

A Place Called Here "The Dawn Of The White Whore"

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It's cold outside of your hometown
The crows are coming for us now
We tried so hard in every way
To settle down and fill our frames

And I won't rest until I find,
These thoughts in which we can combine
Let's just go home

In life and death we chose our side
To bend our halos in these fights
We are at war, we are at war
This is the dawn of The White Whore

And it feels like home is not what it used to be
And it feels like home

Lower your expectations
I'm only here today
I'm only here today
Lover, my feet still hurt
From treading on your chest
From treading on your chest

We bend and we break, bend and we break,
Bend and we bend and we bend and we break

Break!

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