

Antichrist

Irikarah

Well i swear there's a ghost on this Island
His hands, all covered in blood
My wife enquired of understanding
But of course my dear, you can't
She said 'How can I relate to somebody who doesn't speak? I feel like I'm just treading water.
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you? Well he comes and he goes, so capricious. And his work appears so rushed.
Well i love the house that we live in. I love you all too much
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you? Well criminals and liars - keep him in your cell as a privilege of mine.
Well i love the house that we live in. I love you all too much The blood is on your tongue as well as your hands.
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Archaic and content you just wash them off
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