

The Receiving End Of Sirens, This Armistice

Your gross fabrication of pretext could bore.
Yet still I fall victim from syntax and omitted.
Just shy of something I could understand.
So blissful, I press on to the sound of the organs
Playing their most convincing tunes
As they serenade to the parade of paid off parts.
And the only thing left to discuss
Is the details of this armistice.
We've come to this agreement
Check my vitals.
The truth is vile but vital to this cause.
I've been held hostage a captive of this passive shell.
Give me gravity, give me clarity. Give me something to rely on.
Tell me who's pulling the strings;
Tell me who's that move for.
We're all puppets;
We're all marionettes.
These body parts of plans.
Passed by my hands, my hands shake through handshakes
Forsaken by my limbs.
My limbs sing the hymns, the hymns of a tyrant
In a crumbling pantheon
As inhabitants will raise their fists and bid him disarm.
Tell me who's pulling the strings;
Tell me who's that you move for;
We're all puppets
We're all marionettes.
Oh, how I've been teething in light of your misleading.
You've caused this collapse between
The heart and the synapse.