

The Last Supper

Hooverphonic

Park gull makes you even more beautiful
As if you were created by gaudi the master himself
'caus you consist of shattered thoughts
They never seem to bore even if they to turn you into hell
This last supper makes you even more beautiful
As if you were created by the master himself
'caus you consist of imploding energy
Let me save you from your unbearable hell
Hell, hell, hell
From your hell
We can't hide from our destiny
This chain is like an inherited spell
That consumes all my precious energy
That pulls me through where ever you fell
Fell, fell, fell, fell
You just fell

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