

The Beautiful Mistake, Anonymous Vs. California

You walk into a room.
Confusion plays a solemn tune.
The Poet steals a thought.
His hands are red, the sinner caught.
Cyclical and round.
The hollow walls repeat the sound of someone falling down.
Someone falling down who looks like me.

Fingers sharp like knives, knives that thrust to kill.
Put it all away. Your heart has atrophied.
(Someone falling down who looks like me)
Fingers sharp like knives, knives that thrust to kill.
Put it all away. Your heart has atrophied (into nothing).

When will we rise above this place?
I'm tired of the fake smiles that you place.
The child's mind a tainted fate.
Anonymous. Anonymous.
Anonymous. I am Anonymous.

Unerring mortal soul, at least you'd like to think.
Your palpitating heart, a small and empty thing.
Evil are your words and poison is your stare.
Was is just reaction and did you really care?

When will we rise above this place?
I'm tired of the fake smiles that you place.
The child's mind a tainted fate.
Anonymous. Anonymous. Anonymous. I am Anonymous.

Send your angels down. As I say a prayer for them.
These bastard souls have wronged me (robbed me) once again
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