

4 Walls, 1 Window

Twisted Halo
Round my shoulders
too hard to move, too hard to stand at all
Disarm the angels
Nail in the coffin
Straws spill over, Im hit, too bad, Im gone

Chorus:
Its like the walls are closing in
Just look at the shape we're in
I say Im fine but you'll never know
My brains on overload

I never found a reason
reason to stay this long

Chorus

Bridge:

We should have known this
right from the start we could see
a hole in the bottom now
sometimes the rain comes
watch as the pain loves to drag us
down through the bottle now
Sometimes I feel its all too much and I can go anywhere but down
So walk on
Im gone
Go home.....

Chorus