

# Mike Scott, Rags (Second Amendment)

Everything is rags  
And there's nobody to blame but me  
And it would be so easy  
If there was no one to hurt but me  
But now everything that I do  
Coming out of me will just tear through you  
In and out of you  
Up and down your life like a curse  
Cast by the only Son of Rags  
Who would wrap you up in all the finest tatters  
Though he wanted nothing more, my loved one  
Than to wrap you up in joy  
But it'd never be with me  
You and I are like two worlds  
Not meant to collide  
Death to each other  
In the unravelling of time  
So how do you...how do you...  
How do you...how do you like it?  
What kind of...what kind of...  
What kind of dream would you call it  
To have one foot in Eden  
One foot in Hell  
To be always numb  
Plagued by demons  
Summoned by angels  
At the same time endlessly?  
But I will  
Burn me  
Right out of this place  
I will lay you down to sleep  
So when you awake  
I'll be gone and  
You  
Will remember  
Nothing