

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, I Fought The B

words they shoot off of your tongue meet my back and I must say
you have become now so courageous, no longer polite and melancholy
if your mind could meet your mouth's movement
you might have something to say

you touch the blade - I touch the phone
and into it this is what I will scream

operator can you hear me: I think the line is dead on my side
transistor I hear you fade in don't lie the words break this is my life

traffic stops
the car shows movement from the fight that breathes within
you have stretched your tongue now I see it
I see everything for what it is
now my heart beats to movements of your hand slipping away

it's alright your tongue every breath you breathe exhales arguments
these are the fights that are shaping me up and open or shy

this is the rhythm I was singing
to the beat of my feet as I walked away
and I'm not brain dead, I'm just shy