

Atticus "Thieves"

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Divide us in silence
Content within your cell
But when you stole the light
Open the dividers
And your sole device
Hoping that you know just when to stop
You stop, you stop, you stop

And I'll be willing
if you're not
Thieves you kill for

United with wires
Your old familiar skill
But after all your life
Fire starts to burn amongst your cells
and light bursts throughout your sight
and leaves you cold and white
and bold and bright

And I'll be willing
if you're not
Thieves you kill for

From the warmth of your knives
to the teeth on your crest
I'll contrive and caress
and constrict and compress
From the whites of your eyes
and device in your chest
I will writhe and disguise
all the fools in myself

Are we willing?

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