

# Victims Family, Mary's New Dress

At night my body stays home, my mind climbs over the fence  
To a place not too far where things don't have to make sense.  
And it takes with it things it collects trough the day,  
Snaps them together and molds them like clay.

(Act 1) My head is a fish, my hands are fins, the only feelings I express  
"It's all so meaningless." And round and round, I skim the sea and  
then disappear until act 2 and 3.

Picking up speed as the night drags behind,  
My logic transforms and then it stretches my mind.  
The edges get blurry and that harp starts to play  
As the facts dwindle down and the plot starts to sway.

(Act 2) I was sittin' on the beach on Valentine's Day  
With the heart-shaped balloons all around.

The bombing commerced, I went for my gun  
I jumped back in the hole and I was hit.

As my leftover thoughts from yesterday's meal  
Turn into today's hunger pains they reveal

A rippled reflection of things left unsaid  
in this nighttime playground, this cloud above my head.

(Act 3) I was barreling down a hill in a big rig truck out of control  
Got to go real fast, I got to protect her, got to save my baby from the  
satanic stamp collectors.

It's all so meaningless.