

Flyleaf, The kind

Its like being in love you rob your own mind and defile your bed
You ignore the fate of the players who both end up dead
And you pretend for us and you pretend for them
This fairytale will make them jealous of you

But its not the kind that you talked about
And its just the kind that rips the clothing off your mind

She is feeding you and you lie with her
And for the first time your right arm becomes useful
As you sin with it you wanna cut it off but instead you thank god for all of the wrong you do.

But its not the kind that you talked about
And its just the kind that rips the clothing off your mind

She is feeding you and you lie with her
And for the first time your right arm becomes useful
As you sin with it you wanna cut it off but instead you thank god for all of the wrong you do.

You cut the cord today with God's hand to hold yours steady
He waits for you to apply the pressure
The warmth of His breath wrapped in His words
As He repeats His Truth after Truth after Truth after Truth
And its just the kind the kind you talked about and its just the kind
That clothes your mind with Christ
He is feeding you and you know the truth and I pray this is the last song I will sing to you
I'm sorry Father, I'm sorry sister, I'm sorry brother, I'm sorry everybody.