Gene Loves Jezebel "Shower Me With Brittle Punches"

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Shower me with brittle punches Rain them on me The time I spent was fruitless Futile it seems

But as I reach so endlessly The straws are short Love seek, there's no speak There's nothing left

What for, what for?

I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely (Hanging around, we're tortured by the sounds) I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely (Of failure in our ears, our deaf ears)

Now you push me Hugging, hustling, hurling all As we strain the cold Strangles you and I

Now, you've reached me Now you hold me lifting me again Simple drums have seized me I've no choice

What for? I don't know what for

I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely (Hanging around, we're tortured by the sounds) I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely (Of failure in our ears, our deaf ears)

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