

Bridges Out "Modus Operandi"

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These hands mirror my own. Blistered and raw from
their works unknown. Scattered things litter the floor.
To be expected when losing control.
This dirt in my nails haunts me with unclear details.
This sinking in my chest wont let me rest.

You wake and you work and you come home tired.
You're cinching the neck with the ties required. Still
when they look at you you got to pull yourself together.
The night from your head drips into your feet. You're
waking with grave dirt between the sheets but still
when you feel it's gone you're wrong, you're wrong,
you're wrong, you're wrong.

Tell me these memories aren't mine. Tell me when I'll
wake. Who are you? What have I done? Who are you?

I'm not sure if I woke today. Dreams like leaves are
blown away. If I had known I'm not alone. That I'm not
the only one trapped in this body.

Where we used to sing, the choir expells us and
tarnished our wings. Where we used to laugh now
holds the weight of the stronger half.

And every day gets worse. The weight it starts to take
it's course and you've got time to kill as you begin your
decent.

And every arid face feed the fires of your disgrace.
The hands are breaking through the soil to take you to
your place.

I'm not sure if I woke today. Dreams like leaves are
blown away. If I had known I'm not alone. That I'm not
the only one trapped in this body.

I'm not sure if I woke today. Dreams like leaves are
blown away. If I had known I'm not alone. That I'm not
the only one trapped in this body.

Who are you? This isn't real. Who are you? This isn't
real.

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