

Thursday "M.Sheppard"

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The stage is set to rip the wings from a butterfly
The stage is set, the stage is set
Don't forget to breathe between the lines

If the whole world dies then it's safe, to take the stage
These graves will stretch like landing strips
Hospitals, all the dead museums

We won't have to be afraid anymore
The crowd is growing silent
With the gathering storm

When the curtain falls and you're caught on the other
side
Just trying to keep up the act
We'll lie in the back of black cars with the windows
rolled up
Joining the procession of emptiness

If we say these words it will be too late to take them
back
So we hold our breathe and fold our hands
Like paper planes and we're going to crash

We don't have to be alone ever again
There's a riot in the theater
Someone's standing in the aisle

Yelling that the murderers are everywhere
And they're lining up, carving the 'M' in your side
[Incomprehensible]

When the curtain falls and you're caught on the other
side
Just trying to keep up the act
We'll lie in the back of black cars with the windows
rolled up
Joining the procession of emptiness
The stage is set to rip the wings from a butterfly

Pull the curtain back, kill all the house lights
Pin the dress with lotus flowers

The silk is spinning round and around with the ceiling
fan
I'm disappearing into the spotlight, I'm on display
With the butterfly and the scare crow

With smiles like picket fences
You tie us all up and leave us outside
That voice is silent now
And the boat has sunk, we're on our own
But we're not going to run

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