

Lost City Angels "Pretty War"

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I've laid my hands upon your soul
To feel your demons inside me
As vacant people passed me by
They told me things I can't believe
This secret mission I possess
Releasing things I cannot see
Embers to ashes, dirt to dust
And within this gift I now conceive

In the fallen rain
I can see your face
Even though it's not the same
In the fallen rain
The blood still stains
As our bruises wash away

I can finally believe
Can you see what I've unleashed?
I beg for you to set me free
Will you accept this desperate plea?
In the fallen rain
I can see your face
Even though it's not the same
In the fallen rain
The blood still stains
As our bruises wash away

Well I can feel the piercing stare that's coming from
your eyes
And I'm surrounded by the sound of distant shrieks and
cries
In a darkened calm before the storm begins to rise
I put aside my hopes and dreams so I can survive

In the fallen rain
I can see your face
Even though it's not the same
In the fallen rain
The blood still stains
As our bruises wash away

