

Vertigo Cave

The Used

The comfort of the shadow dance
With a purpose, so demeaning
When the chains feel like a little kiss
And we stop and click on the execution

Why we ever ask for something
I'm preface, like the preformation
We really only beg for nothing
Get a bad taste in my mouth

Shadow'd reflections tossed from the flames
Is all I know
I am the cave you allowed me to be
With vertigo, with vertigo

When the fetter kisses back
In the back seat
Push it dry till it bleeds
With a purpose just to get it in
And the bodies rot
Like the revolution

Why we ever ask for something
We're the sickness, intimate contagion
We really only beg for nothing
Get a bad taste in my mouth

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Is all I know
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