

## Cradles – Sub Urban

I live inside my own world of make-believe  
Kids screaming in their cradles, profanities  
I see the world through eyes covered in ink and bleach  
Cross out the ones who heard my cries and watched me weep

I love everything  
Fire's spreading all around my room  
My world's so bright  
It's hard to breathe but that's alright  
Hush  
Shh

Tape my eyes open to force reality (Oh no, no)  
Why can't you just let me eat my weight in glee?  
I live inside my own world of make-believe  
Kids screaming in their cradles, profanities  
Some days I feel skinnier than all the other days  
Sometimes I can't tell if my body belongs to me

I love everything  
Fire's spreading all around my room  
My world's so bright  
It's hard to breathe but that's alright  
Hush  
Shh

I wanna taste your content  
Hold your breath and feel the tension  
Devils hide behind redemption  
Honesty is a one-way gate to hell  
I wanna taste consumption  
Breathe faster to waste oxygen  
Hear the children sing aloud  
It's music 'til the wick burns out  
Hush

Just wanna be care free lately, yeah  
Just kicking up daisies  
Got one too many quarters in my pockets  
Count 'em like the four-leaf clovers in my locket  
Untied laces, yeah  
Just tripping on daydreams



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych