

# Cheekbone

## Glasshouse

You won't know when they're gone  
You merely lust at the thought  
Of the perfect moment to use  
Oh, you're perfect the part  
That is, breaking their hearts You've broken their hearts again  
And there will be a last time  
How many more chances do you think you have? But my hands are red too,  
Red from all the regret shed  
By my lack of heart to rebuke You will be shocked when you lose it all,  
But you've wasted your time  
Proving your words and your anger infallible The clock is ticking You show no love  
Your mistakes can't be healed  
By this mistrust  
But it's what you say you want  
Your compassion hits  
When our knees hit the ground  
But you are not a god  
And you don't seem to know you're not  
No, you're not You show no love Where is your passion?  
It's dead and hollow. And none of this pain will be healed  
By your sick sense of liar's remorse  
Where is your passion?  
It's dead and hollow  
Dead and hollow There is good in you  
And though there may be days  
When I can't bring it out in you It's no excuse,  
No excuse for a man to abuse You show no love  
Your mistakes can't be healed  
By this mistrust  
But it's what you say you want  
Your compassion hits  
When our knees hit the ground,  
But you are not a god  
And you don't seem to know you're not  
No, you're not Is it really worth the risk  
Of every good thing you ever had?  
Walking away to prove you are not a god You are not a god at all  
Oh, you're just a fraud,  
Just a fraud with a license to lie,

License to lie You show no love  
Your mistakes can't be healed  
By this mistrust  
But it's what you say you want  
Your compassion hits  
When our knees hit the ground,  
But you are not a god  
And you don't seem to know you're not  
No, you're not

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