

Figure Four "The Cycle"

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It tastes so bittersweet
And I know everything it can do
Push and pull, you're taking me
Pushing me close to the edge

[Incomprehensible]
Break the cycle, turn away
And it tastes so bittersweet
And I know everything it can do

All the times I felt so cold
It didn't ease the pain
My stomach left in knots
And all I feel is pain

My head a scattered mess
My words a scattered mess
Can I turn away, it tastes so bittersweet
And I know everything it can do

I know I said what you can do
But I'll face this choice once again
I'll face this choice once again

There is nothing left to give away
There is nothing left to give away
There is nothing left to give away
There is nothing left to give

It tastes so bittersweet
And I know everything it can do
Push and pull, you're taking me
Pushing me close to the edge

All the times I felt so cold
Will I never break this mold?
And it tastes so bitter sweet
Yes, I know everything I could do

I know, I said what you can do
But I'll face this choice once again
Face this choice once again

Once again, once again

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