

## Out Of Love

It's Alive

I need my conscience clean in the worst way  
Give me an enemy please  
'Cause you know these teeth forever  
And I'm not getting better

If we weren't born out of love,  
What does that make us?  
If we weren't born out of love,  
Can we even love at all?  
Will I ever love again?

I need this chaos washed from my skin  
But God knows, there's no soap  
For the sins that I've committed

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