

Ego Likeness, Weave

I create the things that haunt me
The ghosts you see here came with me
I create my consequences
I have weaved my history

CHORUS:

Something in your bones calls you here
Something in your fabric ties you here
So take a breath and mend the wound
or pull the thread and disappear

I designed this institution
The lunatics are honored guests
And it was invitation-only
The murderers are here at my request

CHORUS

I don't wish distress upon you
or to be a dreadful host
But you'll likely get what you want the least
just when you need it most
Don't fall apart
This is a gift I promise you
A silken thread to mend your injury
But if it scars or not is up to you

CHORUS