

# Cringe

## Shunt

Wide eyed, knee deep in surprise  
Just below your thighs, the temperature drops 5 degrees  
Your standby flight has just arrived Tongue tied, bleeding from your eyes  
Even Christ Himself would cringe at the sight of your scars  
While you're counting sheep, I'll count my lucky stars You were the last good thing I ever saw  
And I lost it all, I lost it all Burned out on 2 hours of shut eye  
Eyes glazed at the thought of the next 8 hours  
Headwind, cold rain to wake me You were the last good thing I ever saw

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