

# 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