

Cut City "Rival Trial"

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Dear catastrophes and friends
I sold myself short this time
It reveals more of how I conceive this play
Can't count the times I've turned to you in dismay
But I would never...

Different hands draw different things
I disregarded that
But I invented ways to buy myself some time
Can honestly say I've got nothing left to hide
But I would never...

Dear catastrophes and friends
I tapped into something cold
The tables turned a second time with both ends
burning bright
Because push never came to shove just a distant
sound of cries
But would I ever...

Realize this exit's waging end
I'll be really careful
Realize that I can't block out this no
Apologies are pending

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