Underneath

Warpaint

Words sound nice tonight
Falling off your tongue
Tastes like cinnamon
Promises of another life
Dreams of sugar and spice

Falling off your tongue
Tastes like cinnamon
What will be will be
Comes from underneath

Underneath, I've got my feet on fire
Underneath, I want to scream out loud
What will save me
Comes from underneath

Words sound cold tonight
Falling off your tongue
Tasted cinnamon
Passion lives restless inside
Promises of another kind

Falling off your tongue
Wasted cinnamon
What will be will be
We can't seem to be

Underneath, I've got my feet on fire
Underneath, I want to scream out loud
What will save me
Comes from underneath

Follow me underneath
Follow me underneath
Follow me underneath

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