

Senses Fail "Nj Falls Into The Atlantic"

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And it's 4am
And we will stalk again
The princess, and her bitter queen.
On the 4th day of July
Deep in summer's eye
Naked like the truth should always be.

So speak your lives
(Don't follow with your foot)
All this pain here
(All comes from your dry lungs)
I won't listen
(Your retheric is fleeting)
My knives are fixed with glue.

Coming straight from out the water
Sun-burned face and drunken father
Crying and she's carving in her flesh.

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This false art
(Of palm trees and trash heaps)
This burning bed
(Where my ghost will now sleep)

Watching romance from a far seat
Bleeding from the glass on my feet

Learning that i love the smell of flesh.

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An angel on his two knees
Arms stretched towards red sea
Of violence and his sultry tongue.
The scenic view of carnage
Caused by the sword in his hands
The beauty resonates in birth.

It's plain to see, the wind beneath the trees.
Flowing free, the summer breeze is sweet.
I lay in space, choked by my own air.
I love the taste, of your blackened lips.

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