

## On The Floor

Axium

True friends stab you in the front; you've got my throat  
And all I know is on the floor  
And as I watch my trust in you fall hopeless, I feel faint  
And I'm still begging you for more

Devoted to you  
Devoted to this, I stumble  
And I crumble beneath the weight I bear  
I'm struggling through  
I'm struggling with my innocence  
But I'm sure you wouldn't care

My God, it's been so long since I felt something so secure  
As I walk on broken ground  
I see the things that I have done to make me fall down at your  
feet  
Without making a sound

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I'm struggling with my innocence  
But I'm sure you wouldn't care

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