

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, M

We pierced the side of the idol
With the sharpened neck of an electric guitar
Bottled the water from the wound
Holy relic- the essence of star
But what does she care, it's just another blank stare
To a world that loves and hates you on a dare
Where the orphans ask the widows the meaning of 'fair'
So let this be a drink to quench this uncontrollable thirst
Tie the belt a notch tighter around anxious hearts set to burst
And when this once at least gilded cage has been
Stripped bare of flesh cold and numb
What have you done, Mark David Chapman?

Let all the desperate hours of boredom
Lead you to some meaning of truth
Bumps and bruises and notebooks for heaven's jury as proof
The emotions were shrink wrapped, sold as scraps
Choose any scene from the vending machine
Somewhere lost in the night, a satellite transmitted dream
Industrial revolutions of the soul interchangeable hearts it's manufacturing
If we wear out each other it's o.k., just go buy another
So let this be a drink to calm the shaking hands that you've found
Let this be release, forever unwound.