

Evangelist

Deadbit

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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