

## Vanna "Surgical Tools"

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Damager  
oh damager  
with glass in your eyes  
how do you see  
how do you feel with your hands so posed  
lets talk numbers  
lets talk themes  
now they've been ruined  
see you next week  
i missed the meeting  
oh no  
i've been away  
lets be reborn  
oh yeah  
lets dig out graves and make them deep  
oh god its a fashion trend  
fortress lock your plague  
damager dig your grave  
though your pages  
are torn and tattered  
they still read you like a book  
just close your eyes and walk away  
we laid her down  
opened her with  
the sharpest blade we found  
hoping inside  
we'd find the cure  
to our condition  
but as graceful as the lady may have been  
she still bled the blood that made her human  
she shed roses on her bed  
and she spoke in a winter wilted language  
"i've sold my gold for blood red  
she'll never cry another tear again"

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