

Argyle Park, Skin Shed Pt. 3

Heavy in your hands
Guess I should have known
Manipulation for one of your own

Now its time for suffering
To shed the skin to which you cling
A relic of my everything
Is all you've left to hold.

I see no answer I should have known
I see no answer aggression in store
I see no answer one of your own
I see no answer comes to a halt

falling - letting - crawling - shedding

Leave me what I am
A mere shell of a man
..... take

I come at your command

(samples)

'Where is your friend'

'Shoot that techno.'

'Some things are better left unsaid.'

'You want to kill me?'

'I want to know all your secrets'