

Thousand Foot Krutch

"The Greater Good"

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Right below me, Twisted, buckled
Pointing fingers through my face
Chewing on my screaming, crying
Plea for Jezebel's embrace
Down the stairs, I move, o'er looking
Selves of all I've been in thought
Kissing and seducing all these
Selves I wish tht I were not
Writhing like a piston, cold
As oil lubricates the path
Burning down the schitzophrenic
Self reflexive rapist's wrath
There with fire in m hands
I hurl it on the crowd below
Twins of faces, plus one other
Shocked and helpless call out, "No!
You cannot do this!" there in flames,
They smolder as the hemlock wood
As bones and sinews melt, I tell them
"It's all for the greater good."
And now a diety I stand
Before my judged and blackened kin
Save only one, a different hand
Was cleared of her new virgin skin.

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