

Funeral For A Friend "Bend Your Arms To Look Like Wings"

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As the sun sets on battlefields
I hope you can save me
I hope you can save our wounded hearts

Well distance makes my heart grow colder
(Creates an eternity)
(Enough for this to end)
Well distance makes my heart seem older
(Creates an eternity before you)
Just enough to cut the air from your lungs
(Go for your lungs)

As the sun sets
(We push and pull apart)
On battlefields
(Enough for this to end)
I hope you can save me
(From ourselves)
I hope you can save us from ourselves

Denial in the arms of our saviors
(Forever we're stuck in here)
(Enough for this to end)
And my heart is torn to pieces
(Fix up this, wipe it for you)
Well just enough to cut the air from your lungs
(From you lungs)

As the sun sets
(We push and pull apart)
On battlefields
(Enough for this to end)
I hope you can save me
(From ourselves)
I hope you can save us from ourselves

When paper cuts, when bloody hands
In the middle they would meet
When paper cuts, when bloody hands
In the middle they would meet

As the sun sets

As the sun sets
As the sun sets

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