

Juno

"Help Is On The Way"

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missing torsos keep quiet through dc nights and ny riots. suburban cops make a bored kind of violence. amplify the passing fad. the sun wouldn't give this sort of things a second glance. there's so little grace here this can't last. revealing too much light, stealing too much heat. raised on instincts long on needs. sorry we couldn't help keep you sane. a lifelong temporary incapacity pushing you away. but help is always on the way. retina, iris, optic pathway refract in exacting detail. had you left impressions i'd be you. had i done the math i'd have known to be more cruel. the denial's been scripted, names have all been listed before they've gone missing. i'd rather have my sisters the foreign familiars. i'd rather know the addict, the ghost, the convict. a geography under your skin, an invisible map of all the places you've ever left, of all the enemies you've ever had, of all the people you've ever been. a ghost hiding in every fiber under a surface so clean. a ghost passing from your throat each time you scream, haunting yourself. between too much light, too much heat, so many years with so much need. you strolled on in and set the angels free. you slid away and destroyed everything. too much light, too much heat. you come with all this history but you come from nowhere, afraid it all leads right back there. too much light, too much heat. missing torsos keep quiet on long drives. lost on memories so tired. holding hands through hard times and happiness, these years and every year should be your best. trying to take care of yourself and those you love, the survey of your surroundings is never done. too much light, too much heat. raised on instinct long on needs.

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