

## Lower Definition "The Ventriloquist"

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We hide behind the gates.  
It's daylight when they come.  
Afraid to test what we've done.  
Tamed by the fire, they hang on a wire.  
Tonight, they'll have you bandaged round the eyes.  
Tonight, they watch from the sides.

They sing familiar cries.  
From the sides they watch with closed minds  
And breathe on every line with impeccable time.  
They watch from the sides.

They know we can see right through fingers broken  
and bruised.  
They speak with frail sighs.  
And their throats are dry and ravished of greatness.

They open their arms with jaws of life.  
They're bandaged, bandaged round the eyes  
And all I can hear are the cries.  
It haunts me at times.

While animatronic puppets sing stupid lullabies.

Afraid to test what we've done when they come.  
Shunned by the light.  
In awe, they know we can see right through  
Fingers broken and bruised  
And books deprived and ravished of pages.  
They're all filled with lies.  
I feel neglected. Bandaged round the eyes.

You do things to me. You do this to me.  
You pull the strings. It haunts me at times.

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