

Trophy Scars

"Traps And Tricks And Such"

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The cops in this city are making a problem.
Embellishing this pulse,
And losing their conscience.
Oh Oh, Oh Oh
Run through the fields,
Burn through the fields,
Blaze through the fields,
And feel all the words you can steal.
Comforting closets and mirrors beside them
Are converting the choir to worship my poison.
Hey Hey, Hey Hey
Run through the fields,
Burn through the fields,
Blaze through the fields,
And steal all the words you can feel.
Dissecting intangibles and pink plastic capsules;
You'd never know how far he'd go until he's gone.
Taking that razor to sharpen your teeth and...
Five fingers, goddamn!
Four fingers, woah!
Three fingers roll, and ten pins to go.
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah!
Ten tiny babies sitting on keys,
Which little infant has one for me?
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey!
All I want to do is kiss your neck and see how your body
sweats.
Oh please honey, scream my name!
Please, Please, Please
Just take that razor and cut out those teeth 'til...
Five fingers, goddamn!
Four fingers, woah!
Three fingers roll, and ten pins to go.
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah!
Ten tiny babies sitting on keys,
Which little infant has one for me?
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey!
Welcome to the wild, wild East!
I want to go to the town below to see if I can find a
stranger to hold.
I'm a big word, and I can't attack.
I want to find a body that can't be seen;

It will be all the envy of the birds and bees.
It's a big word, heart attack.
Rabbit and Piglet and Whinnie The Pooh,
That old Owl and Eeyore too,
Their cake is served with vengeance.
Christopher Robin won't know how to stop them...
So many problems and no time to solve them.
He's a big word, so attack.
Picture me sailing across the blue ceilings:
Skies at our wedding, and seas when you're leaving.
I hope the ring will fit.
These wounds fit my tongue like my hand in a glove.
Don't you spill your milk when push comes to shove.
Life's a big word, so attack.
I want to go to the hell below,
See if I can cast a shadow to hold,
Though it's nothing.
I want to be the boy that can't be seen;
I'm just to envious of her birds and bees.
She's too damn cute: I can't attack.
What the hell is the deal, I just can't make any sense.
These lyrics are pretentious and affected at best.
And I'm full of it, but I can't stop now.
I'm so tired of writing about girls I don't know.
"The ink starts to run when my blood gets too cold."
These metaphors are my weak attempts.
So picture me smiling on top such tall buildings;
Such tragic endings for bad luck, bad timings.
I hope they let me slip.
I get so fed up with my own selfish self.
I keep bluffing away on shitty hands that I am dealt -
It's romantic, but it's cheap.

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