

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Venona"

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Men are waiting patiently;
Remove me from the scene,
A sea of faceless souls in suits.
A sight for eyes, like thumbs;
Sore crooked and bow and foul relief.
You have, you have been exposed.
Your eyes speak well of you.
They play the requiem to
To a closed casket burial.
Your conspiracy:
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities.
I've been betrayed so graciously.
My bloodhounds hooked to a trail of ink which led me
to the words you scribbled down, obituary dedicated to
me.
Your fingers are star-crossed lovers that
Can't seem to get enough of each other.
This pantomime dialect doesn't
Practice what you preach.
I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine.

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