

Patriarch (Demo)

Delta Spirit

As the chill finally hit your skin
Your accomplice turned you in
Juliet you had your reasons
Migraine hallucinations Had no way to define
The start and the stop of your freudian mind
I believed you when you said god told you what to do
But the god inside your head was wrong Fell in to a passionate clique
Only way to truth is isolation
Patriarch, patriarch tell me what to do
Patriarch, I must follow through Oh, the light
Shaking on the floor
Speaking tongues of angels
Surely I must be in the right
Oh, this tempest loves to fight

Songwriters

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JAMESON Published by
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