

## Folly

# "Discussions Is For The Pigs"

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I have a block on my brain and a clock in my mouth and  
I'm tasting each second.  
For days I've swallowed the hours.  
Striking worth into the air with words like arrows that  
were stuck into my knees;  
To pin me to the chair, to force me to write,  
I've got a pencil and a thousand thoughts but my wrists  
won't move.  
Why are my thoughts the flies on a rot aloft each other  
in persuasive decay?  
Their decay is my demise.  
I control this square with just enough space to envelop  
an affliction.  
They are all dead to me.  
They are all DEAD.  
Oh no, it's a comfortable rape!  
Unlike any normal respite, this canon-style boredom is  
a crippling image.  
Ready to pop at any moment, red-faced children can't  
vomit.

Insignificantly hopeful, they are pulling on these coiled  
limbs;  
they are taught and confined.  
In this environment I am my own destruction.  
Relying so heavily on every possible sketch...  
procrastination...lost cause...knowing nothing...

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