

Dirt Poor Robins

"With Slander For A Blade"

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Why is malice on my mind tonight?
The wine and meat I eat
Can't touch this hunger that is flaring
Still the air turns to heat

I'm fixed upon my knife
I'm blinded by it's glare

A candle lights your mockery
The wakening my wrath
All common decency is draining from me listening to
your laugh
I've a taste for blood against your casual affairs

Folly, this is folly for the joy that it brings is fleeting

Each night outside my window, I see them work
Observe them stalking prey like predators as they
talked and flirt
They melt your mind like wax to steal their haunting
display
For if you do not bite today, you will return rest assured
Their longing stares will let go on and on around every
bend and curve
Until your home is frost and your band's in decay

Folly, this is folly for the joy that it brings is fleeting

Heaven owns no place for a man that lets his family slip
away
So these lies that I shall take our touring criminals you
see
For with one I slave a hundred, tend a thousand men
from spreading their disease

Now this handle, justice crushes me
Crushes me

Go on and dare to glare at me, but I know you're worse
For every day you slay the innocent in your thought and
word
And then return to your ground of cliché's

You're shielded by your forehead, it cloaks your sin
from sight
But somewhere lurking deep within the fog is the
stalker in the night
Who strikes down all who descent with a death for a
blade

Folly, this is folly for the joy that it brings is fleeting.

Can you condemn another man's sin without adding to
it? [10x]

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