

Receiving End of Sirens "and the disease self-medicates"

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the munitions in your kitchen are parlor talk
and when tinted and printed, there's genius in the
doublespeak
we're all in stitches over makeshift surgeries
held in contempt after your straight-faced perjury
from cribs to crypts and hid behind my lips
if there's a fault they will search you out search you out
because they're dying at their desk jobs

bite the hand that feeds
your basic needs, baby it's the cannibal in me
sanctified knife-play with what sleeps in the streets in
your sheets by day

forensic(k) to your stomach
this DNA redecoration
on your office wall
you have murdered their darlings
because they didn't have the entrails for the job

(1, 2, 3) underwater waltzes in our concrete dancing
shoes

bite the hand that feeds
your basic needs, baby it's the cannibal in me
sanctified knife-play with what sleeps in the streets in
your sheets by day

and some can't see the clouds for nightfall, and some
can't see the night for eyelids, and some are happier
than others

flash one two three flash one two -- it's closer.

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