

40 Grit "Three Spaces"

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Terror take a look inside the
Eyes of a lie
You're open wide
I accept the abuse
I try to excuse
Broken up inside. I hide
Like to cling on my mouth -
No surprise
I kill for myself end the
Reasons why
I can't let it be
I can possibly
I seek un-knowing
I killed my lover
I killed myself,
I fell apart in the common wealth
I killed my lover, I killed myself
Fade me out. Back three spaces
Try and fake honesty

Slim possibility
Try and run, you can't hide
My evil's lurking up inside
Inside
Fire - weak and tired
And it moves inside
You fear me, look out there
Nowhere
CHORUS
I loathe to be the decision
Honesty - turn to what I feel as
I burn
Silence cannot clear the air,
Decision is over - turn
Into what I feel as I burn
This silence can't clear the air
This smoke is everywhere

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