

# Institute, Bullet-Proof Skin

Cool to disappear but  
I missed you most days  
An army of tattooed angels  
Have brought me back today

I'm a waster boy  
anti-masterplan  
Been stuck inside this lonely room again  
You get paranoid  
see vultures circling  
one slip then down comes the final curtain  
Until, you come, into your soul again  
We'll be the worst of best friends  
Doesn't feel like Christmas in Hollywood  
Doesn't feel like we're ever going to make it home

Burn, baby burn  
Strung out on a wire  
Heart in a cage  
You're so full of desire  
You need, fast hands  
To deal with all the liars  
So don't burn baby burn baby burn

It's a waste of joy  
I can hardly stand  
Been looking for the ramp for my escape  
I love animals, so close to perfect  
They're the only ones who seem to know their heart  
Doesn't feel like Christmas in Hollywood  
Doesn't feel like we could ever come undone

Burn, baby burn  
Strung out on a wire  
Heart in a cage  
You're so full of desire  
You need, fast hands  
To deal with all the liars  
Bullet-proof skin to keep you alive  
Burn, baby burn  
Strung out on a wire  
So don't burn baby burn baby burn

I can't hold you, I can't hold you, I can't hold you  
To lose you is to never love again  
To lose you is to never love again  
To lose you is to never love again  
To lose you...

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I can't hold you, I can't hold you  
I can't hold you, I can't hold you