

Plus 44, Lycanthrope

I wake up at the end of a long, dark, lonely year
It's bringing out the worst in me
I hear your voice start breaking in fear
When the lights go down
And I still feel you looking over my shoulder
Your sinking guilt and approaching nightmare
And I know none of us will survive
Because I know everything

Alright

And my dear I need you to move a little faster
This second counts as the rest of your life
Your final word and an itchy finger
And then it's taken away
And we'll be beaten down without mercy or meaning
I turn my face to a careless skyline
I'm searching hard for a sign from heaven
But they've forgotten me here
You can just stop talking, I get it
I hear your silence loud and clear
I know it's barely a thought but it'll see us through
I'm only setting you free so just let it happen
Just let it happen, no need to fear
Yeah you can just stop talking, I get it
Sex, f*ck, and fluorescent lighting
A hollow point on an angry bullet
We're on the teeth of a crocodile
We're in the mouth of the gun
And sometimes at night I feel I'm just a broken vessel
An instrument with a darker purpose
I'm at the throat of the young and the helpless
Because they've got nothing to say
So you can just stop talking, I get it
I hear your silence loud and clear
I know it's barely a thought but it'll see us through
I'm only setting you free so just let it happen
Just let it happen, no need to fear
Yeah you can just stop talking, I get it