

# 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?