

Killing Game

Skinny Puppy

fallen angel head crashes dead out of control lost memories staircase
twists darker rooms lit with left out toys after playing men changes toys
into tools twisted playthings on the staircase fools whose weapons
represents the killing game who taught the killing game who taught the
killing game awaken eyes sewn wearing glasses dripping tapping at the temple
door locked inside scream inner scraping tooth and nail nowhere to go quiet
retraces forcing light tears then pretend nothing blinds minds closed in
sanctuary closed in sanctuary padded walls not quiet storms fury burned out
killing time who taught the killing game time's taught the killing game
herself no i taught the killing game first passing words distant pain
remember trains of thought collide no one view window pushing faces through
sharp cold glass poke bloody holes exposed i taught the killing game first i
taught the killing game first till at last you regret tortured animals wake
up time beckons death upon myself eyes travelled harden strange no stronger
feeling tempting motion slows to a crawl places his weaponry and it's a trap
let go the springs snap shut gazes show sharper teeth giving in to the jaws
of death i taught the killing game i taught the killing game first i taught
i taught i taught the game first first first