

## Halos "Rye Creek"

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He's itching for a tongue in the mouth  
Don't stop 'til the teeth have all come out  
and his gums are raw  
from blowing sugar over straw  
And so it goes for sticks and bricks  
melting candles with burnt-out wicks  
forgotten toys and a lack of poise  
from a clown that couldn't bring you joy

I couldn't bring you joy  
(My core is cold)  
(My body's on fire)

He's speaking with a hitch in his breath  
You're listening with a right to be distressed  
As the bomb goes off  
Your poor open heart will drop  
"I'm a wilted rose  
You're the pruning shears  
I am blind and deaf  
You're my eyes and ears  
if my name is called on that Final Day  
I hope ill look around...  
And I won't see your face"

A grease spot,  
cement rocks,  
Where you lost your hold  
In a dark pit,  
let the weight sit  
Think of all that he stole

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