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.

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