

## Limbs

James Marriott

Tell me you're impressed  
And all the promises that I kept  
Left a mark in your head  
That you'll stay with me 'til the end  
I re-arrange all the limbs I have  
Place me in boxes  
Wrap me by hand  
'Til all that is left  
Is but an ache in my chest

I'll let you down  
Any second now  
I'll be your lie  
If you'll be mine

I'd follow your lead  
And replace all I've been  
Become what you need  
A pretty face in your gallery

I'll say too much  
But not quite enough  
I'll be your lie  
If you'll be mine