

Denial

"Tip the Scale"

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Skies explode overhead
Grim reminder in the air
Lightning come and strike me dead
You would do it if you were there

Woah, with no hint of blood
Woah, with no hint of blood

Tip the scale in favor of doom
Suffer such a slow death
Sealed silence in your tomb
Suffocating with each breath

Woah, with no hint of blood
Woah, with no hint of blood

You will feel life being sucked from you
You will feel life being sucked from you
You will feel life being sucked from you
Sucked right out

Woah, with no hint of blood
Woah, with no hint of blood
Woah, with no hint of blood
Woah, with no hint of blood

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