

Cut Your Face

The Joy Formidable

Bake this dream
So dry
Cloudless and stolen
The fingers of the ocean
And cares, which cairns, post cares so high
I'll be back soon
This journey won't cool

You cut your face
They'll never quite see you
It's a gameshow baby
The moonlight has your thoughts and the daybreak
Wants your body
Everyone's a little lost in the mirror and hungry
Our stitches they fell off
But you always held me

Brush this dream into my hair
Let heads hang in heaven again
Oh run with the baritone girl
She's restless but she doesn't know better

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What did I miss

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What did I miss
The voice that holds me together