

Set in Stone

Obituary

They're alive, die as I space you. That's where I seize the spell.
The devil loves the pain. Encircle victims, breath the pain.
Buried fears, weak the soul. No more to you, now you're set in stone.
Bowling at your feeds and thoughts. Cold winter freezing
solid, with your fights falling when. He hears voices say, "Tall toys gone."
Fell aside with heaps of fear. Dreaded calls springs in year. One attacks
himself from them. Feel your own spirit, a spirit say Say, "Timeout in your
life." What's wrong? You're wrong. We're set in stone. We're set in stone Strike of thirst in hell it's sought.
By devil night we bought.
Heaps of pain, tools of war.
Towards my painful ever sore. Set in stone.
We're set in stone

Songwriters

PERES, TREVOR LEON / TARDY, DONALD WILLIAM / TARDY, JOHN RUSSELL / WATKINS,
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