

Bled, The

"Nothing We Say Leave This Room"

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[Whispers]

Your eyes being to stare at the polygraph machine
as you become aware of the satellites that call her
name.

It's as if the ocean swallowed the city lights that we fell
in love with.

Paralyzed and paranoid, we withdraw the hands we
held.

This is beginning to get ugly, dear.

To the lions you feed me
To the lions you feed me
To the lions you feed me
To the lions

[Whispers]

Now the tongue becomes the bridge between broken
teeth.

the tongue becomes the bridge between broken teeth.
the tongue becomes the bridge between broken teeth.
the tongue becomes the bridge between broken teeth.

This is beginning to get ugly, dear

Now the tongue becomes
Now the tongue becomes
the bridge between the broken teeth.
Now the tongue becomes
the bridge between the broken teeth.
Now the tongue becomes
the bridge between the broken teeth.
Now you feed me to the lions-to the lions.
Now you feed me to the lions-to the lions.

How we reach for the arms but only clasp the knees.
How we reach for each other only to die alone.
How we reach for the stars only to swim through the
dead.
How we strive to connect only to fall apart-only to fall
apart

Just between me and you I felt the rapture in your arms.
Just between me and you I think of dying in your arms
Just between me and you I felt the rapture in your arms.
Just between me and you I think of dying in your arms

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