

Howling Bells

"Black Coffee"

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This once, this once, this once..

Are you going to run from here?
I'm dying to know if she died to me.
Take it back now.
Are you going to run from here?
I'm dying to know if she died to me.

She is not that strange.
She says goodbye some day.

My black coffee fantasy never seems to bother me.
In my mind I'm hoping I'll betray the sinners dance and
fade away.
I'll fade away.

This once.

Dying,
(My goddess and my gods)
And the blood taste was red.

Are you going to run from here?
I'm dying to know if she died to me.
Take it back now.
Are you going to run from time?
And die to me?

Change is not that strange.
She says goodbye some day.

My black coffee fantasy never seemed to bother me.
In my mind I'm hoping I'll betray,
The sinners dance and fade away.
I'll fade away.

Press the story of stories praised,
Of love and women up above,
Layer this guilt that fits like a glove,
I say it before you heated and tickle,
Press the story of stories,

Paint with love,
The woman up above lets me wear this guilt,
That fits like a glove.

I can see on my own now.
Breath in the culture,
And I will take what's mine.
And I will try to stay mundade..

Pretending it hurts you,
I will take what's mine,
And I will try to stay mundane.

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