Knives

Jen Kirkman

Counting sheep's never reach
Sound asleep fantasies
Suck me dry
Insomnia
Settle in sedatives
Silence these sirens
I am uncomfortably numb
Requiems serenade
Chariots carrying
All who fall from grace
Hang hallowed halos
Where shallow graves grow
Too old to die young
So dammed hard to find serenity
Never fret why the dead don?t fly
Now mature into obscurity
Severing sanity
Pay the price
With the souls of the innocent
With the blood of another limb
Paralyzed
By the sins of a guilty man
Dirty hands playing God again
Bible bruised black and blue
Karma comes over due
Conscience now constantly runs
Counting sheep's never reach
Sound asleep fantasies
Suck me dry
Insomnia

Settle in sedatives
Silence these sirens
I am uncomfortably numb
So dammed hard to find serenity
Never fret why the dead don?t fly
Now mature into obscurity
Severing sanity
Pay the price

With the souls of the innocent
With the blood of another lamb
Paralyzed
By the sins of a guilty man
Dirty hands playing God again
Come why keep killing time?
Cutting like knives, you're cutting like knives
Wake up, wake up, wake up dead fly
Wake up, wake up, wake up dead fly
Wake up, wake up, wake up dead fly
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up dead fly
Wake up, wake up, wake up dead fly
Dead fly
Pay the price
With the souls of the innocent
With the blood of another lamb
Paralyzed
By the sins of a guilty man
Dirty hands playing God again
Come why keep killing time?
Cutting like knives, you're cutting like knives

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