

Transatlantic Crush "God"

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I'm twisting, I have a way twisting conversations
Turning blue into black and black into white
Conceal me, I have a way of concealing my opinions
What I thought was yours it was always mine
When I'm God, ruler of the millineum
I'm knower of all yes I'm all consuming
Convince me, I have taking revelations
What I thought was water it was only ice
Console me, lick my wounds and tell me you love me
Lick my wounds and tell me you love me, you love me
Chorus
You believe in me
They beleive in me
I believe in me
But most importantly We beleive in me
Chorus

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