NJ Falls into the Atlantic

Senses Fail

It's 4 A.M. and we will stalk again
The princess and her bitter queen.
On the fourth day of July
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.So speak your mind.
(Don't follow, with your foot)
All this pain here.
(All comes from, your dry lung)
I won't listen.
(Your rhetoric is fleeting)
My lies are fixed with glue.Coming straight from off the waters
Sunburned face and drunken father
Crying as she's carving at her flesh
It's 4 A.M. and we will stalk again
the princess and her bitter queen.
On the fourth day of July
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.This falls on
(of palm trees, and trash heaps)
This burning bed
(Where my ghost, will now sleep)
Watching romance from a far seat,
bleeding from the glass on my feetLearning that I love the smell of flesh.It's 4 A.M. and we will stalk again
The princess and her bitter queen.
On the fourth day of July
Deep in summer's eye,
Naked like the truth should always be.
An angel, on his two knees.
Arms stretched, toward a red sea
of violence, and a sultry tongue.
The scenic, view of carnage
cut by, the sword in his hands
The beauty resonates in birth.It's plain to see, the wind beneath the trees.
Flowing free, the summer breeze is sweet.
But in this place, i'm choked by my own air.
I love the taste, of your blackened lips.It's 4 A.M. and we will stalk again
The princess and her bitter queen.
On the fourth day of July
Deep in summer's eye,

Naked like the truth should always be

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

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