

# The Chain

## A Tortured Soul

The sky looks pissed  
The wind talks back  
My bones are shifting in my skin  
And you, my love, are gone  
My room seems wrong  
The bed won't fit  
I cannot seem to operate  
And you, my love, are gone  
So glide away on soapy heels  
And promise not to promise anymore  
And if you come around again  
Then I will take, then I will take  
The chain from off the door  
I'll never say, I'll never love  
But I don't say a lot of things  
And you, my love, are gone  
So glide away on soapy heels  
And promise not to promise anymore  
And if you come around again  
Then I will take the chain from off the door  
So glide away on soapy heels  
And promise not to promise anymore  
And if you come around again  
Then I will take the chain from off the door  
So glide away on soapy heels  
And promise not to promise anymore  
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Then I will take the chain from off the door  
So glide away on soapy heels  
And promise not to promise anymore  
And if you come around again

Then I will take, then I will take  
Then I will take the chain from off the door

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