

# Undivided

## Thirteen Senses

A friend, the only friend who whispers in your ear  
Just to say good luck and that is all you need to hear  
I wrap up cold so when I march on my bare heels  
Everything I lack in style's made up with how I feel  
I need us undivided, I want this thing to stop  
I've had the trainin' to be overwhelmed, but I'm not  
Empty soul of hate, but this isn't my war  
Couldn't tell you how it started, or where it is fought  
Oh, no  
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