

## The Professionals

### "Precious"

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I strike a match and the heat will rise  
Spark the flint upon the aerosol  
Up with the heat  
I lift from this place, I feel it  
Lift the paper, turn the page  
So if I get lost in this moment  
It's for the sake of feeling alive  
Kiss a world goodbye tonight  
It ventilates me, infiltrates these body parts  
I love this pain too much  
Just hold on, sit back and watch  
My bruises collect one by one  
You call this a reason to live?  
Seems like a reason to die  
What if I fall in love tonight?  
Feel something alive?  
You are what shapes me  
It's what I hold inside  
That makes me who I am  
You are the force which shapes me

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