

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

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Your gross fabrication of pretext could bore.  
Yet still I fall victim from syntax and 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 the only thing left to discuss  
Is the details of this armistice.  
We've come to this agreementâ€¦  
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 move for.  
We're all puppets;  
We're all marionettes.  
These body 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 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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