Soothsayer

Brodequin

My love becomes a mange
Dyeing autumn in its leaves
When it broke me in the branch
Where my antlers come to feed
And I swam a hundred days
In the bosom of this filth
Carry on this drought
As I tighten my belt

This deceit has no arms
Bended will, take what's yours

[Chorus]
Calling me she's calling me
This it may have come to falter
We have become these pleads

In a field of balding marble
Where the medicine awaits
The hourglass pokes at
The ribs of my cage
At half rations I'm finished
At half rations the minutes
All that happens was given
Coil and embrace

This deceit has no arms
Bended will, take what's yours

[Chorus]

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written by BIXLER, CEDRIC/RODRIGUEZ, OMAR
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