

Radical Face, Glory

I was born when they took my name
When the world turned wicked, when I joined their game
But I turned and fought them
Like you always knew I'd do

I sat and dreamed at the foot of your bed
You split my skull and reached inside my head
And pulled out the pictures I'd been wishing I'd forget
And you stitched me up then
And wiped the blood from off my chin

Now I sit on the rooftop's edge
The muddy street beneath my swollen head
Trying to forget you
To believe we've never met

And the sky is wrecked, full of rotting clouds
From chimney mouths spewing smoke around
And I can't stop coughing
My lungs just won't calm down
But still I keep grinning
As the blood from my face stains the ground

A bird, caught in the wires
Bleating for help I can't provide, I'm not that big
I hope for the best but nothing changes, I'm sorry

But I was blessed with bad eyes
There's a lot that I miss but I don't mind, I'm not that old
I'll find out what broke me soon enough