

## Monticello

### The Dillinger Escape Plan

Watered down  
letters of hate  
creep in on me  
I've watched that water  
drip into mud  
as charred fingers stab  
at my eyes  
no regrets can touch this soul  
cause I'm a devil,  
in a three-piece suit  
that good old green  
paint on paper  
prostitute  
for now four walls closing  
stabbing at my fate  
soon dirt starts staring  
down that barrel  
turning water into wine  
it never seemed so sweet  
turning faith into blind  
it never was so easy