

The Kite-Eating Tree "Sighs Of The Curator"

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set your wingtips on your soapbox, keep your
conscience on my stash box (they'll print your face on
money)
put your jackboots on my voice box, keep them focused
on hollow subplots (they'll print your face on money)
give them something to wave, something to shoot,
something well thought out to refute
they want to see if we're brave or just empty boots
when the pig flies blind, double check for your name on
the chute
this is everything we've got (we're going nowhere)
the lies you tell to yourself are the last ones caught
package scapegoats, smoke and stage lights: show off
slit throats to get the checks signed (they'll print your
face on money)
there's no devils, no evil- sublime, only pennies for
the porcine (they'll print your face on money)
give them shadows to blame, shadows to shoot
slogans sharp as a sunday suit
they're gonna keep us afraid and eager to prove that
a place in line's worth a wink and a wave at the truth
set your wingtips on your soapbox
you're on your own
they'll print your face on money
put your jackboots on my voice box

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