

## **Scapegoat**

### **"Dinner For Four"**

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Pull the curtain, Bring wall paper, down Like the burn of the oven A note which knows no sound One gram short of a pound And all that jazz On sky beams, or on cat walks, its all green to me In short your growing into silence A voice that cant be heard 20/20 but I am blind leave what you think behind with half a distance of a distance, you will never arrive in short you're growing into silence a bed which you have made, I will continue to support you, you think you cannot be out smarted, while you fuck me I'll keep my enemies close, while I fuck you too Tension that comes from every direction, a pull without a release Its good to know you feel the need to contract, upon the very words in which I failed to react For this is why I cannot let this bitterness lie, virtue is my enemy with the devil at my side He sits upon my shoulder, as I sit upon your words Awaiting this consumption brings my level down to yours When an eye is milked for all its worth How can you ask why the weak must cry? We've seen too much in this holocaust, we've unintentionally, internally brought upon us, actuality Bringing us down to earth

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