

Drop Dead, Gorgeous "Drawing The Evil"

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...and the devil's own hand was knotted by the Pastor,
And we dared to admit,
Her weakness was laughter,
And the scared victim begged for her life.
We watched it end.
"Did you miss me? you're shaking...
And I'm not the one who left you in the cellar all
bothered.
It's me, it's not your father.
I'm here to take you away,
Give me your hand,
Spare your life."
She's breaking out,
And their all laughing now.
Behind your devilish figure,
Behold the smoking gun.
These daggers mean nothing in the context you used
them in,
And we believe nothing else unless there's proof it.
You seek out those who forgive.
You seek out those who forgive.
I met you at the altar, and your lips tasted different,
Then place my ring upon your handle and knew we'd
die together.
And now I'll call you wife,
Give me your heart,
I'll grow it into size.
You're dancing around yourself.
Dancing around,
Dancing around,
Dancing around yourself.
Around,
Around,
Around.

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