

# Race The Sun, Napoleon

It's your game  
you have managed to grab everyone's attention  
the spotlight scorching your flesh  
caught between the pedestal and ceiling  
I can't just stand there to watch it as it raises  
soon it will crush you entirely  
and you know I would pull every arm and leg  
from socket of my own to just reach you  
and with all my force and weight I'd tip you over  
because I know you would land feet first  
I'd Expect your glare

Oh how my hand shakes from satisfaction  
this ink I drain dries like the salt on your wound  
don't forget to buy them out  
burn the, burn the confession box  
don't forget to win their hearts  
and level the chapel

Sweet irony, sarcasm always had its plague upon me  
can we humor this just for now?  
caught between the salted wound and punchline  
funnier then than now  
I've always, how I've missed it  
this value called value

Oh how my hand shakes from satisfaction  
this ink I drain dries like the salt on your wound

at this my voice is dry  
as you dissect my words  
and the knots that form  
may you press them against your worth

don't forget to buy them out  
burn the, burn the confession box  
don't forget to win their hearts  
and level the chapel

This is when politics turns to gossip