

Pale Saints, Special Present

thought you'd given me a special present
a thing to have and hold
and keep forever
when the smoke had cleared
the thing you left there
wasn't a gift at all
you tricked me
it stripped me bare
it stripped me bare

painted(?) all your rooms
with laughs and fanfare
you stealed yourself away
to cover the reasons
once the latch came off
your vision escaped you
you faltered and you failed
it gripped you
it tripped you up again
you fell again

take it with you
take it back and let me breathe
i push your sickness away from me
it feels my senses built a wall that i can't see
i will your curse away from me

rub your insides raw
reaching for insight
arrest your every pore
and charge it with treason
oh let the ill infect
your best intentions
a legacy of sores to bleed forever
to bleed forever
to bleed forever
to bleed forever
they'll bleed forever