

The Panic Channel

"Sweet Devotion"

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Healing time, feeling the feeling. And little thoughts of you, hang from the ceiling. Underneath you're Arms is Where I Belong. I want Sweet Devotion. Now you face you're kind, killing the killer. You brook the offense, what youve done is forever. Underneath you're Arms is Where I Belong. I want Sweet Devotion. Now you choke on your code of submissions, and drown when you shut the fuck up. I'll be there when you burn. All these thoughts as they hang from the ceiling, they're not of love. it's all I want. Sweet Devotion. Push me over the

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