

## 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  
This is the movement of fear

Loved the stare  
That never cracked  
Loved the doors  
They were never locked  
Loved the fools  
At your fingertips

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