

Merchant Copy

"Avenue Of Owls"

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We're not allowed to feel anything
anymore of our problems swept off the floor.
Under the rug, we'll find the monsters
keeping me up at night for what occurs.

Nightmares and dreams crash and burst.
The monster's body carried in a hearse.
Circle the dream to halo the nightmare.
This is how we always end our verse.

Around this time tomorrow
we'll see the clock turn back.
Turn around to the avenue of owls.
Nightmares burn and crack.

Painted in red and stained in black.
Teach how to take it back, take it back. Take it back.
Take it back to where we were before,
to where we were before, before your allured.

Around this time tomorrow
we'll see the clock turn back.
Turn around to the avenue of owls.
Nightmares burn and crack.

We're not allowed to feel anything anymore.

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