

# Suffering And The Hideous Thieves, The Collector

He's collecting all his pictures from his past  
To set things straight finally  
Rearranging order  
One, two, and three  
He's been breathing in  
Our cancer all his life

While pressure beats down  
The livelihood of men  
Caught in the act  
Of Parenting the beast  
Within their heads  
The shadows play around  
Anything short of emptiness

Run Mary, run  
Straight into my head  
Get rid of everyone and anything  
That stands in our way  
For tonight is ours  
As it has always been  
We'll fly away  
Never to be seen again

Our veins are puckering up  
To see more clearly than  
We ever dreamed we could  
Our bone line up together  
Parallel with one another  
When we feast, we feed alone

Enjoying flesh and all it's glory  
Crimson stains cover my thoughts  
Of you outside of me  
So I'll burn my bridges  
I'll burn my past for you  
This time

Run Mary, run  
Straight into my head  
Get rid of everyone and anything  
That stands in our way  
For tonight is ours  
As it has always been  
We'll fly away  
Never to be seen

Oh, run Mary, run  
Straight into my head  
Get rid of everyone and anything  
That stands in our way  
Tonight is ours  
As it has always been  
We'll fly away again  
Never to be seen again