

We Are Bound

Switchfoot

A slip of a tongue and fist
A slight of a hand like this
Touch of the fingertips
Ghost of a note we skipped

We are bound
We are falling through you
We are bound
We are falling through

Moment of bitter bliss
Licking our Judas lips
Throwing the timeless fit
With tongues of a fire we'd lit

We are bound
We are falling through you
We are bound
We are falling through

We follow sons amiss
The sons of the counterfeits
The devil has called me from inside

We are bound
We are falling through

Counterfeit sons
Counterfeit sons
Counterfeit sons