

Another Spiral

The Temperance Movement

Gentle is the love I breathe for you
Tiny whispers on your eyes
Now I'm hoping and I'm open to anything

And when you fall into another spiral going under
Hold on

Precious is the kiss of innocence
In the shadows of your mind
When you're haunted
And unwanted images terrify

And when you fall into another spiral going under
Hold on
And when you fall into another spiral going under
Hold on

Into my arms, run into my arms
You were made for it, you were made for it
Into my arms, run into my arms
You were made for it, you were made for it

And when you fall into another spiral going under
Hold on
And when you fall into another spiral going under
Hold on