

Deep Eynde "The Calling"

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The wicked flicker of your evil eye
Shown me your bad side, your bad side

The stolen vision of the fiction you memorize
Are knives that sharpen up my sky

I fell in your spell
Thrown drunk to drown
In my wishing well
And strangled by the knives that were there to help

One day I'll be back around

You're wearing thin on skin you infested
You're a legend to the grave of guests you left undead

CHORUS

So keep your fingers crossed
And watch your back when you're down
Their ain't no magic to the spell I'm casting now
Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition come around

You're a Phenomenon in your cold skin
A vision incisionary and yore swollen

Your words sit knee deep in broken blades
But that aint as bad as your overlong stays

Theses seven years in the halls of broken mirrors
And living in fear is gone

Cause the thrill of the fear I found
Was a knife in the back I found
You can only bury someone so far down
Before they grab your neck and twist it around

CHORUS

Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition come around

And take em back to hell

You're wearing thin on skin you infested
You're a legend to the grave of guests you left undead

BREAKDOWN

Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition keeps on calling

CHORUS

Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition come around
Superstition keeps on calling
Superstition come around

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