

Somewhere In Between

Systematic

Pulls me under, held me over
Sets the tones to lose
A taste of anger, no remainder
Of the things we'd choose Crumpled over my composer
Just a skeleton
It turns me inward but it figures
Forever's a dirty word Emotions wear my sleeve
This might be the last
One or two, ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about No recollection of complexion
Could not place his face
I plead redemption or collection
Put me into place One or two ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about Ease the pain Emotions wear my sleeve
This might be the last
One or two ease the pain
It's nothing that we talk about This might be the last

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