

Robe For Juda

The Wytches

The putrid tongue said who's in front
Is cheap and bound to die
Like any man will hold your hand
And spit then put them together I want to be there
I want to see it
Oh what do you wear
But the Robe for Juda? When I search for her
I hold her out
Until we're above a fire
When I search for her
I hold her out
Until we're above a fire The haze a steam, a lucid dream
Of minds that were starved of ideas
Then spat me out some dirty mouth
With words that bought us together And I want to be there
When you came just to leave her
Oh what did you wear
But the Robe for Juda When I search for her
I hold her out
Until we're above a fire When I search for her
I hold her out
Until we're above a fire
When I search for her,
When I search for her,
When I search for her,
When I search for her...

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

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