

Made Out Of Babies "Silverback"

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Drying Stains Spell things in words uneasily
In crowded pens
A drying mouth's final
Hiss of growing limbs
Faster than the skin
The arrows pointing to the thunder of the tanks in
vacant lots
Down dark pathways
Special paintings line the wall
The ghastly glow of broken saints
The cheeks of working flames burn blue
And spit out words see what we've done we stayed up
all this life for you and now you owe this much for good
Here on your shoulders till we're
When at first it's all in fun once
White's misshapen eyes glued shut then
In Words
In Pens
In Limbs faster than the skin
Sick limp of Tin on Tongue shoulders pushing through
Cut line In Waves of Blue hiss of growing limbs live ice
In reams of tin
All in Crowded Pens

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