

Mourn

Down

MournHotel room of doom
I can't find a clue
Confusion broken hearted woeSheets and pillows soaked
My telephone seems broken
I'm calling crucified
Blacklisted no replyBe my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn
Adopted son doth mournSermon served in praise
In a sacred empty space
Pit no ones sorrow against your ownSeven days in vain
The last three spent inflamed
I stand crucified
As they're stricken blindBe my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart
Missing the lone state home
My blood runs cold, I mournStole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn
Mourn, yeah, yeahBe my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyesStole my sight but not my heart
Missing the lone state home
My blood runs cold, I mournStole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn

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