

## **The Postman Syndrome**

# **"Schizorabbit And The Face Parade"**

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[Chapter IV]

Your pull was lodged through my heart,  
And it heats up the cells until life explodes.  
When hell comes crashing scream "where's Mr. Fix-It?"

One step for flowers in spring.  
Two steps destroy what it brings.  
Third day, these fools get the joke.  
It turns out this pull's job's to guide us farther.  
I'm not your nirvana now.

[Chapter V]

I'm here today, to commemorate the soldiers slain,  
To paint the pictures of their former homes,  
And to grieve for loved ones left alone,  
Crying longing for each other.  
"Where is he?"  
"And where is she?"  
These wars have left us lonely.  
"She's cold inside my arms, dead by my hands.  
My screams and hers were acts of self-defense."

She can launch a single breath;  
I'll take it on the cheek wide-eyed and return the force  
we'd manifest.  
She never thought she'd pierce my skin.  
I never thought I'd knock her down but I'm point blank,  
I'm closer than you'd think.

Schizorabbit has a habit of watching his back head on  
into danger.

She keeps me locked inside to muffle infant screams.  
She keeps me locked inside to hide baby from me.  
She gives me baby's breath around my baby eyes.  
There's no more baby left cause baby's gone and died.  
Mother keeps me clean; my mother keeps me wise.  
She keeps me soft and warm as father slowly dies.  
She gives me baby's breath around my baby eyes.  
There's no more baby left cause baby's gone an died.

You'll move in lines, be careful to entwine your fragile  
pair's home.

Two minds will separate what two hearts will celebrate.  
Flaws that did not exist are shaped by our bloodied fist.

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