

The Republic Of Wolves "Through Windows"

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I am not the Devil under the water
Pulling you down by your own wooden nails
Splitting and shriveling seeping out of me
God I am afraid of the songs you have been singing
me
God I cannot hear your voice quite so clearly
I am the walls down crumbling down

Me, I can't be saved
No, you're not afraid
This, the God you embrace
But I can't

I am just a sinner
Pulling my splinters out
Chipping away at the crackling flames
Well I felt my shoulders begin to get lighter
When I realized that it all would get harder
But I don't believe in the surface

You, can't see through the trees
No, you're not asleep
And I, am not the one you will leave
On your tree

I am the tired beggar dead on the side
I am the war
Marching me forward through windows
Making me something that I am not

Your brother got killed
You never grew out of the secrets you kept
To keep all others lies
Carried for miles inside of my mind
Now writing down all of my sins
Pulling all the strings they've attached to my face
Putting time bombs in houses and cursing at god
Filling up spaces with black and white fall
Someone will live life in the glass on the floor
Won't you think of that shaken once before
Floating down street chasing after my bones
Guess I grew older I never grew up

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