

Cut City **"Manoeuvres"**

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What compels you to know the nerves in their lives
Never staged bitterness quite like this
Some proposal - you're not welcome here
Urge calling - you're not welcome here

Maps redrawn to fit a broken frame that you still hold
dear
From now on you should know last gasps always sound
the same
Isn't it obvious your ways cost
Isn't it obvious it's not a just cause

Sum the sins and make haste for the harvest
Poised to play with a former friend

They catch your fall with already broken backs
They catch your every fall

Cut idle arteries

Ideas hatched under circumstances
Where we're left from old romances
And the treachery trickles down

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