

St. Vitus Dance "Choke"

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Choke

She had the eyes of a Saint.
Blessed and the damned.
Weight of the world pressing in.
As she rinses the blood from her hands.

Complications are building.
In you, I can see me.
The truth never laid me so bare.
Holding you up to the light, as it all falls apart.

I can choke on it.
But, I won't understand it again.

You lie to me, comfort me.
You, I can see through.
Society stands on it's head.

Media setting the pace.

You broke me, now fix me.
A man or whatever remains.
Throwing it out on the tiles.
Tell me that nothing will change, nothing will change.

I can choke on it.
But, I won't understand it again.

I can breathe.
I can learn.
I could live on my own.
Holding you up to the light as it all falls apart.

Understand it again.

I can choke, I can choke, I can choke.

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