

Movement Of Fear

Tones on Tail

Your eyes flash bright
But no longer have fire
Everywhere you turn
This world is your shadow
With a pretty face
You burn so many eyes

This is the movement of fear

Weird pop
You can't control
A smashing guy
A sack of gold
Teach me to be happy
Teach me control

This is the movement of fear
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Loved the stare
That never cracked
Loved the doors
They were never locked
Loved the fools
At your fingertips

This is the movement of fear
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