

# Frente!, Lonely

Am I real  
And what do I feel  
Hate is half a heart  
Only I am in my arms

You were sold  
For something to hold  
Nothing's as rude as the cold  
Stupidly beautifulish true you  
Maybe madness is a heart  
Maybe heaven is a habit

If I could fly  
I'd live in the sky  
And obviously you do too  
The very start of everything hard  
Could be the slip of a fingertip