

Type Three

Anberlin

I have my reasons for the vices I embrace
A world of treasons and I'm there only escape
No one else here has conversations that drowned their
head
16 is nothing and never will be til I am dead.

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby
Take hold the hand that needs you lately
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you
anymore
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Daydream that the world stands still
Dancing through the fibers of time
Maybe I just want to hold
Something that was never meant to be mine
I look to heaven to save me
And you call me naïve
Rather been a hopeless lover
Than cursed with disbelief

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby
Take hold the hand that needs you lately
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you
anymore
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Listen carefully now to the words that I choose
Speak only when you are spoken to

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby
Take hold the hand that needs you lately
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you
anymore
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Don't fight the hands that need you lately.