

Halos "Puppet Strings"

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We can live in make-believe, too
I can play made-up like you

Until my shell breaks in to three's
and I'm smashed to hell, two fifths deep
"When your spine is cracked, and it's time to sleep
Will you lay your head
In a box
On the street?"

If you stay
sunlight
I'll hide
I will hide

Leave the social life alone
Stick to things that we condone
Stray far, and we'll choke your tender throat
Leave your precious butterfly at home

I can live in make-believe, friend
You can be the truth, a lie, the end

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