

The Rapture, I Need Your Love

Visions of you or pictures in tabloids
I've seen no way out since I was a boy
Hold on to something that I know is near
Feeling much closer to holding my tears

Banter that shoots me through cannons and spillways
Forests and nights as I walk through these hallways
Kaleidoscopes eyes of killers come near
Feeling less desperate to hold in my fear

I need your love

Visions of you or pictures in tabloids
I've seen no way out since I was a boy
Hold on to something that I know is near
Missing the point as I fall through these years

I need your love
All I want, All I need