

## Wraps And Arms

Gene Loves Jezebel

This is a funeral for us all, emptiness  
There is no love, it's imaginary loneliness  
To clutch at the hands that feed  
Ooooh - let it bleed

Yes, she kills with words  
Her looks alone won't sway  
Gives no love it's imaginary  
Always this way

Onward with the same mistakes  
Savor the pain  
Hold me again, I won't delude you  
Am I wrong - am I wrong  
to say that I belong to you?

Clutching at the hands that plead  
Let it be  
Concealed in wraps  
The odors appeal to me

To touch, rejoice  
This is ecstasy  
Hold me again  
I won't delude you  
Am I wrong, am I wrong  
To say that I belong to you  
To you

This is a funeral for broken down loneliness  
This is a funeral for us all this is emptiness  
This is emptiness, emptiness  
This is emptiness  
This is the funeral