

Yvonne "Wires"

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Stringed up in wires with dry, foaming lips
I wish I could be just like you
You beg and you twist in a selfmoaning way
I wish I could be just like you
My hands act like tools, and my tools come alive
You scream 'cause you want to be me
I laugh in my silence and cry for your pain
The mask hides the way that I feel
Catch with me
You flatter yourself on the tip of my tongue
I wish I could be just like you
Infected again by the love that I waste
I wish I could be just like you
I read to you slowly the rules I've made
You scream 'cause you want to be me
I laugh in my silence and cry for your pain
The mask hides the way that I feel
Catch with me

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