

# A.F.I., Transference

No room for doubt, accusations one to ten,  
You've got my number, you've got my number  
No wasting time, now, you've got me dialed  
I'm one hundred eleven less than perfection  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling  
Pathetic eyes, complimenting what's inside,  
I've got your number, I've got your number  
So appalled as I watch you purge  
Now see if your fiction reads salvation  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling  
No room for doubt, no pity is deserved  
You've got my number, you've got my number  
Coincidence, you've assessed correct  
I'm one hundred eleven less than perfection  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)  
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)  
Sealed lips will not cease the calling