

## String

Tunng

Hang my eyes up on a hook, swells of panic I can't look.  
Inside my own skin, I fail to find myself again.  
Million faces, look the same, their replies evaporate  
There's no soul behind these eyes, they can't glue me  
back again.  
Ghosts drop hints, whisper things, blood and bone and  
bits of string.

Family portrait on the wall, quiet confusion circle this  
I can feel my mothers hand, but I can't find her face to  
kiss  
Theres no soul behind these eyes, they can't glue me back  
again  
Someones locked inside of books, nothing here except the  
clock  
Ghosts drop hints, whisper things, blood and bone and  
bits of string.