

Finger Eleven, Spiderprints

Tighten your grip,
Your web can't be spun,
Without your firming hands upon.
The lower you slip,
The closer you get,
To leaving yourself all alone.

Every time I get up to reach you,
You'll break your promise again.
You're crawling away,
You're licking your wounds that have bled.
It's surprising me to no end,
Because what you have said,
Make me feel that you can't,
Hear the voice in your head.

But, every time I get up to reach you,
You'll break your promise again.
You're crawling away,
You're licking your wounds that have bled.
It's surprising me to no end,
Because what you have said,
Make me feel that you can't,
Hear the voice in your head.

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