NJ Falls Into The Atlantic

Senses Fail

It's 4 am and we will stalk again
The princess and your better queen.
On the fourth day of july
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.So speak your mind.
(Don't folow, with your foot)
All this pain here.
(All comes from, your trial)
I won't listen.
(Your memory, is bleeding)
My lies are faced with blue.Coming straight from off the wires
Southern face and drunken father
Crying as she's carving in her fleshIt's 4 am and we will stalk again
The princess and your better queen.
On the fourth day of july
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.This falls on
(All palm trees, and trash heaps)
This burning bed
(Where my eyes, will not sleep)
Watching romance from a far,
See bleeding from the glass on my feet
Learning I love the smell of flesh.It's 4 am and we will stalk again
The princess and your better queen.
On the fourth day of july
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.An angel, on his two knees.
Arms stretched, toward a red sea
Of violence, and assultry done.
The scenic, view of carnage
Caused by, the sore in his hands
The beauty resonates in birth.Its plain to see, the wind beneath the trees.
Flowing free, the summer breeze is sweet.
But in this place, I'm choked by my own air.
I love the taste, of your blackened lips.It's 4 am and we will stalk again
The princess and your better queen.
On the fourth day of july
Deep in summer's eye,

Naked like the truth should always be.

Songwriters
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