

# Linoleum, Restriction

Why can't you see those hands are cold are grey  
When her imperfections hide away  
And in the half-light you can  
Barely see that face  
Maybe it's better that way

As you fall into waiting arms  
That loosen their embrace  
Finding comfort in restriction  
Eternally replace

Why don't you know what's going on here  
The same things happen every few years

As you fall into waiting arms  
That loosen their embrace  
Finding comfort in restriction  
Eternally replace

Why can't you see those hands are cold and grey  
Their imperfections hide away  
At times you realize you  
Barely knew that name  
Maybe it's better that way

As you fall into waiting arms  
That loosen their embrace  
Finding comfort in restriction  
Eternally replace