

## Riendeau "Good Scare, Rat Face"

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Stepping out into the air,  
There was a calm that I'd known so well.  
I could feel it in my work worn hands,  
A calm my father had once known,  
And those before him.  
It was not a feeling I was built for.  
My hands need so much more.  
So much more.

Heavy lies the crown of crooked thorns on the head of  
a busy man,  
Neglecting all that he loved.  
But did he ever beg, cheat, steal,  
Borrow or kill just to live.  
To survive all the daily demands?  
He'll never live the life of a thief,  
But in order to get ahead you must dine with that wolf.  
He'll wait patiently for his return,  
Refusing to fall to the grave.

Let the strings tighten.  
Let em tighten around your neck.  
Hang em high.  
Let em hang up high.  
Let the tie tighten around your neck.  
Tighten around.

Can you feel the suffocation?  
You live your life like a briefcase, with nothing inside.

Heavy lies the crown of crooked thorns,  
On the head of golden hair of that child left behind.

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