

Keeping It Close

Blood Red Shoes

We'll make a scratch with fingernails
Until it's all gone
Pulling at every thread,
Stuck in the backroom
So who's had enough?
Who's had enough?
You lose some
You laugh
Who's had enough?
We'll make this the last breath of air now

Burning your hands
Was it worth waiting for?
Screaming to you
Crawling in your dirt
Burning your hands
Was it worth waiting for?
Screaming to you
Crawling in your dirt

Break the bones you call your own
Lost a place to call your home
Break the bones you call your own
Lost a place to call your home

Burning your hands
Was it worth waiting for?
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