

Cursive, Disruption In The Normal Swing Of Things

The days are spent
Chatting amongst the workers
Of how cold it is outside
Not to mention their greatest fears:
Like finding their children neglected and naked
In battle for with some crack fiends, like a substitute for love
And no one notices something disrupting the normal swing of things
These hands are shaking
The gloves are touching me
Reapers regret
This memory have weakened
Now I recall everything
Whats with all the commotion?
I swear theres nothing to see here
You didnt see it coming
Already
This is the part where the ambulance comes
Theres a dead man in the street; we gotta take him to the morgue
He cant be here; hes been blocking traffic for hours
We cant find him help his will somethings disrupting the normal swing of things
This institution
Will run efficiently
Standard regrets
Send the misses our regards
Sign it deepest sympathies
Sympathies: some patronage for the weak
I swallowed some musk and now Im choking it up
I refuse to say they won; I win the poison all mixed up in my head
On my head all those phonies were liars
I dont (repeated screaming)
I dont need this
Lets disappear
Break it down (repeated x9)
I dont need this
Sympathy
I dont need this