

Devil Sold His Soul "Like It's Your Last"

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Bleeding thoughts I once had of you
Might as well not have been formed
Now they burn in an unknown place
I wish that I had said goodbye
Comparisons hold no meaning
So don't even try, I've heard it before

Wasted thoughts time has lost

Something special could grab the air
And pull a cloud over your heart
But it won't
Nothing special will come over you
Will come for you

Something special could grab the air
And pull a cloud over your heart
But it won't
Nothing special will come over you
Will come for you

Don't hold that thought
That single dying breath
It could break the moment in two
Leaving it useless and nothing special
Just broken,
The way things are going
I hope this is possible,
I hope this is possible

Wasted thoughts on time lost to broken moments

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