

Riendeau "Mama, Get The Hammer"

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Acrylic lips in black and white,
Pictures scatter the floor,
Screaming it's not her fault.
Should we have known?

She took me to where we first spoke,
Masking her words with sincerity.
The rifts in the air gave her away,
And just as she swallowed,
I tore the words from her throat.

Arterial anchors,
Tied to the pleat,
Cast over side,
Let them decide,
If I'll be tied.
Tied to my past,
Praise I've amassed,
Feelings unsurpassed.
The love I've lost,
All the love I've lost.
Let my future go,
Let my words encode.

Oh my god,
This can't be real,
So take control.
Take control.
You broke the code.

Porcelain skin cold and cracked on the floor,
It's not her fault.
Here, lets make this easy:
You pour the shot and I'll take the fall.

Cover your eyes,
This may sting some.

And just under the horizon,
I laid parallel with the sky.
Ready for war,
Ready for anything that could take me away from here.

And when I measured my will to breathe,
I found my heart about to stop, so just take it away.
And just before leaving this behind,
Just before leaving me behind,
My body went to war with my veins.
Just take it away.

And in the midst of this struggle,
I could feel my arms bending back.
I could feel my knees giving way.
In an attempt to breathe,
I rewrote all her words.

And I swear Iâ€™ll make it worth it this time.

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