

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "This Armistice"

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"Your gross fabrication of pretense could bore,  
Yet still I fall victim to syntax omitted,  
Just shy of something I could understand.  
So blissful, I press on to the sound of the organs  
Playing their most convincing tunes  
As they serenade to the parade of paid-off parts.

And now the only thing left to discuss is  
The details of this armistice.  
We've come to this agreement...

Check my vitals.  
The truth is vile, but vital to this cause.  
I've been held hostage;  
A captive of this passive shell.  
Give me gravity, give me clarity, give me something to  
rely on.

Tell me who's pulling the strings;  
Tell me who's that you move for.  
We're all puppets;  
We're all marionettes.

These body parts are parts of plans,  
Passed by my hands. My hands shake through  
handshakes,  
Forsaken by my limbs.  
My limbs sing the hymns; The hymns of a tyrant  
In a crumbling pantheon  
As inhabitants will raise their fists and bid him to  
disarm.

Tell me who's pulling the strings;  
Tell me who's that you move for.  
We're all puppets;  
We're all marionettes.

Oh, how I've been teething  
In light of your misleading.  
You've caused this collapse  
Between the heart and the synapse."

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