

## **Brandon Boyd**

# **"Revenge Of The Spectral Tiger"**

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Here in our gilded cage  
We turn on the news and are entertained  
We are an army of semi-informed, chemically made  
Paper tigers that only the cusp only the crown  
This isn't the only way down

Either way it's death by a thousand cuts  
You would think we choose our blade  
But by the way we carry on like nothings wrong  
One could argue pointedly  
That maybe we deserve to be  
Caged

Here in our gilded cage  
We're infantilized continuously  
Apparent to souls I see that won't let it grow into a tree  
A spectral tiger's born with beautiful stripes  
And porcelain teeth  
And the ghost of the hunt underneath

Either way it's death by a thousand cuts  
You would think we choose our blade  
But by the way we carry on like nothing's wrong  
One could argue pointedly  
That maybe we deserve to be  
Caged

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