Emarosa, Just Another Marionette

The fear sets in, of knowing how short our time is
The shortness of stride, not a single excuse to prove that we were meant for this

Everything starts to spin all at once

If you hear something strange in my voice oh it's conviction
Detest my words they have no I'll meaning

Run your fingers back and forth over this sheet of paper

(Muffled voices)
So where's the heart?
It's not coming through!
Who is this for?
So where's the heart?

If you hear something strange in my voice oh it's conviction
Detest my words they have no I'll meaning

We're caught between the storms that never mattered

Oh dear puppet wake up and cut the strings before the next show
I believe that this is in your blood, by all means take your place, take your place

Put yourself into this letter
We've all had it alright
We dropped the ball.