String

Tunng

Hang my eyes up on a hook
Swells the panic I can't look
Inside my own skin I fail to find
Myself again

A million faces look the same
Their implies evaporate
There's no soul behind these eyes if
They can't glue me back again

Go, strong hits, and whisper things
Just blood and bone and bits of string
Blood and bone and bits of string

Family portrait on the wall
Quiet confusion circle this
I can't feel my mother's hand but
I can find a face to kiss

There's no soul behind these eyes if
They can't glue me back again
Someone's life inside a box
Nothing here except the cooks

Go, strong hits, and whisper things
Just blood and bone and bits of string
Blood and bone and bits of string

Lyrics submitted by Eryn.

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