

MNDR**"Cut Me Out"**

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Gather sparks in a velvet bag
Count them out, one by one again
Under bricks, buried away
Speculate on a future stake
Hold them close, swallow them up whole
Pound them out into sheets to control
The words become translucent
You cash them in

All this talk in the clouds
Changes wind on the ground
Open eyelids of gold
Cut me out, cut me out, cut me out, cut me out

A burning bloom on a bed of spines
Digging deep into your skin
The dry lines crack with charcoal
Your only comfort is a burning sun
Hold it close, inhale it in
Take it down, and down, down again
Feel the quicksand through your fingers
While you melt away

All this talk in the clouds
Changes wind on the ground
Open eyelids of gold
Cut me out, cut me out, cut me out, cut me out

Unleash the downpour
As the words rush in,
Will they wash you away?
Watered down
Cut me out, cut me out, cut me out, cut me out

