

Slave to the Take in Your Heaven

When Saints Go Machine

Hurricane hit
Some words add to truth some don't
Ran out for smoke mid fire
Habits die hard Happy you came
Now I'm a constant wait
Happy you came
Four walls a constant wake Why should I listen
Names on shuttles in space
Dead end streets I pave
No wider than what's missing
On dog's fours you listen
Slave to take in your heaven
Slave to take in your heaven
Shot through eight and I shot through ten
I don't mind the
Mystic sea or myth in me
I'm in love Shot through eight and I shot through ten
Doubled time I'm
Shocked by your moves
And make pretend
I'm in love No screams could make it end
I could
Could have been glowing from the
Additives in the drinks
Or noon woods Happy you came
I was about to lose it all
Why should I listen for
Names on shuttles in space
Dead end streets I pave
No wider than what's missing
On dog's fours you listen
Slave to take in your heaven
Slave to take in your heaven Shot through eight and I shot through ten
I don't mind the
Mystic sea or myth in me
I'm in love Shot through eight and I shot through ten
Doubled time I'm
Shocked by your moves
And make pretend

I'm in loveMouth never speaks of summer
Home feels like the road still
Bent palm trees
Won't part a leaf
Storm up ahead stillI meet people
These strangers tell me
I'm not straight
In bars they tell me I'm hate
In bars I'm with fate
Tell them I'm with fateI meet people
These strangers tell me
I'm not straight
In bars they tell me I'm hate
In the some bars I tell them
I'm with fateMe
I'm with fate

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

Lyrics provided by

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