

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Swallow People Whole"

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From the manger to the morgue,
Strangers are born and reborn
Giving birth to the wages of sin...
and claiming it came from within

Within me there's a gaping hole
And it seems I'm last to know
And no one, or thing, can fill this empty space
that I've been pacing in

I fell in love with an empty place
But I want change
But I won't change

I can't feel a thing
The pins and needles sing...

"I can say it
but I won't mean a thing
Because I know you'll fall for
Each and every pretty word I sing."

Spirits spin me around once more
Sin if you sing the overture
That lulls me back to sleep
I swear I'm yours to keep
Consumed with consuming
And soon I'll swallow people whole
I'll have back what strangers stole

If I can't find my happiness
I'll soon devour yours
I'll sing your weary head to rest
With my overture
Because I fell in love with that empty place
But I want yours
But I want yours

For it I fell
For it I fell so fast
For it I fell

For it I fell so hard
For it I fell
For it I fell so fast
For it I fell, I fell for it

We lose ourselves once more

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