

Cky "As The Tables Turn"

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as it all disappears...
can't you see that i'm sneering from ear to ear?
I call it hardly a shame
no consistency sustained

it's synthetic to take your own advice
but you can't avoid it
now it's dramatic to be your own disguise
when the butcher's hand is mine

there is no room to improve
there's no demand for the product of your next move
fuel you were using to burn
is charring you in return

it's synthetic to take your own advice
but you can't avoid it

now it's dramatic to be your own disguise
when the butcher's hand is mine

spare the world the speech
we're out of reach
as the tables turn
no blood for the leech
as the tables turn
spare the world the speech
as the tables turn

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