

Sacred Mother Tongue

"The End"

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The End by Sacred Mother Tongue
One, two, three, four
come on

Life feels like it's folding on you
like the note you put in your pocket
it's like your nuts in the palm of your girlfriends hand
and you knowing that she's going to crush it
you always said you'd be dead forty years to the day.
sowing seeds in your mind
well I cannot sit back, suicide.
no you won't go down this time

In time you'll recognise my gift
to you and you'll see, it can't be beat

Slow suffocating the wall closing in,
though I feel your frustration I won't let you down this
time.
not this time

Not your mind's in a spin like the wind hurricane
suffocating the breath in your lung
beer and narcotics add fuel to the flame
burning inferno tells you your done
in the dark taking your last breath
a rope round your neck holds the fear
the suppression of the years in a pretend existence

In time you'll recognise my gift
to you and you'll see, it can't be beat

Slow suffocating the wall closing in,
though I feel your frustration I won't let you down this
time.
not this time
(x2)

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