



Wooden Display

I have no soul
It's broken down

I've lost it all
I'm left with a frown

A victim of peaceful theft
Ears have gone, wooden and deft
Joints were stolen by a puppeteer

Tired of the theatre games
I'm not a wooden display

Your termites are a slow decay

You wanted an audience

I'll volunteer

Find me a match
To burn in flames

Transfer my call to Fire Dispatch
I'll turn us both into ash in a flash