## Devil Sold His Soul "The Coroner"

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A tear in the shape of a gun with our hands to the sky in the clarity of events I must turn down, break in my eyes

as the ashes lay still, a downpour may pass

and when you think that this might just be the end, the first takeover your ruined lie had nothing to do with our escaping souls and with the said, no one cares, the fires still burn on

you leave me no choice sentiments keep burning one last wish burnt by my trust hold this chance it hurts to see this side of you save yourself your fucking heart expires

one dead wish sentiments keep burning ablaze in my heart again this is our last hope decide your debt for this this is our last hope

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