

A Faith Called Chaos "Boxing With Bayonets"

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The space around our carved hearts
Is littered with, evidence
Evidence of time well spent
(Chase the dragon, drag the nail again.)

We let it be till someone else looks in,
And then it's out the door
Its in the street again, blinds open
Evidence of time well spent
(Boxing with bayonets yeah)

Afraid someone will see just where we've been

I refuse to let it come to that
I want what's mine is mine is mine is mine is mine
I refuse to let it come to that
I'm giving up on us

In this shallow body
Is a light been grey for so long
C'mon and take a bite yeah
Cause I want to spit out my tongue.

If it is the best that I could get baby I don't know
If that's the best that I could get then I don't know
I can't stand to bite my tongue.

It's ok, meant to be, it's all right,
I'm spent, still, sort of
Yeah, sort of ÆfÆtâ, ¬Æ,Â!

I can't keep these track-lines off y our soul
I'm still breaking limbs in this, this wonder
We used our teeth to paint,
Down these halls.

I'm giving up on us.

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