

Statues Cry Bleeding "Seven Theories"

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I saw your face fade sunday paper face shredded
mache so few stand in awe of you and rip me apart
again i don't feel this i can't see this placing the gun in
my hand i deliver a message of freedom instead dead
they're all dead dead dead we're all dead dead dead
they're all dead dead dead in your head the colder i
said somebody screams "now close your eyes" well
maybe they're right now did you seem so evenly falling
and crawling trapped among these walls just to walk
that walk on a whim but in ignorance when are we
cleansed submersion judges us all falling and
crawling-with our backs along this fucking wall explain
[then he ran into my knife he ran into my knife ten
times] i place my hands before you on an alter of
insecurities simply wishing i adore you burning all
seven theories find you restless drowning secrets
caught in a dream substance fading falls tomorrow
burning all hanging on every word that you said
goodbye bone dry mitochondria shelling softly shelling
i goodbye i tried shelling softly i pointing fingers in
regrets shameless i there in stands alone these broken
morrows broken sorrows broken palaces all waiting just
to be ignored as they fall on their knees of visions and
cures visions and cures form stitches of purities
unknown i fault you all fiends are watching you all
silence.

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