

These Four Walls "Sweet December"

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Ome more way to lie
To men with fear filled eyes
What's gone and blurred your sight
This way
Two hands wrapped in strings
Guide the masses while they
Hide their dirty things
Sweet December's overdue

It screams out to me
That we're alive tonight
We just one breathe away
We open our eyes
just to see the lights
As they slowly fade away
Away

Three more beauty queens
Their scars out sharp and clean
The only choice is win or be abused
Four more ways to die
Still a traitor in their eyes
There's nothing left but
Everything to lose

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