

Movement of Fear

Tones On Tail

Your eyes flash bright
But no longer have fire
Everywhere you turn
This world is your shadow
With a pretty face
You burn so many eyes
This is the movement of fear
Weird pop, you can't control
A smashing guy, a sack of gold
Teach me to be happy
Teach me control
This is the movement of fear
This is the movement of fear
Loved the stare that never cracked
Loved the doors, they were never locked
Loved the fools at your fingertips
This is the movement of fear
This is the movement of fear
This is the movement of fear
This is the movement of fear

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