

The Receiving End Of Sirens "This Armistice"

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Your gross fabrication of pretext could bore
Yet still I fall victim to syntax omitted
Just shy of something I could understand

So blissful, I press on to the sound of the organs
Playing their most convincing tunes
As they serenade to the parade of paid-off parts

And now the only thing left to discuss is
The details of this armistice
We've come to this agreement

Check my vitals
The truth is vile but vital to this cause
I've been held hostage
A captive of this passive shell
Give me gravity, give me clarity
Give me something to rely on

We're all puppets
We're all marionettes
We're all puppets
We're all marionettes

These body parts are parts of plans
Passed by my hands, my hands
My hands shake through handshakes
Forsaken by my limbs

My limbs sing the hymns
The hymns of a tyrant
In a crumbling pantheon
As inhabitants will raise their fists
And bid him to disarm

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Oh, how I've been teething
In light of your misleading
You've caused this collapse
Between the heart and the synapse

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