

The Panic Division "Sweet Devotion"

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Healing time, feeling the feeling. And little thoughts of you, hang from the ceiling. Underneath Youre Arms is Where I Belong. I want Sweet Devotion. Now you face youre kind, killing the killer. You brook the offense, what youve done is forever. Underneath Youre 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. Ill be there when you burn. All these thoughts as they hang from the ceiling, theyre not of love. Its all I want. Sweet Devotion. Push me over the

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