Here, Nearby

Grey Daze

Melted candles on the window sill
Perfume in the haze
Ashtrays spread across the floor
On a normal day
We lay out across the bed
Just like we always did
And in this house
The devil laid his hand on our head
And made them spin,YeahI want to be your man
If you think I care
I want to be your man
Your man, lordNo more defenses
Like no more peace of mind
Keeping in these knives stabbing
Spilling out your blood to me
Man,Yeah

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