

Finger Eleven, Temporary Arms

i burn and melt and stick and fade
your temporary arms invade
one of many last warnings
cannot wipe the conscience clean

the strain wears in you whore me in again

cannot connect the smirking world
the poison flower comes uncurled
if i believe i'm dreaming

and if they find you lost again
what will you tell them then

collapsing in again you found what makes it sore
you triggered off the feelings that you felt before

i come crawling up again i need to eat i need a friend
some one with me
no better feeling than escape avoid the feeling so you're

all the guilt pulls away if only forever

replace the name replace the fear
i can't come out but i want you here
i'm laughing now and then it floods
but not out loud

i feel you up and feel you down
i need your space i need it now
another circumstance has gone and shut you down
another fear awakened in the fault you found