

Young Livers

"Means Of Buoyancy"

Visit "[Means Of Buoyancy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The faces we have worn adrift the seas of
acquaintance.
The lies we can't control, smiling as we sink to the
bottom.
Tongue tied, we retrace the lines and cross we create.
What's one, what's one more?

The viscous ties initiate.
Conquered, alleviated. Secured in meaning.
Senseless and seething, torn.

A hollow connection we have born.
Misdirection guides us all.

So where's the sense in the sense of community?
The people have all worn lining the depths of the
bottom.
All tongue tied we retrace the lines we cross create.
What's one, what's one more?

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