

# 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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