

Bend Your Arms to Look Like Wings

Funeral for a Friend

As the sun sets on battlefields
I hope you can save me
I hope you can save our wounded hearts

And distance (creation)
makes my heart (eternity)
grow colder (enough for this to end)
And distance (creation)
makes my heart (eternity)
seem older (for you)
Just enough to cut the air from your lungs
from your lungs

As the sun sets (we push and pull apart)
On battlefields (enough for this to end)
I hope you can save me (from ourselves)
I hope you can save us from ourselves

Denial (forever)
in the arms of (we're stuck in here)
our saviours (enough for this to end)
And my heart (falls open)
is torn (wide open)
to pieces (for you)
Just enough to cut the air from your lungs
from your lungs

As the sun sets (we push and pull apart)
On battlefields (enough for this to end)
I hope you can save me (from ourselves)
I hope you can save us from ourselves

And paper cuts and bloody hands
In the middle they would meet

And paper cuts and bloody hands
In the middle they would meet

As the sun sets
As the sun sets
As the sun sets