

Therapy "6> Innocent X"

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Is this real or is it a dream
I can't seem to tell the difference anymore
Caught between needings
And the need to be real
Your open arms gaping
Like a busted sore
I turn and burn my back like a rack
Your tourniquet twists me
Dangerous red
I breath in the air
It's pavement gray
It shrinks my skin
And I've done nothing wrong
I drop to my knees and work my skin
I feel this life pumping right through me
Love and death die on the dirty floor
Your upturned face doesn't even see
That this is all
I'll ever have
Cause I don't know
What I want
But something inside
Something inside
Something inside
I've done nothing wrong

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