

Powderfinger, Living Type

And you'll be there to break my fall
To reassure my doubts and faults
And all your fables will ring true
They are the lies you lean on too

There's love on your breath
I'd better not say
About the blood on your hands

You hold the future in your hands
And sullen eyes soothe and command
A graceful mouth your deadly tool
Too bad the truth has fallen through

There's love on your breath
I'd better not say
About the blood on your hands

The incarnation of a Christ
Manipulation

There's love on your breath
I'd better not say
About the blood on your hands

The cross on your head
What does that say
About the blood on your hands