

The Notaries

"If They Holler, Don't Let Go"

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It's been a few years
And I still carry many fears
The game has been opened back up
So now it's time to play catch up
The rats are caught and thrown into their playground
Upon consciousness a letter is to be found

"Tag you're it, time to go seek
Listen to my directions and don't miss a beat
Your four buddies are hiding, wanting to be found
Combine the different body parts in the outline on the
ground
Arms from #10, legs from #24, torso from #3
Last but not least, head from #12, then you're almost
set free
Dress your friend on the ground with the nice clothes
on your back
Yell "Tag you're it" and give him a nice big loud smack
A door will open that will let you go
And you just played the game you ruined for me a long
time ago"

The letter drops as he runs towards the yells
Found tied and blindfolded is #10
Legs chained up so he doesn't walk away ever again
Our compassionless friend doesn't even think twice
"Please, please stop"

My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock
My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock
You never foresee danger when you're ready to play
My childish games rattle on like, rattle on like...

He's laid down and gets his arms untied
Friend sits down, putting a foot to #10s ribs
With the other foot against his head
He grips his buddies arm tightly which is sitting
between his legs
The arm is tugged and twisted
With all of his might
With all of his might

Shredded off like the wing of a bird
Who will never take flight

With the arms thrown over his shoulders
The blood dripping down his back makes him feel
colder

Placing his findings in the outline on the ground
It's time for more meat to be found
"I can see why, I can see the light
My insides have finally caught daylight
He showed the real me, a torture machine
Mom don't wait up, or you'll be another cleanup"

"You're a world of light" - She told me
"I'm darker than black" - I replied
I'm tripping on my hundredth excuse
And I don't intend to turn back now
With the leaves in my hair
I climb towards the clouds

How will I ever find my way home
Our victims deserved a last meal (a last meal)

My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock
Rattle on like, rattle on like a tick tock clock
My childish games rattle on like a tick tock clock
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