

Tourniquet "Caixa De Raiva"

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No morning cup of coffee
That stuff just puts me right to sleep
I'd rather see what's in this box
Amusing bits of fiction
Historical revision
Misinformation for all the world to see
Thinly veiled animosity
Unbridled hostility
You're lashing out at me

Nobody told me this was meant to be a contest of
popularity
For supremacy
Why do you think you're better than me?
It's not what you achieve
It's what you believe and who you place trust in
That ultimately gives you legitimacy

This tiny little box echoes with your rage

Not since poor old Pandora has so much venom been
unleashed

By simply opening a box
Your take gets more embellished
I truly think you relish the chance at another swing at
me

You wear your poker face
Big smile, every hair in place
But you can't mask your rage
Thinly veiled animosity
Unbridled hostility
You're lashing out at me

Your mouth's like a ship with no rudder
Why'd I ever call you a brother
Don't greet me with a kiss
This relationship doesn't need that twist
The past is just that
Let it die, let sleeping dogs lie
Six years and counting why don't you let go of your

rage

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