

Battered Ornaments

"The Dig"

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I hate with what is left of me
Too blind to reason
Too dumb to know
I don't care....
I probed your fucking head there was nothing there
But I hope to God that when I step back,
I will see I was wrong, tough I know that I'm not

Hard on the outside, ripe within
But when I dig, I find...

I paint these walls with what is left of you
I blend I shade, but its all, white on white
Some day you might look back on who you were
But if you can think, I'm pressed to believe
You will find it hard to get up off your knees but...

It takes manifest in this,
Clarity/rage
That I stacked up,
And now it's all coming down
You social slave,
You better be gone
That you insist to persist
Doesn't make you a man

Ashamed, when I find that all that you are...
A living confirmation of my thoughts
But when it all goes down you should know this:
That you need a fix need a push over this,
Cause the hour has come
The world has moved on

Peel a layer of social distortion
Your face is laid bare, and this notion springs...
I fear if I know you, and God do I know you,
Its all for the best
Ignorance is bliss
And now you've come round
You're complete, you're profound
You're perfect

In a certain way
But here you lay, just a frame, just a shame,
Cause time caught up
Caught up with you today

Hard on the outside
Ripe within
But when I dig I find things
You would not believe

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