

BVB

"All Your Hate"

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Use my breath for every line you'll take,
When you are lonely,
Words are holy
A deadly grip on lies,
Sing to these blood red skies,
Hail Mary,
Whisper softly,

What you became,
Woah,
Some things never change and so we,

We learn from All Your Hate,
We are lost in your mistakes,
Play our hymn for the brand new day,
We burn,
We learned,

Here's to your martyr watch her morals bend,
An empty story we grow hungry,
Yo reclaim the notes we lend,
You cannot win,
When saints are glory I'll die slowly,

What you became,
Woah,
Some things never change and so we,

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