

# Jairus, Cut The Six Minute Caller

If i could steal youre waking, then i would hang you on the strings  
you'd stay cutting all the words, making circles with your feet  
poison on top of fracture lines, passive where no one interrupts

today we breathed in this towns air  
and conjured illness to escape beaten walls

and how long will you stand aside perfecting this abandonment?  
today we breathed this towns air  
and conjured illness to escape  
beaten walls and last chances  
where inside youre armoure flatlined.