

Of All the Things You've Done Wrong

Neverending White Lights

Whatcha gonna tell my daughter when my body comes home
Whatcha gonna tell her mother, her father was full grown
He's been out slaughtering babies in someone else's daydream
If god is on my side
Then god is on your side
I murder you murder me matter of personal pride
If god is on your side
He must be mistaken
He must have forsaken thee
Cause he watches you suffer believe
He watches you grieve
He sends his assassins
They'll get you when your sleeping, weeping

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