demons In The Scenery

## Second Person

Anticipation of pain is more important than  
When it begins  
It's above any love I have  
To see these bruises for my sins  
And it's not about what we are today  
It's an unspecific stage  
It's the rate of desiccation  
That I anticipate

But when the systems start  
And the lights go down  
Demons in the scenery turn my world around  
And I get myself lost  
I won't be found

Is there a difference in meaning  
Between a brief vacation and a brush with death  
And which one do I need  
I'm sick to speak  
I'm too weak to catch my breath  
Well, I'm caught in these thoughts and awkward words  
I'm making clinical, chemical, friends  
Above my head discrete circled birds of sleep  
Preparing to descend  
(Preparing to descend)

It's a constriction of chest  
At best, at worst, it's burst by a heavy stone  
I can do things that you know I've done before  
When I've been with myself alone  
(When I've been with myself alone)

I know it's destructive  
Is there anymore I can  
Be surprised by joy  
Nevertheless in my stress and anxiety suggest  
There's nothing left to destroy

But when the lights go up  
And the curtain falls  
Demons in the scenery scream like animals  
And I get myself lost  
Inside that voice  
Some things will fracture slowly  
Some things have sudden breaks  
I wish someone had told me  
Not to repeat mistakes  
I step inside my story  
And see it's told in blood  
If you were better for me  
You wouldn't be so good

But be the clever hands  
The people take their bows  
The demons in the scenery scream, "it's over now"  
And I get myself lost

Sometimes the lights go down  
(Some things will fracture slowly)  
Sometimes the lights go down  
The demons in the scenery turn my world around  
(I wish someone had told me)  
(Demons)  
Did I get myself lost  
(How do I turn my dreams down)  
I won't be found  
Won't be found  
Won't be found