Type Three

Anberlin

I have my reasons
For the vices I embrace.
Our world of treasons
And out there on the escape.No one else here,
This conversation's been drowned here.
Sixteen is nothing,
And never will be til I'm dead.Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
(Oh, oh whoa)
Take all the hands that need you lately.
(Oh, oh whoa)
I don't wanna wait, I don't wanna wait
On you, anymore.
Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.Daydream that the world stands still.
Dancing through the fibers of time.
Baby, I just want to hold
Something that was never meant to be mine.I look to heaven to save me,
And you call me naive.
Gravity a hopeless lover
Cursed with disbelief.Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
(Oh, oh whoa)
Take all the hands that need you lately.
(Oh, oh whoa)
I don't wanna wait, I don't wanna wait
On you, anymore.
Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.Dance and kill me now
To word's that I've chose
Speak only when you are spoken to.Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
(Oh, oh whoa)
Take all the hands that need you lately.
(Oh, oh whoa)
I don't wanna wait, I don't wanna wait
On you, anymore.
Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
Don't' bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
(Don't bite, don't bite)
Don't bite the hand that feeds you, baby.
(Don't bite, don't bite, don't bite)
Don't fight the hands that need you, lately.

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