

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Bell Book And Candle"

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This town:
Near-demilitarized
Carrier pigeons
Commit ritual suicide

Pleas for pity
and blank responses collide
Tied to their ankles
Tied like tired anchors

But I know
You drink
Like a fish out of water
and your everywhere, everywhere,
Without a drop for me

We were land lovers
Together
or don't you remember?
Don't you remember?

And between empties and keys
I know you've fought wars

But your a regular
Benedict when you wander, like
a derelict,
House to house
You're a regular
Traitor

We stood and shook red-handed,
Burying the hatchet,
Even as our legs cried out
to run in different directions

The innest crowd is throwing up last night's party
On a floor that isn't theirs
'til even their bodies hate their guts

We've worked this swords to ploughshares

and back until our shared secrets were cannon fodder,
and comforts caused a coup d'etat

Bell, book, and candle

So are you gonna to drop me like your morals?
You gonna drop me like you promised?
You gonna drop me like our ideals?
Gonna drop me like our dreams?
or are you gonna drop me like your concern
For others and being honest?
You gonna drop me like all logic?
Beyond reason, there you are

(You can't draw the bow back and blame the arrow)

(We stood and shook red handed,
burying the hatchet,
Even as our legs cried out to run)

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