

Juno

Skincage

Tied, tied to the testing of wills
Where my heart, where my heart breaks
And spills, left to the sight of the sky
In your arms, in your arms I'm
We're thrown to the wolves in the minds
Of your enemies, in the minds of your enemies
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness
If this is what I'm meant for
In your book , no longer interesting
Fall forward just to even the score
Your book, just a thought to you
Tied to the testing of wills
Where my heart, where my heart breaks
And spills, left to the sight of the sky
In your arms, In your arms I'm
We're thrown to the wolves in the minds

Of your enemies, in the minds of your enemies
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness
And I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
In your book , in your book
If this is what I'm meant for
In your book , no longer interesting
Fall forward just to even the score
Your book, just a thought to you
Just a thought to you, just a thought to you
Yet I'm nothing more, yet I'm nothing more
Than a line in your book, yet I'm nothing more
Than a line in your book, than a line in your book

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