

A Word of Welcome and Warning

La Dispute

Pick up the phone!
Blessed be the thief, disguised in skin,
and blessed are the fingers that gesture him in
Paint the receiver to the side of the fake,
lying at the bottom of the staircase!
Broken elbows, and your coming through the window!
And whoever called night a blanket,
had never the felt the cold.
And whoever called the night a blanket--
So use your fingers, darling
and tear away at the restraints they call the body.
it's the temporary things that rip us apart.
For the body is but a piece of art for you to tear to pieces.
Into the night!
Under the blanket, under the weight of the world!
This is history to thievery.
It's the crying and the screaming!
For the lying and the (? Lent?
) there of and I can feel the blood as it saturates your face!
This is history to thievery!
These are only games we play!
This is history to thievery!
These are only games we play!
Hang up the phone.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>