

Holding on the Hell

Gin Wigmore

You're selling broken hearts still I feel, I feel you're moving on

And I can't cope, I feel my body burn
I feel the cold come over you

Move move with me baby

Something in the way there's something in the way that you move
Bullet or crazy

Something in the way there's something in the way that you move

Getting golden, rolling in the hell rolling in the way that we
know give you the time feeling like a holy poser on a wrecking
bell(/ball?)

Heal, I'll heal your broken parts

I want you to love,

I want you to love me well

But I can't give,

I cannot give you all

I cannot give you all. No

Move move with me baby

Something in the way, there's something in the way that you move

Bullet or crazy

Something in the way you're holding on the record of hell

Hell doesn't taste good

Dizzy by the daisies, dizzy by the daisies you know

You're holding my hand out

Something in the way, there's something in the way

All lies sit and die or we wait, indulge in breaking bones

How high is a way to go indulgent,

How high this way to indulge in you more

Oh baby, something in the way, there's something in the way that you move

Oh baby, holding onto hell,

I'm holding onto hell as we go (x4)