

Braile

Bring Me the Horizon

It's 3:18, mouth tastes like the corpse of every pregnant teen,
The minutes are hours, the hours are days,
I feel infected by your presence, you speak in tongues,
I smell the lies dancing on your blackened lungs, I whispered in her ear:
Fear me dear, for I am Death,
I'll take your hope, your dreams, your love,
Till there's nothing left I whispered in her ear:
You better fear me dear, for I am Death,
And I'll take that shit you call a life,
In a single fucking breath I'll take your hope,
I'll take your fucking dreams,
I'll take your love,
I'll take everything you fucking bitch, I'll steal the diamonds from your eyes,
I'll turn your promises into lies,
I'll steal the diamonds from your eyes,
I'll turn your promises into lies, It's 3:18, mouth tastes like the corpse of every pregnant teen,
The hours are days, the days are dead,
I feel infected by your presence, you speak in tongues,
I smell the lies dancing on your blackened lungs, I hear the fear in your voice, but you shouldn't feel a thing,
Your life's already worse than any pain that I could bring,
That I could bring,
That I could bring, I could make it December every day,
But you're so blind, it may as well be May, And I whispered in her ear:
You better fear me dear, for this is Death
And I whispered in her ear:
Fear me, 'cause I am Death One more time, I whispered in her ear:
Fear me dear, for I am Death,
I'll take everything you ever loved I whispered in her ear:
You better fear me, for I am Death.
For I am Death.
For I am Death Bitch

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

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