

EMMA, Trapped In A Matchstick Man

Your stories told
Through the rearview
They leak it from your throat

Bright red!
Goes the stoplight
They're coming from behind
And who you gonna call?
Who you gonna call!?

Guard yourself...

Around here we play for souls
Let it leak out slow!
We wont let go!
Let it leak out slow

We're all...trapped inside!
Trapped inside!
These matchstick men!

The fire!
Is colors we cant see
The smoke!
Makes designs
That dont come out so clearly

Guard yourself...

Around here we play for souls
Let it leak out slow!
We wont let go!
Let it leak out slow

Your empty bodies past
Has left me scraping imperfections with my teeth
Scraping imperfections on your grave
And the smell of sweet enamel
Is sure to remind you
That ill be here
And my jaw wont forget
Ill be here

My jaw wont forget!
I wont forget!
I wont forget!
I wont, no!

Guard yourself...

Around here we play for souls
Let it leak out slow
We wont let go!
Let it leak out slow