

## Oh, Manhattan

### "Face Of Another"

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Well I made my bed, I left a note that said,  
"You'll find me in the ocean...  
With the face of another, oh, I promise you brother  
Tomorrow will be a war".

At first glance, appearances mean nothing,  
But further down inside, judgment and heartache await  
And I for one have grown weary from speaking out  
So close your mouth - don't say a damn word

Just bask in the silence and pray for a small  
consequence  
Lose all hopes of returning safe to the hell you call  
home

I will stain my arms with ink, and words that I would  
never speak  
Cause everyone would be better off without me  
Hold your breath, baby - your transmission's out of key  
A subtle way to strap anchors to my body

I'm too tired to compromise, it feels like a thousand  
knives penetrating  
They're deep inside, so salt my wounds and show me  
that I'm alive  
Cause everything I feel has started fading  
Here comes the tide, my grave awaits, this is truly  
genocide  
Too many men have fallen just like me

I will stain my arms with ink, and words that I would  
never speak  
Cause everyone would be better off without me  
Hold your breath, baby - your transmission's out of key  
A subtle way to strap anchors to my body

This broadcast is dead, no frequency heard  
I will return to Mother Earth  
This broadcast is dead, no frequency heard  
I will return, I will return,  
[x2]

This broadcast is dead, no frequency heard  
I will return

As the air escapes, and my soul leaves my body  
For a lonely grave  
No time to talk, no time for words  
Failed attempts to feel alive have left me  
Barren and my journey ends tonight  
This broadcast is dead, this broadcast is dead  
And this is how it has to end

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