

The Receiving End Of Sirens "Venona"

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Men are waiting patiently
Remove me from the scene
A sea of faceless souls in suits
A sight for eyes, like thumbs
Sore crooked and bow and foul relief

You have, you have been exposed

Your eyes speak well of you
They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial

You conspiracy
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities
I've been betrayed so graciously

My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink
Which led me to the words you scribbled down
Obituary dedicated to me
[Incomprehensible]

Your eyes speak well of you
They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial

You conspiracy
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities
I've been betrayed so graciously

I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine

Your fingers are star-crossed
Lovers that can't seem to get enough of each other
This pantomime dialect doesn't practice what you
preach
Doesn't practice what you preach

I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine

I might as well be blind

With isolated eyes like mine

I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine

Your eyes speak well of you
They sing the requiem
To a closed casket burial

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