

No Wishbones

Sikth

Be aware! The circles of despair
Quickly, quickly try and run
Corner kings, the corner kings they come
The hordes of fear, their eyes are near
Weeping wounds, weeping wounds, wounds!
You gotta try and run, get out now!
Corner kings, the corner kings they come
The hordes of fear, their eyes are near

No questions asked

All alone, open palms
They tell you it's got to be this way, this way

Dusty paths by a canvas roofs
Waiting for the rain
The devil in him, the peril in you
Waiting for rainfall

Interlinked, silver palmed and armed
Aloof, aloof alliances
No wishbones, no wishbones, no home
This darkness in which such evil seeds are sown
Gun men come, to show them who's in charge
Secret servants of the golden palmed
Corner kings, the corner kings they come
The hordes of fear, their eyes are near

Looking through this tinted glass

All alone, open palms
They tell you it's got to be this way, this way?
All alone, open palms
They tell you it's always been this way, this way

Dusty paths by a canvas roof
Waiting for rain
The devil in him, the peril in you
Waiting for rainfall
When you look into their eyes
Waiting for rain
Too empty to even cry
The rain never fell

Looking through this tinted glass
The broken eyed vessels
Lost in repetition, from the day they saw dawn
No questions asked, they just carry on

Fear can turn to those tears into golden
The puppeteers
Art of manipulation
Pockets full of gold
Art of manipulation
Is what they sold

Lies

Darkness
Pure evil,
Vile!

Yea they're drinking cholera in their water
While they try to stay alive
Because there ain't enough water in the well
See my reflection
But who am I to say?
A spectator, just like you
A commentator, just like you
Why, why, why