

Pompeii

"Numbers"

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Came at you in silence, my back at the wall.
"I've seen those nights where you binge and purge"
Those locks on your doors tell me when you're
crouched
On all fours
Counting tile, losing bile and sleep.
"it's just a diet, I've kept it quiet. Even if you told
All my family and
Friends they would never believe it."
I think you're right. I can't believe it too
That it's you, but it's you.

My problems hide in numbers that leave when I gag
and
Heave,
I weighed out every option, that scale's not fit for
Advice.
Medical language won't ever help to shape this if that

Mind is just as frail
As it's frame.
You know I'd leave it alone.

We can beat genetics, adopting new aesthetics for
Beautiful bodies, figures
Ever-so-slender
Taking control, oh, what a nice, nice thing.

Besides, my problems hide in numbers that leave when
I
Gag and heave
And heaving's kind of hard with your hands tied round
Your waist.
Point out the obvious, tell me just how dangerous
Then bundle every fight in an "isn't right" and leave
It alone.

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