

Archers Of Loaf, Mutes In The Steeple

Trading tongues with the mutes in the steeple.
Avoiding all the people.
Afraid of saying the wrong things.

It only hurts to help the victims know
That it's just a joke.
Draining the tap attached to the back of their skulls.

And the same thing that makes us laugh
Shuts our mouth, stabs our back
Leaks out from the resevoir
Grinning cause it's winning all the time.

And the main thing
Is that time and time again I've tried to
Skip the dark side, satisfied with scoring second place.

It only hurts to let the ones who know
When they want to go wrong
Draining the tap attached to the back of their skulls.

It's the main thing that chills our bones
Shuts our lips, taps our phones
Throws us in the resevoir
Grinning cause their winning all the time.