

Phinehas

"The Wishing Well"

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A thunderstorm a distant shore, I've witnessed this
before.
Patience was fleeting
If a thousand coins on the ocean floor would bring back
love to me.
I'll wait forever.

Fill the sea with dreams of a wishing well.
Waves bring back my coins to me.
Drain the deep that teems with my empty shells.
Slaves of sand still call for m.
I once had love to give.
I once had hoped to live.
The rarest stones will break my bones and golden salt
stops my lungs.
The perfect limbs and haunting eyes begs the seas:
begin to rise.

Fill the sea with dreams of a wishing well.
Waves bring back my coins to me.
Drain the deep that teems with my empty shells.
Slaves of sand still call for me.

And when these delusions come to fruition.
Believe you me.
I will strangle my self into nothingness nothingness
And be reborn from the dream of a blasphemous fool.
In my sordid pelt of mold.
I'll earn back years to me.
The god of a nightmare will fall as I take back what is...

Mine!
Worthless swine enraptured by my vanity.
Your soul sank under the weight of gold you offered
me.

A waste of a life, squandered my heart until it rests
upon the ocean floor
Barren.
Watching the light descend deeper and deeper.
A deadening feeling starts to grow in my ribs.

From where I lie, the waves overflow, with my blood. (at
the same
Time)
From where I hide, the snakes overgrown, with your
blood. (at the same
Time)

Where are my years.
I'll bleed dry by myself.
I wish I was someone.

You wish you were someone else.

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