

Shape

Yoke Lore

The world won't wait for you
So run and leave 'em in the dust
Run and leave 'em in the dust
Teach me how to bloom
Show me what a flower does
I'll trade you for little blood

Show me how to take shape
Show me how to take shape

Hold me with both hands
Fix me and make it easy
Hold me like only you can
And tell me the chaos of making myself is all part of the plan

I dance to the soft lies you tell me
Rock my hungry body
Show me the shape of your aching and we'll suffer in rhythm

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Hold me like only you can
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