

Anterrabae

"Mending Tones From Vowels And Frowns"

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The crowds are all alone, temperature set in stone,
tempers are flailing because they have nobody, yet I
don't care. Look alive. A nervous narcotic speaks in
fragmented code. The stressed and the torn travel
ambiguous roads. Escape! Young one. Tenderness has
no place in the past. Let's sew it all up and dress
tomorrow in stainless steel. Pressed against the
horizon in the wittiest sense, combed over in late fifties
fashion. Disasters bring forth the most clever of men
with a knack for "Francois" and the skill of disguise. Oh
no, oh no, it's just a simple play on words. Scratch that,
from here on in, we're on a first name basis. We feel
fine, we are quite alright and I could give a fuck if we
wake up this time. Amongst the sway of ticking tocks,
the only key in a sea of locks. Please! Just let the good
times roll. The crowds are all alone, tempers are
flailing because they have nobody, yet I don't care.

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