

Clock Opera

"Lesson No. 7"

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You're crouched like a hunter, seconds from a kill
You're still an empty vessel, impossible to fill
One foot in the future, one foot in the past
Shitting on present, as you're lashed to the mast

Belief and seeing are both often wrong
And once I believed in you
One rule for the weak and one rule for the strong
But neither has nothing to lose

I wanna be persuaded, I wanna be talked down
I wanna be won over, and I want to be brought round
But you only talk in capitals, all-conquering truths
Lesson No. 7 is an irrelevance to you

Belief and seeing are both often wrong
And once I believed in you
One rule for the weak and one rule for the strong
Neither has nothing to lose

Every part of the heartbeat is the closing of the door
To keep the blood flowing, it can't come back anymore
Hear the people calling, calling out for you
But it's just your head they're ever after, and they want
it cold and blue

Belief and seeing are both often wrong
And once I believed in you
One rule for the weak and one rule for the strong
Neither has nothing to lose

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