

# 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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