

Soilent Green "Sewn Mouth Secrets"

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closet master reveal yourself
clenching the truth in your throat
choking on an abundance of lies
i've broken it down one more time
i stand and observe
the puppets preach
if i could cut the knotted strings
instead i have to grit my teeth
no control... what might have i done
put your mind in my hands
i'll break it down another time
leaving this hate aside
tie me up and tie me down
tell me a secret, i'll tell you a lie
rise to your behalf of the blame
stand-up to tell me
what is right or wrong
contradict this friendship
we once had
play the deceiver while you preach
pleasure me... pleasure my head...
wishing you dead
backstabbing... to gain a higher standard
mistrust... distrust...
a higher ground... a higher you
well fuck that...
a channel of degradation
through this misunderstood
form of communication
seduction of the mind...
climbing walls like hordes of rats
our plagued feelings of undying lust
speak... lips sealed...
stolen... secret... your eyes they lie...
can't hold... it in...
your mouth speaks fuck...
hope you... choke
boiling point of my brain...
driving my inner insane
sink the quest... stolen identity

worst time... last time

surrounded by betrayal
a plea for forgiveness
ramblings of a mad idea
intake the abuse
tolerance... the system
an excuse for this release
lost time... explore the just cause
a broken verse of points
a key to lock the stride
to be deceived again
apologies unacceptable...
through discourse
taping the mouth shut...
during intercourse
i lust your sweet distrust...
crawling through your shit
keeping your mouth shut
you couldn't conceive it
lost this game of yours
it made you deceive me
lies being spoken... untrue
are you afraid to see me
stand your ground... a loss
standing in this room alone
blank spaces on peoples faces
question marks in my mind
wished years of agony on myself
heal... this... self-blame
equal sides confused
this... the thread that intertwines
soul... the mind of selfishness
lost... all these hungry mouths
transmissions from tempest
bite... the nonsense comes out
my... rumors that one lives
tongue... speak the goddamn truth
cinema of fury
a promise of lies must be left
to make good for yourself
boiling point pressures inside...
twisting my secrets into lies

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