

Embalmer

"Slipping To My Knees"

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Somewhere between this bench and the tabletop,
I am staring down at my fraying jeans.
Threads that dangle, strangle intensity and there's an
absentee thought
Swirling outside of my brain.
If it's anything like an absentee landlord, I am slowly
going insane
And the plaster is coming with me
But I can't let myself go
Because "let" is a word reserved for SHITHOLES like
this one
Crawl inside me and make your nest.
You can live here, I'll take a risk.
I'll try my best to understand and to hope that you won't
BREAK MY LEASE.
Paint and plaster is crumbling, falling with the market
value,
Peeling surface bare, like flesh in the sun. With you, I
feel so exposed
But I guess I am covered, I guess I am insured
I guess I am covered by these fraying jeans!
The paint is falling, the point is slipping, my hems are
missing
And I am wondering what this all means.
But I can't let myself go...
I want so much to ask you for some collateral
Like the back of your hands, your teeth, your smile.
It has bought you time before. It has bought you time
before, I can tell
And now I'm SLIPPING TO MY KNEES
I'm SLIPPING TO MY KNEES
I'm SLIPPING TO MY KNEES
And not in a sexual way
No I am not
Slipping down to pray
No I am not

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