

Before Braille, The Spanish Dagger

Well stop cashing me in for a thin line
You're right on track to know what it feels like
to lose more than you've ever gained
Charges pending further investigation
You've got to expect that you're falling from graces
Rehearsing all your persona will need when you're front-page fighting
(aim) for your dignity
I almost taste the the irony
How fiction replaces history
Use daunted glow to light your page
You say those feelings of doubt will never cut across your mouth
I know that Socrates and impurities are getting you down
You'll take all they've got to get your fill
Your time is running out
You're getting carried away because no one cares about your fame
I see the dagger in your name
Deny your roots for future rain, for future reign
Add one more kill to raise your worth
It's so sad, cause it's all the truth you have
Trade breath for gold
There's no Armageddon when banks are there to relieve you
Why prevent yourself to take wealth from someone else
Dare to incite yourself when you're your only foe
You're carried away
Nothing's real about your fame
I can see you drown in your own wake
So pale, so thin you'd float away
I see you trying so hard
So no one will ever take your place when you feel the dagger brush your face
Well' I deny myself what I can take when I can wait'and expect the same
Incriminated, your teeth still shine over the suffering
Deceiving trade, but the blade will shine