

Red

"Weak Bones May Break"

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Like father like son there's a poison in their blood it
must run and what have they done but destroy the one
illusion not everything's fine can you see it crumbling
from the inside eight seconds of time and what did
they find are we really that blind camelot gives crowns
you know the charisma brought him downtown they
rang out like church bells at three was it four us not to
question judas must have kissed his head to mark the
spotlight's covered with their filter do you think they
would believe you do you think they don't are you sure
they won't and what have we become as a child you
notice nothing but the air outside is cold where have
the good days gone please don't ask that question of
no confession but fair share of introspection a fair
share of introspection

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