Crawlspace

Take out the violins our fate is to be waiting
Our hearts bleed generous wrapped up and for the taking

Walk to the edge of this we look without it fazing
How deep or far it is so close without the hazing
Line up like silhouettes all searching for an ending
Looking for relevance only finding the waiting

Frame me, a picture of your heartache
Make me a fixture in your crawlspace
Until you drag me under

Always the same defense lines in a story changing
File under consequence all sins that need erasing
Suck out our innocence we're just willing and waiting
Dancing marionettes fucking our guilt away

Frame me, a picture of your heartache
Make me a fixture in your crawlspace
Until you drag me under
Drag me out

We sit our heads in our hands
Wondering how it began
So far we're all left waiting
We sit our heads in our hands

Suck out our innocence we're just willing and waiting
Dancing marionettes fucking our guilt away

Frame me, a picture of your heartache
Make me a fixture in your crawlspace

We sit our heads in our hands
Our heads in our hands and we're all left waiting