

Midasuno

"Cut Ribbons"

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Never drop your guard
The breaking of the bones
Dissolve into a red mist
An overwhelming urge
Caught underneath a subway
Victim of your currency
Unaware & self-absorbed
Holds you back & lifts me up
You know it doesn't hurt to try
Comfortable black & amber
Excuses, excuses
Make believe, building toy holocausts
We have come to save your souls - it's on your
terms we're leaving

She came home
Broke my bones
Then she cut ribbons out of me

Let the truth hit hard
Like a hailstorm of bullets
Another cross to bear
A total lack of guilt
A wall of contentment
Will never break your fall
These wishes critical
These wishes collapse at the speed of light
Cha-cha-cha-cha-BOOM!

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