We're Talking About Practice (Post-Hardcore.RU)

Chiodos

Turn off the lights, and turn me on
She is a dead ringer, for all of these dead singers
Advocate the devil in me
Run it dry, until I'm ready to goIt's a frenzy, it's a feeding.
Rags to riches. Entertaining.I'm still searching in my sheets for you
I'm gonna get you too.
I'm still looking.
As I sing out for you.
You're surrounded.
Hiding in those pretty people.I got hungry, so I ate the hand after I ate everything it had been feeding me.
I'm so over the top, of her dead body.
I'm so perfect, I know I wanna make you practice.
You all look the same, catch me spitting on your image.It's a frenzy, it's a feeding.
Rags to riches. Entertaining.I'm still searching in my sheets for you
I'm gonna get you too.
I'm still looking.
As I sing out for you.
You're surrounded.
Hiding in those pretty people.I can take you. I can make you perfect.
Just the way I want you to be.
On the screen for all the world to see
I'm never gonna let you go
I'm never gonna let you goI'm still searching in my sheets for you
I'm gonna get you too.
I'm still looking.
As I sing out for you.
You're surrounded.
Hiding in those pretty people.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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