Sell Your Soul

Grammatrain

Sunsets fade to night and flowers die away, the world is turning 'round and you are turning grey, money burns a hole inside the wealthy's heads. why do you insist pretending you're not dead? :chorus: Sell your soul, sell your soul for Sell your soul, sell your soul for free. Bottles always empty, leaves their prey alone. lovers often leave you waiting by the phone. nothing seems to satisfy the need for peace. Jesus stands before you wanting you to see.

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