

Lips, The "Caged Inside"

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The taste of your scars,
is something I would only beg to hold once more.
Here we are.
We are tainted little angels, that don't try to score.

So why should we run from an enemy?
Why should we run from you and she?

Well if you gave me a ladder,
I'd use it to build us something that matters.

The smell of your skin,
is something I would only beg to have once more.
Now begin,
telling stories of our parents we never could ignore.

Where we going?
Where are we going on the run?

(Chorus)

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