

They Can't If You Don't Let Them

A Fine Frenzy

If it is true, if you have come to the rescue,
Why do the bells sound of danger?
Words of peace, they fall from you freely.
Awful free for a stranger.

Setting sun, you know you ought to run.
There's a wolf here among the sheep.
But marching along to the spirit catcher's song,
You remain in a dreamless sleep.

Desperate eyes, let the counterfeit suffice.
Hoping high, they will be kind to you.

Fog and fears and a mouth full of hot tears,
Can drown that voice sent to guide you.
And wicked tongues with their hooks,
And their ice blood,
Can wake the demons inside you.

Doubt will creep through the windows as you sleep,
Setting in like a cold, cold front.
Your hands go numb and your stomach doubles up.
And you think, was I happy once?

Desperate minds, hold the counterfeit so tight.
Hoping high, they will be kind to you.
Hoping high, they will be kind to you.
Hoping high, they will be kind to you.

Run run run run.
Run run run run.