

Finger Eleven, Swallowtail

Let me in
And let me go
Tell me that
I need to know

Swallow the key swallow the key
You feel compelled but its far too late
to try and tell me now
So I'll try to suck it out
Open mouth feels warm
Secrets swollen so sore

We all know and we can't ask why
You turned into an ugly butterfly
That shape of you
Closes in and forms a shade of grey
Hanging over hanging me

Sorry you're gone
The voices they left me thinking
The words that I've forgotten now
Try to come but can't come out