

WOODCUT



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i see your reproach cross the table as another glass flies from your hand
resolve is all but disabled, and i pray for calm
encircled inside you, i can't seem to fight you, i'm rising
conspiring, this ergotine dream, my accounts are black

can anything be more than a fable? just another little piece of the plan
these hands are far too impatient, more than i can stand
will i just fall into a stone wall?

well it's curtains for you little brother, your hand is well and truly played
get your boots on they're coming through the courtyard, and they're not here to play
i saw you fall into a stone wall

(chorus)
you precede me in my actions
whisper ether in words of lead
are you still sleeping with a sword by your bed?

can i be anymore unstable in the crucible of your eyes?
Your watch chain shines as you draw another line in the shifting sand

(chorus)