

Cursive, Dedication To Desertion

Sweating with confidence
They're soiling our egos
And we're locked at the hip
Don't cut the cord too short

You've cut yourself off
I thought we agreed
No limb should be left
So severed and bleeding
What are you missing?
What are you missing?

A truth so disabling
Might blind my starving eyes
But weren't we locked at the hip?
You've cut the cord so short
What are you missing?
What are you missing?

You've cut yourself off
I thought we agreed
But some doctrines of faith
Can be so misleading

So what are you missing?
What are you missing?