Madder Mortem, Jigsaw (The Pattern And The Pu

Words vomited into a face
Cold leavings, there's only bleak and lifeless duty
Moan into my ear, though I know
You would break me but I will watch you choke

I'll tear myself into pieces
and grow out stronger and colder
I turn the tables on you
There's no place to hide

I tear myself into pieces
There's nothing here to hold me
I tell myself apart from you
Above and beyond

I tear myself into pieces
Know I'm beyond all despair
Don't turn your back on me again,
transcribing my name to nothing

Hope a saviour with all fingers crossed
I slip on my gloves and carve a flawless icon
into pieces

I tear myself into pieces
Placing me where I belong
Outside all soft dreams and outside the throng

Fools
The error is all in yourselves
The ideal is pure and cruel and nauseates you
So give me the crown and the throne
I render you dead and tear all you completed
into pieces