

Whisperer (Acoustic)

VersaEmerge

It's much too familiar
With a touch of your words
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers You play my nerves like strings, all upside down
Try to keep straight, my limbs are bonding now
Since a few Aprils ago, endless chase to send away this
Tireless persistence of taste With a touch of your words
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers
It's much too familiar With a touch of your words
I've learned to reverse
It's gotten me nowhere With a touch of your words What am I supposed to think about
Wondering round inside out?
Patterns don't feel right
Still speaking like you know what I'm all about We were lit from the west, our silhouettes
Yet a sight of industrialness
As the silence wins over every word With a touch of your words
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers
It's much too familiar With a touch of your words
I've learned to reverse
It's gotten me nowhere We were lit from the west, our silhouettes
Yet a sight of industrialness
As the silence wins over

Songwriters

David Anthony Katz; Blake Preston Harnage; Sierra Kusterbeck; Samuel Hollander Published by
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