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Sons & Daughters "This Gift"

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Don't know the meaning of devotional Pictured me hanging threadbare on the blacked out wall

Purposeful, in your weekly disguise Surrendering to arms, fixing up those seeded eyes Dress it up, down the alcohol, feeling so much better

Cross me, collecting, this scene is all wrong Curtailing ourselves, nothing lasts so very long A carbon copy that typed out wrong Ghost in a black coat sliding slowly along Dressed up, down the alcohol, feeling so much better

This gift, open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall This gift, open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall

Don't know the meaning of devotional Pictured me there threadbare on the bathroom floor Purposeful, your secret disquise Surrender to his arms, fixing up those seeded eyes So you sing happy birthday to death, a hater's wealth and a lover's rest

This gift, open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall This gift, open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall

Open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall This gift, open wide, crawling walls He's got this gift, ten stories tall

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