

Bled, The

"Spitshine Sonata"

Visit "[Spitshine Sonata](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I lost my voice in the fire.
I burned my eyes staring at your eclipse.

I was just a child.
My father's favorite.
My father's favorite.

Such delicate arms keep reaching toward the horizon.
As we keep starving for this beauty,
We are sick with distance.
Starving for this beauty.
We are sick with distance.
Grieving for his failure.

We, are sick with distance.
We, are sick with distance.
We, are sick with distance.
We, are sick with distance.

You keep me on my knees mummified in your arms.
You keep me on my knees mummified in your arms.
You keep me on my knees mummified in your arms.
This is the last chance that you will get to breathe my
name into his chest.

I lost my voice in the fire.
I burned my eyes staring at your eclipse.

I was just a child.
My father's favorite.

Such delicate arms keep reaching toward the horizon.
Only the deaf find peace.
Only the blind won't reach.
Only the deaf find peace.
Only the blind won't reach.

Visit [Bled, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

