

Slow Dance

Senses Fail

Ooh if you pull too hard
Then the string will break
And if you leave the slack
Then the string won't hold

So how can we find ourselves?
Trapped in our own private hells
Where we just scream, but no one can hear
X marks the spot where the dig begins
The treasure is found within
The broken hearts that are soaked with fear

Fill the glass to the brim
And it will spill out
And keep on sharpening the knife
And then it will, it will be so blunt

So how can we find ourselves?
Trapped in our own private hells
Where we just scream, but no one can hear
X marks the spot where the dig begins
The treasure is found within
The broken hearts that are soaked with fear

(To be at one with all your life)
So how can we find ourselves?
Trapped in our own private hells
Where we just scream but no one can hear

(So how can we find ourselves?)
To be, at one, with all your life
(Trapped in our own private hells)
(Where we just scream, but no one can hear)
And do, without doing a thing
(X marks the spot where the dig begins)
(The treasure is found within)
(The broken hearts that are soaked with fear)
Don't try too hard to understand
Or you'll miss the, miss the point at hand