

Shoot For Seven

A Loss for Words

It's just a matter of time
It's just a matter of time

Waking up and feeling every dream that passes through you and me
It's easier to pretend these nightmares are in the narrative

Well as we read the programs of our lives and practice our lines
This must be a sign

When your throat can't push out those words that you've rehearsed in time
your heart beats so hard you can feel it beating through your ribs

Now I feel your fingers rolling down my face
You haven't said a word, you just continue to trace slow

This is the last time I try to reason with you
Wash your (wash your) hands in (hands in) fire just to feel the burn

This is something worth keeping believe me,
This is something worth keeping believe me,

Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,

Inside me

Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,

Inside me

Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,
Its burning inside me,

In...side... ME!!!!!!!

I hope you're choking on those words that you said to me
On those words