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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