

Wraps And Arms

Gene Loves Jezebel

This is a funeral for us all, emptiness
There is no love, it's imaginary loneliness
To clutch at the hands that feed
Ooooh - let it bleed

Yes, she kills with words
Her looks alone won't sway
Gives no love it's imaginary
Always this way

Onward with the same mistakes
Savor the pain
Hold me again, I won't delude you
Am I wrong - am I wrong
to say that I belong to you?

Clutching at the hands that plead
Let it be
Concealed in wraps
The odors appeal to me

To touch, rejoice
This is ecstasy
Hold me again
I won't delude you
Am I wrong, am I wrong
To say that I belong to you
To you

This is a funeral for broken down loneliness
This is a funeral for us all this is emptiness
This is emptiness, emptiness
This is emptiness
This is the funeral