

# Type Face Love Letter

## Bars

Got holes in my fucking hands,  
Cause I can't fucking sleep.  
All those holes in my fucking hands,  
Lead me to believe.  
That I waited, and I waited,  
For something that's gone all wrong.  
And I waited,  
For something thta's come undone.  
I got a heart attack theory,  
In the pocket of my jeans.  
And I know I got something,  
And it's not what It seems.  
Like a bull without horns.  
And a god on the mend.  
Limping, bored to avoid.  
Something fails in my head.

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