

## Dillinger Four

# "Labourissuesinthetoydepartment"

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"know your place"  
It's like a voice  
that won't go away  
like vices we hold to tradition  
like children not allowed across the street  
starving for some recognition  
where want and honesty meet  
nothing known can match the bitter pain  
of knowing happiness is just beyond  
the reach of your chain  
and the overwhelming feeling it  
will be the same forever

now here I am looking down a hole again  
treating damage and despair like  
they're long lost friends  
with no remedy at all  
i'm waiting for the fall  
staring out the window  
like what's outside's unattainable

cover me with roses for the funeral pyre  
shoot this dashing carcass out to  
fucking sea  
I can't wait, in this state  
this voice, these hands  
don't feel like they're really  
me

i'm the blinded who can feel  
that he's surrounded by walls  
and relief is very seldom cheap  
now I think i'm gonna snap  
like prey in a trap  
watch as desperation takes a seat

forgive me my trespasses  
like I know i'll trespass tonight  
don't want to hear any voices at all  
even if they're saying i'm alright.

memories beating soundly on the body

cursing what's left of the story shell  
i'd give anything to make this heart  
stop pounding  
staring out the window  
like what's outside's unattainable

cover me with roses for the funeral pyre  
shoot this dashing carcass out to  
fucking sea  
I cant wait, in this state  
this voice, these hands  
don't feel like they're really

now lifes like a b-movie  
that no one wants to see  
here comes the zombie  
portraying me  
what was once so crystal clear  
is now cranked past the norm  
and i can't take it anymore.

(your going to fight them after all)

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