

Words

Low

Three inches above the floor
Man in a box wants to burn my soul
And I'm tired, and I'm tired.

Is that the truth he says
The pain is easy
Too many words, too many words

And I can hear 'em

If you're hearing screams
Come back child, come back
My hands are dry
But I know they're gonna make it
Just one more night
Too many words, too many words