

# Evangelist

## Atrocity

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine  
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine  
    Oh I hope I see you passing by my door  
Oh I hope I won't see you anymoreOh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
    It seems that you're restrained by devout belief that ruins your life  
    I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore youThere's a white, light glimmer in my eye  
    And the light is refracting in my sight  
    Oh I hope I see you passing by my door  
I hope I don't see you anymoreCause I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
    It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your life  
    I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore youIs it strange to believe that the lukewarm  
    pollution has seen revolution  
    Hard to reside with the fires still alive and the spirits need reviving  
    Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous times  
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in timeAnd I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
    won't ya blow right past my door?  
    And I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
    blank the screen or I'll try to ignore ya.  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, won't ya blow right past my door? And I won't, I won't listen to ya, I won't  
    listen to ya anymore.  
    And I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
    Won't ya blow right past my door?  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore ya

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