

Crash

Feeder

I put my best foot first & it got burned,
Communication always hurts,
I got myself so deep inside a hole,
I taste the air so thin as i get old.
(I don't think so)

She's my hands, She's my hands.
Picks me up when i crash down,
Build me wings so i can glide,
She's my novacaine ride.
(NOVACAINE!)

Pick up the pieces of my world,
Glue them together, i wish i could,
I can't believe it as the picture fades,
Just like a TV but the sound remains
(I don't think so) no (i don't think so)

She's my hands, She's my hands.
Picks me up when i crash down,
Build me wings so i can glide,
She's my novacaine ride.

Feel it as i shake,
Shatter illusions fade,
Taste my bitter tears,
Cut my heart with shears.

I don't think so, i don't think so.

She's my hands, She's my hands.
Picks me up when i crash down,
Build me wings so i can glide,
She's my novacaine ride.

She's my hands, she's my hands,
Picks me up when i crash down.

NOVACAINE.