

Sullivan, Ten Ways To Impress

I'll have you know what's done,
has turned this boy into stone.
Captures the light in thieves,
and underneath your sleeves.

She's telling lies, she speaks in tongue again.
I'm breaking bread at your communion
and it tastes like sweet revenge.
I'll hold my breath, until the story ends,
I'd wait for you, until you told me when. when?

My heart for your soul leaves nothing to offer.
What's left of this hole, keeps falling short.
My heart for your soul, its all falling short.
How dare you treat this the same way.

The hand that meets you, is the hand that leads you.
Do the wings that try become the wings that fly?
Last night I wrote you a letter and it changed the world.
Last night I wrote you a letter and it changed the world.

My heart for your soul leaves nothing to offer.
What's left of this hole, keeps falling short.
My heart for your soul, its all falling short.
I dare you treat this the same way.
Lavish homes for vanished hearts.

There's something I need to get off my chest.
There's something I need to get off my chest.
There's something I need to get off my chest.
There's something I need to get off my chest.

Hold on, until you're out of breath.
Hold on, until there's nothing left.
Last night I wrote you a letter and it changed the world.