

Judas

Apey & The Pea

Call my name through skies I don't own
Leave the time from the cold its so old
Speak the side, rot it time, I don't owe
Your the fire from their bones• said the grown

I don't find them wrong..
I define your cold..

Call the snake from the sky out of lone
Sleep the tide from the grown, in denial
Seek the truth, rot in time, I don't know
Your time has become your own grail•

I don't find them wrong..
I define your cold..
"I define them wrong"
"I define your cold"

Lyrics submitted by apeyamigo.

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