

Thousand Mile Trench

d'Eon

If I could execute a thousand men
If I could give a thousand years
If I could make some? Sand at least
Maybe if I took a thousand pills
If I fucked a thousand girls
If I cheat the lost God
Maybe I could read your mind You are so damn. I don't, I can't
I don't know what to say
Why don't we... damn, how do I say this
What am I allowed to say
I think you are, how do I put this
I don't know how to say
I think, I damn, I don't, fuck it
What am I suppose to say
What if I died a thousand times
And served a thousand afterlives in hell
What if I dug a thousand mile trench
And let a thousand rats eat my limbs
If I could see through every wall
If I could fast a thousand days
Maybe if I cheat the last God
Maybe I could read your mind You are so damn. I don't, I can't
I don't know what to say
Why don't we... damn, how do I say this
What am I allowed to say
I think you... are, how do I put this
I don't know how to say
I think I, damn, I don't, fuck it
What am I suppose to say
You are so damn
Why don't we
How do I say this
I think you
I think I, damn
Fuck it You are so damn. I don't, I can't
I don't know what to say
Why don't we... damn, how do I say this
What am I allowed to say
I think you... are, how do I put this

I don't know how to say
I think I, damn, I don't, fuck it
What am I suppose to say
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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