

The Poor and the Prevalent

Emery

I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)
To all this being separated and then cut off.
(I taste this)
I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)

I've got to put a stop to all this.
To all this being separated and then cut off.
I've got to put a stop to all this.

Float over the world and decide for ourselves if we would ever return.
If only our dreams were fires to ignite.
Then we would could let the whole world burn...

You said this was over when you suffocate the truth
and trade the kisses and the distances
and clinging to my weaknesses.
Send somebody, help me here because I can't stand being a world away.
You gave into my worries and then caught me without my defense.

There's a death inside, and it's yours in mind.
So cut up your identities invented for the frequencies of need.

Does it depend a circumstance or excuse?
My inheritance of the abuse.
The importance of you.
My choice of the two.

The truth is that I choose you...

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and trade the kisses and the distances
and clinging to my weaknesses.
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I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)
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I've got to put a stop to all this.
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To all this being separated and then cut off.
(I taste it)

(Cut off. Cut off.)

I'm crushed. When I'm ready for this.
Outside of you. Let this severance torn from my hands.
I still taste it. Torn from my hands with my countenance.

You said this was over when you suffocate the truth
and trade the kisses and the distances

and clinging to my weaknesses.

Send somebody, help me here because I can't stand being a world a way.

You gave into my worries and then caught me without my defense.

There's a death inside, and it's yours in mind.

So cut up your identities invented for the frequencies of need.