

# Archers Of Loaf, Bones Of Her Hands

She takes the bones of her hands, to tangle up the soles of her feet.  
To make a loss look good on paper, 'til it's outside of our reach.  
And they're coming in on runway strips to pump the rival's hatred.  
And screaming out uncomfortable and falling out of favor.

And they coat the walls, too complicated,  
Scrape the roads in desperation.  
Distances too far to wait on,  
In the throws of ...

She takes the bones of her hands, to trample on the soles of our feet.  
To make a loss look good on paper, 'til it's outside of our reach.  
It's the perfect confrontation now to pump our rival's hatred.  
And screaming out uncomfortable and falling from your favor.

And it writes itself too complicated,  
Breathe the air in suffocation.  
Distances, so self-effacing,  
In the throws of the bones of her hand.