Bullet Proof Skin

Institute

Cool to disappear but I missed you warmest days
And all the tattooed angels have brought me back today

I'm a waste of boy, empty master plan
Been stuck inside this lonely room again
You get paranoid, see vultures circling,
One slip and then comes down the final curtain

Until you come into your soul again
We'll be the worst of best friends
Does it feel like Christmas in Hollywood?
Does it feel like we're ever gonna make it home?

Burn baby burn
Strung out on the wire
Heart in a cage,
Your soul for our desire
You need fast hands to deal with all the liars
Bullet-proof skin to keep you alive
So don't burn baby burn baby burn

It's a waste of joy
I can hardly stand
Been looking for the ramp for my lift gate
And the animals so close to perfect
They're the only ones who seem to know their hearts
Does it feel like Christmas in Hollywood?
Does it feel like we could ever come undone?

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I can't hold you

To lose you is to never love again
To lose you

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