

Halfway 'Tween a Burden and a Saint

So yeah I think I'm clever
The lighthouse burned the bookstore down
I think I'm getter better
If you see me looking funny, turn me round
I've been stuck between the lightning and the sound
I've been stuck between the lightning and the sound

I love the way you look at me
Right before the water hit the floor
Floating in the Baltic Sea
Covering the open wounds and doors
If it's not manic moral majesty, it sure as hell ain't what I'm here for
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Please just give me some good reasons
Why I should give up on dreams of gold
If you think that I'm displeasing
You should see me when I think I've gotten old
I'll take my luck to Atlantic City, sell off all my origami folds
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Caligula dies quietly
In the corner by the vicar's second wife
Blood brushstrokes painted lightly
He's a cynic on a nihilist's last life
Praying gently with his hands on the inverse of a double sided knife
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Fourteen women start speak out
Their poetry reminds them of their pasts
The sinner finds himself without
For the first time since he took off his fake casts
The jack of hearts' last appearance in the wrong song always goes by much too fast
The jack of hearts' last appearance in the wrong song always goes by fast

If you think you are an artist
Why did you just spill that can of paint?
Are you happy or disheartened?
Whatever it is you think, I know you ain't
You're just like me, you know that, halfway 'tween a burden and a saint
You're just like me, you know that, halfway 'tween a burden and a saint