whisperer

Q-IC

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

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