

Race The Sun, Napoleon

It's your game
you have managed to grab everyone's attention
the spotlight scorching your flesh
caught between the pedestal and ceiling
I can't just stand there to watch it as it raises
soon it will crush you entirely
and you know I would pull every arm and leg
from socket of my own to just reach you
and with all my force and weight I'd tip you over
because I know you would land feet first
I'd Expect your glare

Oh how my hand shakes from satisfaction
this ink I drain dries like the salt on your wound
don't forget to buy them out
burn the, burn the confession box
don't forget to win their hearts
and level the chapel

Sweet irony, sarcasm always had its plague upon me
can we humor this just for now?
caught between the salted wound and punchline
funnier then than now
I've always, how I've missed it
this value called value

Oh how my hand shakes from satisfaction
this ink I drain dries like the salt on your wound

at this my voice is dry
as you dissect my words
and the knots that form
may you press them against your worth

don't forget to buy them out
burn the, burn the confession box
don't forget to win their hearts
and level the chapel

This is when politics turns to gossip