

Statues Cry Bleeding "Feelings Of A Cut Tongue"

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Hands tied behind your back feelings of a cut tongue
you fucking somber fucker and flailing of drones so i
can speak again you forgot to kill me quieting me for a
just second chance how many times will i solidify and
defy so many more will crawl against you falling
obscurity's calling to reach nowhere and nowhere is
burning let me teach you how to praise my dick so i can
show you how to shut your mouth it's the bit lip that's
force fed the drone using a gavel we control our
thrown lasting no answer to obtain light possibilities
fade away how could i alter this life with just one word
come the answer is still clear like water if breathed we
kill all we find spirals of circles calling to reach
nowhere there once was a pause in the sky stying once
with a positive pride forming a delusional utopia that
dreams on their own lasting no answer to obtain light
possibilities fade away how could i alter this life with
just one word the answer is still clear like water if
breathed we kill you decide alone even after this drone
for your shell never spoke a word never spoke in time
there's another pointless face in the crowd yet the face
seems so oftenly proud

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