

Sonny Moore "Mora"

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Take a step off of that silver bird from your planet,
And you brought a little bit of that cold with you,
Ring me out like you would your bastarding father,
And youre so quick to stick to that scum
Hungry like a pirhana,

Swallow a little of that sea,
Now taste a little bit of that salt in me,
Throw up a little of it on your knees,
Now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning?
Before you poured your elements away,
Now sing back to the bottom of it all,

Seal your lips with the black stitch of a secret,
Parade with that speechless dryness of the desert,
Lay flat under the lime light and feed off of the fiction,
Cold callus and boiled between the bleak deep of your
dirty hands,

Swallow a little of that sea,
Now taste a little bit of that salt in me,
Throw up a little of it on your knees,
Now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning?
Before you poured your elements away,
Now sing back to the bottom of it all.

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