

Twenty Seven

Ms Mr

Staring at a wall for most of the day
Face down in ceilings
Couldn't pull away
Pray for me my soul does take
As i slip away and go insane
Don't build for me
An empty grave Don't need
The promise of heaven
Just faith I'll pass twenty seven
Borken at the source
Let me be your singing corpse
Singing corpse I have this dream
Where I cut out my tongue
So I can't make promises
That can never be done
Brittle strands become threads
Breaking fast as the dead spreads Don't need
The promise of heaven
Just faith I'll pass twenty seven
Borken at the source
Let me be your singing corpse
Singing corpse Don't need
The promise of heaven
Just faith I'll pass twenty seven
Borken at the source
Let me be your singing corpse
Singing corpse Don't need
The promise of heaven
Just faith I'll pass twenty seven
Borken at the source
Let me be your singing corpse
Singing corpse

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