

Epicure

"Dark Room Candle Burning"

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You made your call and there was no-one home
The operator said you'd be better off alone
You kill the light but the candles stay
Thinking of yesterday

You will go on, tomorrow's just another day
And the blood on your hands will wash away

It might seem like it but I'm not dead
Just routine struck, afraid to leave my bed
Somewhere along the line my halo slipped
What once saved me now chokes me instead

And you will go on, tomorrow's just another day
And the blood on your hands will wash away
It'll wash away, it'll wash away, it'll wash away,
wash me away

And you will go on, tomorrow's just another day
And the blood on your hands will wash away
It'll wash away, it'll wash away, it'll wash away,
wash away

Oh no, it'll wash away, it'll wash away, it'll wash
away, wash me away

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