

Closure In Moscow

"We Want Guarantees, Not Hunger Pains"

Visit "[We Want Guarantees, Not Hunger Pains](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'll be a martyr for your indifference
If you promise to line my tomb with trinkets
There won't be a resonating cry
Just an awkward formal dialogue
Between my ghost and those I've denied
We want guarantees, not hunger pains
But starvation just won't subside

Somewhere between the penance & the patience
You drift with every word they say
Somewhere between the penance & the patience
I think we've lost our way

You told me what you stand for
The sleepless crusade
The bitter campaign

In every room that we walk in
The walls are skin and they're writhing
Oh they're writhing

In every room that we walk in
The walls are skin and they're writhing
Oh they're writhing

Somewhere between the penance & the patience
You drift with every word they say
Somewhere between the penance & the patience
I think we've lost our way

You'd be unwise to sate the urge
But go ahead you wouldn't be the first

In every room that we walk in
The walls are skin and they're writhing
Oh they're writhing

In every room that we walk in
The walls are skin and they're writhing
Oh they're writhing

Somewhere between the penance & the patience

You drift with every word they say
Somewhere between the penance & the patience
I think we've lost our way

Somewhere between the penance & the patience
You drift with every word they say
Somewhere between the penance & the patience
I think we've lost our way

Somewhere between the penance & the patience
Somewhere between the penance & the patience

Visit [Closure In Moscow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.