

# Stung

## Belairs

Lost in foreign tongues  
I was stung by your velvet touch  
Look to the eyes, so black  
They're so cracked, I was your last attack  
If you call on me  
Then I'm left to see  
No, I'll never be that man you wish I'd be  
If you call on me  
Then I'm left to see,  
No I'll never be those things that you should see  
See that boy sleeps

Upon steel beams, he's made of dreams  
You look to the eyes so black  
They're so cracked, I was your last attack  
See that little man  
Running with his severed hands,  
No he'll never work in this town again  
See that little man  
He's got the severed hands,  
And he'll never work in this town again  
Lost in foreign tongues  
I was stung by your velvet touch

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