

Demon Limbs (Acoustic)

PVRIS

Oh I know, I can feel the shifting in my bones,
Enclosed are senses so unknown,
I've been changing, falling, fading,
There's demons at the door patiently waiting. But I wasn't
composed of broken bones or demon limbs.
So please watch over me,
and be the light to carry me. Please be the light,
Please be the light that carries me. I can feel it being torn from my, my hands, my innocence,
This change is all so permanent.
Can't you see the change in me?
I said "it's all so permanent",
There's no placement,
Nor arrangement of words that I could say,
To keep these changes away. But I wasn't,
composed of broken bones or demon limbs.
So please watch over me,
and be the light to carry me. Please be the light,
Please be the light that carries me. This world is a masterpiece,
A canvas sheet accountable for such losses,
Shout out to the artist who took his heart and his soul,
And lost them both in the process. If it gets hold of me,
Please be the saint to save me.
So please watch over me,
and be the light to carry me.

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