

Archers Of Loaf, Dead Red Eyes

Dead red eyes flickering half bright went on for ride (?)
In slick silk. They were on to my circumstantial slide,
Blow by blow chipped off shell and bone. Tripped and talked around
It could not fall through the crowd of careful lies busting open wide.
Sensible fact of favor, watch us fall from your favor. (?)
Since you knew too much about it dressed in wax you lit the town in
Candlelight, flickering half bright. Well I held it in my hands and now it's
Gone gone gone.
Saw it with my own two eyes, just pass me by.

Took a walk through a town of half stoned clones
Bound and gagging. Joke by joke they spot erase you,
Heard their news but it did not phase you one little bit,
Not one little bit. So I meet you by the light of main street
Stranded ghosts where I've been waiting. Kill it 50 times or more,
Before I'm through I'll kill it 50 times more, just to bring it back to life,
And bust it open wide again. Well I held it in my hands and now it's
Gone gone gone.
Blinded by the neon in your dead red eyes.