

# Lior, The Art Of Cruelty

Well i don't want to be somebody's keeping  
No i don't even want to hesitate  
Yeah, it's warm in your sun  
But comfort is as cruel as a gun  
And i can't reveal what's in my safe  
Cuz that would be the end of me  
Made up my mind gonna push on alone  
But my love for you has a will of it's own

Ooh, and how does the pressure ever ease  
Will the battles ever cease  
Will the battles ever cease  
Ahh and this must be hard to understand  
For someone so at peace  
For someone so at peace

Caught between the silence and the storm  
Every day a new religion born  
Oh, my life is a halfway house  
And i'm in doubt of ever getting out

Ooh, and how does the pressure ever ease  
Will the battles ever cease  
Will the battles ever cease  
Ahh and this must be hard to understand  
For someone so at peace  
For someone so at peace

Said i don't want to be somebody's keeping  
But my love for you has a will of it's own