

Cheekbone

Glasshouse

You won't know when they're gone
You merely lust at the thought
Of the perfect moment to use
Oh, you're perfect the part
That is, breaking their hearts You've broken their hearts again
And there will be a last time
How many more chances do you think you have? But my hands are red too,
Red from all the regret shed
By my lack of heart to rebuke You will be shocked when you lose it all,
But you've wasted your time
Proving your words and your anger infallible The clock is ticking
You show no love
Your mistakes can't be healed
By this mistrust
But it's what you say you want
Your compassion hits
When our knees hit the ground
But you are not a god
And you don't seem to know you're not
No, you're not You show no love Where is your passion?
It's dead and hollow. And none of this pain will be healed
By your sick sense of liar's remorse
Where is your passion?
It's dead and hollow
Dead and hollow
There is good in you
And though there may be days
When I can't bring it out in you It's no excuse,
No excuse for a man to abuse You show no love
Your mistakes can't be healed
By this mistrust
But it's what you say you want
Your compassion hits
When our knees hit the ground,
But you are not a god
And you don't seem to know you're not
No, you're not Is it really worth the risk
Of every good thing you ever had?
Walking away to prove you are not a god You are not a god at all
Oh, you're just a fraud,
Just a fraud with a license to lie,
License to lie You show no love

Your mistakes can't be healed
By this mistrust
But it's what you say you want
Your compassion hits
When our knees hit the ground,
But you are not a god
And you don't seem to know you're not
No, you're not

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