

## Fucked Up

### "A Slanted Tone"

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"His voice in the sky is the sound that you hear.

His timbre is dim and his motives aren't clear.

Why does the prophet above have so much to fear?

Things aren't always the way they appear.

He's a horn with a slanted tone, he's the back without the bone.

The king sits on a crooked throne, stuck inside of the story alone.

When he raised a trumpet to his mouth the sound of every voice tumbled out.

When he stretched the canvas into his frame he painted everyone with the same brush.

He has the whole world on a string and he tells the choir when to sing.

He's a shadow in the sky.

He's a horn with a slanted tone, he's the back without the bone.

The king sits on a crooked throne, stuck inside of the story alone.

His description of truth has the pages torn.

His inscription of roses are just the thorns.

His scripture is ripped from the back of his hand.

The scribe's wish is the subject's command.

He's a horn with a slanted tone, he's the back without the bone.

The king sits on a crooked throne, stuck inside of the story alone.

When he raised a trumpet to his mouth the sound of every voice tumbled out.

When he stretched the canvas into his frame he painted everyone with the same brush.

He has the whole world on a string and he tells the choir when to sing.

He's a shadow in the sky.

I'm witnessing things I never thought I'd see.

There's a darkness now I could not foresee.

An innocent man resigned to a plea.

A company in captivity by a narrator's desire to be free from the confines of an honest story.  
It all seems so surreal but between you and me, there's a light at the end of the tale so you'll see  
that the way things are now aren't the way they'll always be.

How can I let them know, the truth about Octavio?

That he was lying all along.

Don't trust the words you hear in a song."

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