

# Missed the Friction

sElf

unwrapped and bitten  
an invitation to your side  
i missed the friction  
if it's in my head, it's in your size  
you are, you're making me mad  
afraid you've been had again  
you are, you're singing so bad  
you're singing so sad again  
scratch the hideous melody  
scrap all the harmonies in 'e'  
can't help but spell it out  
if it's in my head, it's in your mouth  
hang up the phone jaded hand  
take a piece of everyone  
the day is done  
the bread is stale and silence suits me that well  
i'm a bitter scale with a broken trust  
found the liar in all of us  
cause you're better off  
you're better off when no one's starving for your company  
i think a sour note is a luxury  
crass information  
spread it  
infect somebody else  
inspire a nation  
if it's in your hand, it's in yourself

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