

# Demon Teeth

The Color Morale

Twenty something  
Years of seclusion  
Seems to be quite enough

Just get me out of this town  
It's like a dried up,  
Lake full of debris and I am starting to drown  
Sometimes I can see clearer  
Through rear view mirrors  
Then windshields with  
All the places I've been

How do I find my destination?  
Neither one of us is getting out  
Of the situation alive  
Until the other one dies

And it wont be me  
You clench your hold like you clench your teeth  
And I will send you back to hell  
Holding your jaw,  
Like your demon teeth

Your demon teeth

Put your ghosts in the past  
Don't put your torment back  
Beneath it's reoccurring  
Pull apart it's jaw  
And smash out it's teeth

Who do I believe?  
When everyone sees and speaks  
Based in part by what they themselves believe  
I'd Rather see a man of god  
Than hear from one  
Any day of the week  
So take hold of these demons  
Cast them into pigs  
But don't let a single one of them leap  
Take their filth  
And let them learn  
(No, no, no, no) Just let them teach

Instead of reading the book (I've read the book)  
Try Meeting The Author (I've met the author)

That's my problem, I've had the devil on both sides  
With god at the bottom (ughhhh)

Chin Up  
Chin Up

He doesn't pick where he stands,  
I pick where I place him.