

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Gift Of The Giver"

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Swallow, lose weight, and shake the demons out
I kept the little rules and broke the big ones
An ugly voice singing of the commons with such an
intense hunger
The tallest tree with reservations to grow
Try to grit your teeth
We just chew on the bit
Could I hate you enough
To expose you to these walls so cold
Crafted expressly for you
A cage does not suit you at all
Just hang from the crains and dry out nerves tough as
the nails
Flaunt them, flaunt them, your golden threads

Empty fields are so fragile for now
Lost before they are discovered
I am the gravel in the underbellies
So long to everything too long

Wait, wait til the stones start clearing their throats
Hesitation has always come so easily
We'll rip these hands from the clock
Chasing the sun to the shore
Til we can no longer breathe
Breathe in the air exhale to speak
A silence so sinister I've become accustomed to
All of the questions that remain unanswered
Just give the attention-span to sit on the floor
Til you respond
I'll stake claims stronger than horses necks, pulling
plows
The pot is calling the kettle so taciturn

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