

## Haste The Day "Porcelain"

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You tried to spit at the sun, put it out like a burning  
ember.  
She has a porcelain soul.  
As you crawl under the moon.  
Make this bed and sleep forever.  
She has a porcelain soul 'cause the life you live is less  
than alive.  
As they scream, "let them burn," you know she'll burn  
at the hands of your kin.  
As they scream, "let them burn," you know you won't  
forgive them  
She crawls through the dirt like a four legged spider.  
He's there laying beside her.  
When the serpents tongue is wrapped around her neck.  
"let them burn,"  
"let them burn,"  
And he knows that she died inside.  
And he knows.  
Open hands hold porcelain souls into the eyes of a  
traitor.  
I still see a believer.  
The witness is here.  
She's a witch and I love her.  
Buy back her soul with the blood of the savior.  
Is it too much to forgive?  
The witness is here.  
Open hands hold porcelain souls.  
She falls to her knees and she begs for forgiveness as  
the Heavens open their gates.  
The wood burns and the fire blazes, but he bought  
back her soul with the blood of the savior

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