

Killing Game

Skinny Puppy

fallen angel head crashes dead out of control lost memories sta
ircase
twists darker rooms lit with left out toys after playing men ch
anges toys
into tools twisted playthings on the staircase fools whose weap
ons
represents the killing game who taught the killing game who tau
ght 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 fur
y burned out
killing time who taught the killing game time's taught the kill
ing game
herself no i taught the killing game first passing words distan
t pain
remember trains of thought collide no one view window pushing f
aces 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 an
d 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 fi
rst i taught
i taught i taught the game first first first