

Voxtro, Kid Gloves

Listen to the sounds, they're ringing out around you
These are the cries of the dying breed
Politics of hate you'd never get around to
Blood over brains that we never need
I saw you in the back, studied and relaxed
Fixed in the pose like a silent stone
Serenity intact, it's the feeling that I lack
Life in the floors of a stable home

I can trace you on paper like a sketch of a smell
You're a breath to the runner in contest
In close to the nerve, but you rest so far away
And I have to give it up someday

Every time I close my eyes, I see you in front of me
Pretending in a love like this
I have no choice but to put you in back of me
Don't cover my footsteps
Dead weight all right, I know you're no good for me
Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous leader
You're dead weight all right, that's fine
You get your hands off me
You have to touch me with kid gloves
You have to touch me with kid gloves

Buy me to the wind, you talk me out of standstill
I never felt so alive at once
Finger to the quick, yes I can feel your hand still
Pressed to the drain of the common months

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a miserable fuck
Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a tireless bore
Cheer me up, cheer me, I'm invisibly stuck all in myself
Yes I'm a vanity whore

Because it's race and it's power at the center of life
We are blind to the people who need us
But you're the kind of person who could understand that fault
And I hope to measure you someday

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When you compromise yourself like that
It's dedication
So even on friendship

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Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous leader

Dead weight all right, that's fine, you get your hands off me
You have to touch me with kid gloves
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