

## Immoor

### "String"

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Hope's in the corner lying in wait  
don't make a sound or she'll awake

curled up alone in a ball of strings  
tied to your heart, I hate these things

bricks on your chest, its hard to breathe  
when leaving out these things you need

i try to shout and tell the world  
but nothing comes out, it may be me

(break)  
so what if I pretend to understand what you said  
it never changed a thing, this crash was beckoning  
I broke the code of lies, but now it's leaving me  
how soon will we forget the lessons change will bring.

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