

# Killing Game

**Skinny Puppy**

fallen angel head crashes dead out of control lost memories staircase  
twists darker rooms lit with left out toys after playing men changes toys  
into tools twisted playthings on the staircase fools whose weapons  
represents the killing game who taught the killing game who taught the  
killing game awaken eyes sewn wearing glasses dripping tapping at the temple  
door locked inside scream inner scraping tooth and nail nowhere to go quiet  
retraces forcing light tears then pretend nothing blinds minds closed in  
sanctuary closed in sanctuary padded walls not quiet storms fury burned out  
killing time who taught the killing game time's taught the killing game  
herself no i taught the killing game first passing words distant pain  
remember trains of thought collide no one view window pushing faces through  
sharp cold glass poke bloody holes exposed i taught the killing game first i  
taught the killing game first till at last you regret tortured animals wake  
up time beckons death upon myself eyes travelled harden strange no stronger  
feeling tempting motion slows to a crawl places his weaponry and it's a trap  
let go the springs snap shut gazes show sharper teeth giving in to the jaws  
of death i taught the killing game i taught the killing game first i taught  
i taught i taught the game first first first