Evangelist

Extreme

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door
Oh I hope I won't see you anymoreOh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that you're restrained by devout belief that ruins your life
I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore youThere's a white, light glimmer in my eye
And the light is refracting in my sight
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door
I hope I don't see you anymoreCause I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your life
I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore youIs it strange to believe that the lukewarm pollution has seen revolution
Hard to reside with the fires still alive and the spirits need reviving
Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous times
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in timeAnd I won't, I won't listen to ya,
won't ya blow right past my door?
And I won't, I won't listen to ya,
blank the screen or I'll try to ignore ya.
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, won't ya blow right past my door? And I won't, I won't listen to ya, I won't listen to ya anymore.
And I won't, I won't listen to ya,
Won't ya blow right past my door?
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore ya

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