

Gene Loves Jezebel "Wraps And Arms"

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This is a funeral for us all, emptiness
There is no love, it's imaginary loneliness
To clutch at the hands that feed
Oh, let them bleed

Yes, she kills with words
Her looks alone won't sway
Gives no love, it's imaginary
Better this way

Onward with the same mistakes
Savor the pain
Hold me again, I won't delude you

Am I wrong, am I wrong
To say that I belong to you?

Clutching at the hands that plead
Let it be, concealed in wraps
The odors appeal to me
To touch, rejoice, this is ecstasy
Hold me again, I won't delude you

Am I wrong, am I wrong
To say that I belong to you?
To you

This is a funeral for broken down loneliness
This is a funeral for us all, this is emptiness
This is emptiness, emptiness
This is emptiness, this is the funeral

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