

Marmaduke Duke

"The False And The Cinematic"

Visit "[The False And The Cinematic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When the razors break in us it's time to give in
With a feast of wood and dust, a diet of glass, contort,
distort
Why am I so attracted to the dangerous relationships
So false and cinematic? for I belong it seems nowhere,
Slowly imploding, so delicate, with all the answers
inside out
My time at war with myself
I wish I could touch my shin with my knees I don't have
any joints in my legs, my fingernails start at my ankles
and wrists
How could you recognise me wounded,
I thought I had covered it up. Di, dice, die, dice

Visit [Marmaduke Duke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.