

# We Are Bound

Switchfoot

A slip of a tongue and fist  
A slight of a hand like this  
Touch of the fingertips  
Ghost of a note we skipped

We are bound  
We are falling through you  
We are bound  
We are falling through

Moment of bitter bliss  
Licking our Judas lips  
Throwing the timeless fit  
With tongues of a fire we'd lit

We are bound  
We are falling through you  
We are bound  
We are falling through

We follow sons amiss  
The sons of the counterfeits  
The devil has called me from inside

We are bound  
We are falling through

Counterfeit sons  
Counterfeit sons  
Counterfeit sons