

The Killing Tree

"Them's Fightin' Words"

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Stage set,
Curtain,
Song queued,
Expectaion,
Spotlight,
Act one,
Applause,
Bow,
Repeat steps.

Can't you see right now my hands are bleeding?
Blisters broken dripping from the ceiling,
I don't want to be here now.
I've fallen apart and I can't pick up the pieces,
I cry in the dark and cup my ears to seashells,
To hear the solitude it brings.

So many faces,
So many voices,
So many reasons to give this up.

And it goes on and on and on and on and on and on
and on and on,
On and on and on and on and on.

Can't you hear right now my ears are ringing?
My head held in my hands to stop the spinning,
It stops only to start again.
My home has long since been replaced,
With a world behind this window pane.

So many faces,
So many voices,
So many reasons to give this up.

And it goes on and on and on and on and on and on
and on and on,
On and on and on and on and on.

Have I finally gone too far to come home?
This world might wait for me tonight,
But she won't,

Now only time will tell,
If these wax-wings will hold,
Only moments to spare.

We fall asleep with the color of the sunrise,
We count the years on circles under our eyes,
We dream in shades of blue and grey.
We speak in tongues of metaphors and stories,
We bleed the ink of subtle allegory,
We are the needle in the hay.

So many faces,
So many voices,
So many reasons to give this up.

And it goes on and on and on and on and on and on
and on and on,
On and on and on and on and on.

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