

Precious Death

"No Can Do"

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I feel the winds of change, more than
meets the eye. I got fire on this face, oh
Lord, no can do
Here we are, again, myriads of temptation
and then, now the beast, let us fight, senses
dull I do this every night. Pot of gold. If I
fall, then you'd come again to take my all,
so I say, baby no way
Pushing, pulling me, take me to the
edge insanity, now this beast, will I fight,
can't tell right from wrong from black from
white, pot of gold, if I fall, so you come
again to take my all, so I say, baby, no way

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