

The Postman Syndrome

"Lonely In Your Arms"

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[Chapter IX]

"Pick and peel.
Buy a drill; chip away.
Scream.
Push... weak yet?
Scared?
Locked outside?
Will you cry?
Will you wait, open arms for your angel?"
I tug and pull and build an empty nest for kindred
souls.
You cut me up into small pieces, not to swallow whole.
Is there even a hole at all?
I'm cut waiting...

Are you scared to look inside?
Can't fit through the needle's eye?
Am I grotesque when spread wide?
Some doors will never be pried.
Or is it not me you fear?
Your naked soul plugs it's ears.
Walled in for so many years (fraud, lies),
Voices would bring down (fools, lost in) the sky.
So why go on?
Forever handicapped,
And still we're told there are some bonds that can't be
broke.
Fraud, lies by terrified escapists.

Glass can shield the rain.
With my head on the wheel it's my puddles I feel.
I'm parked at the gate.
I'm used to the wait; the album's long ended.
I can't see the sky: precipitation splashes on glass, all I
see.
Guide me through this night.
Your lonely welcome, gleaming,
Green glowing self shines me inside.

Wishing that the lights will change so I can drive by.
Waiting for the signs to rearrange, or must I revise my

style?

Standing on the only side to open your color scheme.
Basking in a color fortified begs to become the green.

So many things just don't come to mind,
Perfectly placed but still out of line.
You go your own way and expect the world to wait.
We'll meet again ahead in the burning heat of red.
Collide, collision.
Inside, incision.
If words can heal the divide you're speechless in your
ride.
Your lips will wait tonight for me to run this red light.

You lie sweetly on my chest.
Bond us tight to rest.
My ribs shield you from my heart.
Eyes close and we part.

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