

Cave-In "Ebola"

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All relaxed with nails bit to the quick while golden was
the silence,
like a foam filling the mouth of the exempt.
The burdened saw the damage, absorbed with our legs
lost to heated white lies.
We remain to pull its frame from the ashen wreck of
anxiety,
blown to conspicuous borrowed attacks.
We've got the nerve to live so low like this,
with nails bit to quick and teething blood so warm.
The man who keeps sewing needles between his teeth
prefabricates every spoken word,
with no weapons to lay in front of me.
Robbed of my skills in social weaponry, robbed.
Impending was the omen, no choice but to sever dead
skin.
You reap what you sow to degrees you'll never know.

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