

# Mourn

## Down

MournHotel room of doom  
I can't find a clue  
Confusion broken hearted woeSheets and pillows soaked  
My telephone seems broken  
I'm calling crucified  
Blacklisted no replyBe my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn  
Adopted son doth mournSermon served in praise  
In a sacred empty space  
Pit no ones sorrow against your ownSeven days in vain  
The last three spent inflamed  
I stand crucified  
As they're stricken blindBe my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart  
Missing the lone state home  
My blood runs cold, I mournStole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn  
Mourn, yeah, yeahBe my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart  
Missing the lone state home  
My blood runs cold, I mournStole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn

Lyrics provided by

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