

Finch, Piece Of Mind

Treacherous hold on me
With daggers for teeth
A pound of flesh for regret
Tied to marionette
Limp around my neck
Who knows which way to go?

Charcoal burnt sunrise
Sent by the river
To tell me lies (tell me lies)
Cold shades of sanity
Are bleeding over
I broke apart the disguise
The demon lives in the eyes, and
Underneath your breath
A softly spoken
Death

I hate that it tastes this way
Medicine gets so stale
A cut from a piece of mind
Then will you listen
I'm only me

"This man is using his mind as a weapon...

... And woe is better the creature who
Steps into his garden
Let's see if I can't get it on me
Let's see if I can't get him all over my hands

"He's had another attack
There's nothing bringing me back
Sailor says full mast
Following the sun

I hate that it tastes this way
Medicine gets so stale
A cut from a piece of mind
Then will you listen
I'm only me
A cut from a piece of mind
Then will you listen
A cut from a piece of mind
Then will you listen

Where are you? -
- (Where are you?)
Where are you? -
- (Where are you?)