

Boys Night Out

"The subtleties that make mass murderers"

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As I read through the list it made it seem easier
To make the choices, choices to make
To stay half-way sane
But, when I walked through the room,
I must have been lazier
Because I gave up looking and sat down again

Maybe I was caught up in the dance or in the drink
But get this through your skull -
Don't get caught up in me
And you'll get another chance or another breath
But get this through your skull:
You never met me

So, come on.
Let's go
You don't want to know what I know
And if you make it home alright
Your luck runs out the next night
Come on
Let's go
Here's hoping for a bright tomorrow
When they find the pieces
They'll never know the reasons

I cut the faces out of photographs
So traces of your life
Will turn up traceless with your death
Deprived of stasis
So sleep secure... and rest assured
That you're beautiful with trigger pulled
(repeat three previous verses)

Tonight I've seen so many drinks
That I think my brain is playing tricks on me
You've been the constant
Constantly connecting me to everything
So, thank you for the visions:
Three incisions; bullet blasted backs
I'm back - this tangent took me
And you're the one who gets

One more night of peace

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