

Bile

"When the Dead Come Home"

Visit "[When the Dead Come Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Interception, contortion, domineering, ignoring,
Cancellation of frustration. far cry from realization,
between suffocation's mind.
Dulling lies, there is no alive, WHEN THE DEAD COME
HOME everyone smiles, when they're dead. Psychology
of fear, the agony
and ecstasy makes death stomp and cheer, it's
taunting me, it's taunting me. Argument, indecision,
false pleasure is all that your
given, it's what you're living. There is no alive, WHEN
THE DEAD COME HOME everyone smiles, when they're
dead. If your fucking
with the demons on the slimy side of town, you've got
to keep low down and try not to make a sound. If they
catch you with a
razor and you're trying to slit your wrists, you'd better
make sure it's worth it before you take on that bitch.
There is no alive,
WHEN THE DEAD COME HOME everyone smiles, when
they're dead. There is no alive, WHEN THE DEAD COME
HOME everyone
smiles, when they're dead. When the dead come
home.

Visit [Bile](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.