

Finch "Reduced To Teeth"

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Behind a mask, a man can bask only for so long
Before being exposed to the sun
The moon is up, a whisper of
"Til death do you wrong"
Patients bother a patient doctor

Plastics itch and bandages the
Aftermath won't add up to this
The fever breaks
The deadly cake masochist
To live like this

I buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanity

Chasing demons dressed like me
Their eyes are not like mine
Ignorance is divine

Instincts are reduced to teeth
That bite the hand that feeds
Fear thy father, love thy martyr

The verdict of the jury hung on
The weight of what has become
A starry night, a vengeful wish
It doesn't have to be like this

I buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanity
Buried my wife today
Restitution for my sanity

Sound the alarm and make, no mistake about this
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Have been sent to put this boy back
Together again but somehow
He must have been predicting the fall

Caged rats, experiments
A brain with no oxygen
Release all the hostages

You've got to wash your hands of this

Caged rats, experiments

A brain with no oxygen

Release all the hostages

You've got to wash your hands of this, this, this

The verdict of the jury hung on

The weight of what has become

A starry night, a vengeful wish

It doesn't have to be like this

Murder, murder, murder, murder

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