

Axium, On The Floor

True friends stab you in the front; you've got my throat
And all I know is on the floor
And as I watch my trust in you fall hopeless, I feel faint
And I'm still begging you for more

Devoted to you
Devoted to this, I stumble
And I crumble beneath the weight I bear
I'm struggling through
I'm struggling with my innocence
But I'm sure you wouldn't care

My God, it's been so long since I felt something so secure
As I walk on broken ground
I see the things that I have done to make me fall down at your feet
Without making a sound

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