

Witch's Web

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Told a lie about yourself
It felt so good to deceive
To pull the wool over everyone
Tell them whatever they'd believe You missed the train and now you're gone
To join the faceless everyone
Your a name on a phone list I've crossed off
I've pushed you back to square one And if I fall then I'll stand back up
Learning how to run is half the fun
Somehow I know that there must be something better
No one's going to have power over me If there's a sign above the door
That says you have to hang your coat
But your wanting me to pay the doorman with my soul
I think that I will be moving on Your witches web is hanging over my sleep
My one half lies awake, the other in a dream
Somehow I know that there must be something better
No one's going to have power over me

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