

# Shadows Fall, Carpal Tunnel

Spit your words with fury  
Tear your way beneath the skin  
Infecting with doubt  
A useless web you spin  
What is it you hope to gain from this?  
Nothing  
What is it you hope to prove with this?  
Nothing  
Hidden away from view  
You start your fires  
The child who became king  
Of the jackals and the liars  
Breaking you fingers  
Silence your voice  
Breaking your fingers  
You've made your choice  
Words cannot be weapons  
If they leave no mark  
Pathetic attack  
With no bite and all bark