

## Holy Mother "Kayla"

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I've got this feeling from the inside out  
Somehow I made it through the rain  
A good and evil battle with my soul  
Now I've been tempted by the pain

I saw you yesterday on deposition lane  
But you had nothing left to say  
My life without you is a future run away  
But nothing still matters, and nothing's the same

Kayla, Kayla, your rotten soul  
Every time I look at you I can't control  
Kayla, Kayla, your eyes can tell  
You left me standing by the wishing well

Another weekend of your lying, your crying  
Your raining on my parade  
And now you're dancing with the ghost in the closet  
You're playing with fire  
Your head's getting higher

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Every time I look at you I can't control  
Kayla, Kayla, your eyes can tell  
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