

## Verse

### "Spirits"

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The family fell apart with a strict blow  
From an ill-divine addiction  
Transfixed on it's own  
Undulating survivor rate

For the sake of right mind and public relation  
We will call it extreme circumstances  
So bite your tongue and open your eyes  
As we dance on your grave

My fingers are cocked  
And ready to throw back  
Gratuity and crucial sedatives  
Blow

For the sake of right mind and public relation  
We will call it extreme circumstances  
So bite your tongue and open your eyes  
As we dance on your grave

You have to break this silence  
You have a cyclical sickness  
Its love is viscious  
You have a cyclical sickness  
This is my lover's tryst

For the sake of right mind and public relation  
We will call it extreme circumstances  
So bite your tongue and open your eyes  
As we dance on your grave

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