

Crooked Fingers

"The Counterfeiter"

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So pleased the way they calmly come for you
Arriving at your gate
Your ghost have come to choose
A play to carve your crime
Cut red in two
Your back to spear your name'
They've come to end the truce
You don't belong here
Your hearts a fake
The ghost who choose you were mistaken
Crossing off your name now
The cold blood in your heart
It's traveling it's way down
To give you what you want
A little line you got a lot to lose
Don't toss it all away,
Mad clawing at the moon
I catch fire, and all the doctors say
The Jack your trying to claim
Is shattered and in ruin
Out in the cold clear
Hot on the make
All of the doctors know your faking
Crossing off your name now
The cold blood in your heart
Is traveling it's way down
To give you what you want
To give you what you want
To give you what you want
Etc.

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