Tool "Fourty Six And Two"

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My shadow sheding skin, and I've been picking scabs again. I'm down, digging through my old muscless, for a clue.

I've been crawling on my belly, clearing out what could have been. I've been wallowin in my on confused, and insecure dillusions, for a piece to cross me over, or a word to guide me in. i wanna feel the changes comming down, i wanna know what I've been hiding in.

My shaddow, my shaddow, change is comming through, my shaddow, my shaddow's shedding skin, and I've been picking my scabs again.

I've been crawling on my belly, clearing out what could have been, I've been wallowing in my own chaotic, and insecure dellusions.
I wanna feel the change consume me, feel the outside turning in.
I wanna feel the metamorphosis, and cleansisng out I've endured within.

My shaddow, my shaddow, change is comming.

Now is my time, listen to my muscle memory, contmplate what I've been clining to. Fourty- six and two ahead of me.

I choose to live and to grow, take and give and to, move, learna and love and to, cry, kill and die and to, be paranoid and to, lie, hate and fear and to, Do what it takes to move trough.

I choose to live and to, lie, kill and give and to, die, learn and love and to, Do what it takes to step through.

See my shaddow changing, stretching up and over me.

Soften this old armour, hoping I can clear the way by, stepping through my shaddow, comming out the other side.

Step into the shaddow, fourty- six and two are just ahead of me.

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