Drawing the Devil

Drop Dead GorgeousÂ£Â¨Ã•Ã´Ã—Â¡Ã•Ã„Â¼Â¾ÂµÃ„Â·Ã§Â°

...And the devil's own hand was knotted by the pastor,
And we dared to admit, her weakness was laughter.
And the scared victim begged for her life.
We watched it end."Did you miss me? You're shaking...
And I'm not the one who left you in the cellar all bothered.
It's me, it's not your father.
I'm here to take you away.
Give me your hand, spare your life."She's breaking out, and they're all laughing now.
Behind your devilish figure, behold the smoking gun....And the devil's own hand was knotted by the pastor,
And we dared to admit, her weakness was laughter.
And the scared victim begged for her life.
We watched it end.These daggers mean nothing in the context you use them in.
And we believe in nothing unless there's proof of it.You seek out those who forgive.
You seek out those who forgive.
You seek out those who forgive.
YouI met you at the altar and your lips tasted different.
Then placed my ring upon your hand and knew we'd die together.
And now, I'll call you my wife.
Give me your heart.
I'll grow it into size.You're dancing around yourself
You're dancing around yourself
Dancing around yourself
Dancing around yourself
Dancing around
Dancing around
Dancing around
Dancing around
Around
Around
Around
Around

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