

## **Panic Division, The**

### **"Sweet Devotion"**

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Healing time, feeling the feeling  
The little thoughts of you hang from the ceiling

And underneath your arms is where I belong  
I want sweet devotion

Now you face your kind, killing the killer  
Oh, you brook the offense, what you've done is forever.

Now you choke on your code of submissions,  
and drown when you shut the fuck up.

I'll be there when you burn.  
All these thoughts as they hang from the ceiling,  
they're not of love.  
It's all I want, sweet devotion.

Push me over the edge

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