Life in a Museum

A Static Lullaby

The scene has retaken shape
It seems your stuck in the middle
The legs of your lover
Have spread for another
(You're invaded) and coming undoneRetrace, recount, reuse
Become, believe, be well
Impress, impose, embark
Conceal, connect, conquerYou give it all
And sometimes fade away
We give it all
We all just fade
It's not love
We're not loveBut I'm not perishing
'Cause vengeance holds my hand
To be lost amongst the slaves
(We're shackled) Shackled and blistering
Its now lust that holds my hand
Tonight I'll find my waySo now you think this is safe (huuhh...)
Oh boy you better be careful
I've never had the chance for
This kind of love
(I'm infected) I'm coming undoneRetrace, recount, reuse
Become, believe, be well
Impress, impose, embark
Conceal, connect, conquerBut I'm not perishing
'Cause vengeance holds my hand
To be lost amongst the slaves
(We're shackled) Shackled and blistering
Its now lust that holds my hand
Tonight I'll find my way

Songwriters
BROWN, JOE / ARNOLD, DANPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/