Condenser

Finger Eleven

Felt the best that I could feel censored every memory
Give me yours so I can feed mine
Anywhere but far away, can't be what you meant to say
I won't miss you in the meantimeAll jokes aside you should decide
If it pleases or pains you
You should be allowed but you were beat out
So nothing can save youClosing up into the end, try to start it up again
A lower voice and tired heart beats
Take away the self esteem, force it through to get relief
Taking everything that I needSpirits all keep coming down
Come around with answers, I'll cut my teeth in slivers
You're up and gone and senseless
Broken open your abscess

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