

# Whisperer

## FugaSatanae

It's much too familiar  
With a touch of your words  
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers  
You play my nerves like strings, all upside down  
Try to keep straight, my limbs are bonding now  
Since a few Aprils ago, endless chase to send away this  
Tireless persistence of taste  
With a touch of your words  
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers  
It's much too familiar  
With a touch of your words  
I've learned to reverse  
It's gotten me nowhere  
With a touch of your words  
What am I supposed to think about

Wondering round inside out?  
Patterns don't feel right  
Still speaking like you know what I'm all about  
We were lit from the west, our silhouettes  
Yet a sight of industrialness  
As the silence wins over every word  
With a touch of your words  
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers  
It's much too familiar  
With a touch of your words  
I've learned to reverse  
It's gotten me nowhere  
We were lit from the west, our silhouettes  
Yet a sight of industrialness  
As the silence wins over

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>