

# juno

## Circe

Tied, tied to the testing of wills  
Where my heart, where my heart breaks  
And spills, left to the sight of the sky  
In your arms, in your arms I'm  
We're thrown to the wolves in the minds  
Of your enemies, in the minds of your enemies  
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness  
If this is what I'm meant for  
In your book , no longer interesting  
Fall forward just to even the score  
Your book, just a thought to you  
Tied to the testing of wills  
Where my heart, where my heart breaks  
And spills, left to the sight of the sky  
In your arms, In your arms I'm  
We're thrown to the wolves in the minds

Of your enemies, in the minds of your enemies  
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness  
And I'm nothing more than a line in your book  
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book  
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book  
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book  
In your book , in your book  
If this is what I'm meant for  
In your book , no longer interesting  
Fall forward just to even the score  
Your book, just a thought to you  
Just a thought to you, just a thought to you  
Yet I'm nothing more, yet I'm nothing more  
Than a line in your book, yet I'm nothing more  
Than a line in your book, than a line in your book

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