

Sage Francis "Buckets Of Silence"

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Had I known then what I know now
Had I thought now what I knew then..
I might still be human
with all the little stupid fix-ins
As I fix sins and vixens vick souls
Stitch clothes for the characters they play then switch
roles
Nail me to the cross dress
The holy cloth costs less
I'd toss less
if I still had your soft breasts to rest my head on
Since you've been gone
I recalled my issues with problems and hate
but I can't exactly remember the model or make
Now glass bottles break in my death grip
I'm about to take the next quick exit and end this head
trip
My bed is stripped of its blankets, comforters, pillows
and sheets,
but I might have to peel off all my skin to remove your
scent in order to sleep

I had my highs and lows
When on top, I let you peek out over my nose
Sitting on my shoulders and I suppose if I had a
backbone,
you might still be here
My skin is filthy..
from my lows when you weren't there. But to keep from
feeling guilty
I collected the dirt...Kept it piling up
Now Mr Feel Nothing saves his tears inside of a cup
and he drinks. And he forgets that he's an asshole
Jealous of his ghosts and doubts that he even has a
soul

My secret pleasures have my inner demons gossiping
I'm a ghost writer for the horrorcore lyrics my personal
mosters sing

I'm sitting in a strangers tub..
with all my clothes on...shivering...considering the

dangers of love.

They get half of what I have to give...IF THAT
It's all about the packaging. They're distracted by the
gift rap.

Predictable. Easy to manipulate
They're foreshadow puppets and I'm waiting for their
strings to break.

The pillars that once held up my halfway house have
been taken out.

I'm in my last days now. There's a change coming
soon.

I just want to crawl back into my mother's womb
I need a comfort zone,
But obviously I need to find another home
To call my own...and always return to
and I want it to be you

I sit and stare, zone out, think a lot and never sleep,
creating memories to remember and then I forget to
eat.

Went to the street you used to live on, staring at the
bedroom window of your old home
with puppy eyes...waiting for God to throw me a bone.

I'd settle for one more goodbye kiss while I settle for
less
I'm unsettled at best. Sulking while abandoning
settlements
Insulting my companions intelligence...conversing with
baby talk
Playing with mind games. Rehearsing with playful
thought.

Its the way we fought that made my blood bubble then
turn cold,
when you made me walk through rain and mud
puddles down a dirt road.
it left me so messy
forget me..

not

I've got more mud to sling...

Shot.

