

Lamb

"Beating On Deaths Door"

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She's a slack one, born of greed.
Speaking endless words, long and empty.
A begger who still wants to choose,
A dethroned queen still demands her due.
If you want something for nothing you take what you
get,
A virgin whore in a dirty wedding dress.

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.

There's blood stain on the ceiling,
But you're the only duck in the shooting gallery.
Trying to look out a bricked-in window,
Your destiny lies in the alley below.
Trying to see yourself in a shattered mirror,
When all else fails, she holds you with broken arms.
There's poison in her veins, but the bitch comes for
free,
A quick fix for all that you think that you need.

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.
The patron saint of fools answers all your requests,
She's all yours now, so deal with it.

Shes all yours now,
Shes all yours, all yours
All yours now
Shes all yours now,
Shes all yours, all yours
All yours now
She's all yours now
All yours now
YOU WHORE, deal with it
There's no shoulder left to cry wolf on,
You're tied in knots that can't be undone.
No more warnings will fall on deaf ears,
You lied too many times now no one cares.
No one cares.

An empty promise with a heart of tin,
Her crooked smile beguiles and it draws you within.
The hope for something more, all that you wish for,
A kick to the head and a boot to the door.
Chasing a dragon in a ladies cloak,
A paper trail ends in choking smoke.
But you know that you lit the match yourself,
Play the burning cards that you dealt

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.
The patron saint of fools answers all your request,
She's all yours now, so deal with it.

Broken.

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