

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Sand And Wax"

Visit "[Sand And Wax](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I'm soaring free as a pig
When I decide to build again like a mountain's eye
The graphic on your palette twist
Distort like someone else's sky
Placing of a bone resulting
Fracture push your brows in deep
Leave behind the residue
In purest form of freebased sleep
Gasoline tugs at the feet
Of men with sand and wax for bile
Thick it dries and blocks the path
Of air not free but standing trial
Planted spike into a wall
And boots now fill the hole I made
Climbing upward just to see
The freakish feast and dead parade
All the steps down stair and road
Illuminate reality
But what they do not know
Is what they cannot hide from you and me
A needle opens skin but keep on
Pushing to an exit wound
Severing muscle drop and fall
To floor of sound haphazard tuned
It boils flesh in vapor form
And rises to the cramping ceiling
There condenses wait to rain
On shell of broken heartfelt feelings
Nature of inaction has been
Spurning forth this waste of life
The aiming low precipitation
Eats away so ruthlessly
And slays with twisted knife

Visit [Thousand Foot Krutch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.