

## Thousand Foot Krutch

### "Scales On Scales"

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Well I woke up in the morning and my hands were solid  
red  
And I looked into the mirror at a man already dead  
Yes I came into your house with a cloud before my eyes  
Now I stand the morning after with your screaming in  
my head  
Oh, your closet door was open so I thought I'd step  
inside  
And I waited for a weakness just to pummel through  
your hide  
And the scales on scales made the hissing of the  
snakes  
Even louder than ever with a tongue split down the side  
Yes your throat was looking hungry and your throat was  
looking sweet  
So I crept into the kitchen just to grap a bite to eat  
And the lights were off and bloody and I caught you by  
surprise  
And the murder weapon glimmered as it came home  
nice and sweet  
Oh the scales on scales, like the shining and the tight  
And just between the two of us, this could be your last  
night  
And you'll wake up yesterday with a headache and  
you'll say  
Of the slithering distraction, it was quite all right  
And we danced into the parlour like two newlyweds  
would dance  
And I held you off the ground in a firm but loving  
stance  
And your eyes were slowly closing and your head was  
bobbing low  
And the growing pool below you consummated our  
romance  
So I left you in the ballroom, you were white as winter  
snow  
For the life of me I could not quite remember where to  
go  
Because every time I looked, all I saw were printed  
words  
And the ceiling turning yellow as the symptoms start to

show

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