

Yvonne, Wires

Stringed up in wires with dry, foaming lips
I wish I could be just like you
You beg and you twist in a selfmoaning way
I wish I could be just like you

My hands act like tools, and my tools come alive
You scream 'cause you want to be me
I laugh in my silence and cry for your pain
The mask hides the way that I feel

Catch with me

You flatter yourself on the tip of my tongue
I wish I could be just like you
Infected again by the love that I waste
I wish I could be just like you

I read to you slowly the rules I've made
You scream 'cause you want to be me
I laugh in my silence and cry for your pain
The mask hides the way that I feel

Catch with me