

Black Sap Scriptures

Plague Vendor

In down deep, to the gravel I'll speak
Of all the things we've done
How we men live, and how we made them bleed
And the clouds blacked out the sun
But as the moon bled by, and the castle bled the trees
Saw the reading in the black sand, begging us to leave
I've been livin' by myself for centuries
Never did stop the pain, what did I do to me?
Bam babababab bab bab bababab bab a
Sever my limbs and give me eight eyes
Bam babababab bab bab bababab bab a
In down deep, to the gravel I'll speak
Of all the things we've done
How we men live, and how we made them bleed
And the clouds blacked out the sun

Songwriters

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