

Tweaker, Movement Of Fear

Your eyes flash bright
But no longer have fire
Everywhere you turn
This world is your shadow
With a pretty face
You burn so many eyes

This is the movement of fear?

Weird pop
You can't control
A smashing guy
A sack of gold
Teach me to be happy
Teach me control

This is the movement of fear?
This is the movement of fear?

Loved the stare
That never cracked
Loved the doors
They were never locked
Loved the fools
At your fingertips

This is the movement of fear?
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