

The Design

"Who Speaks Spanish, Colon Quesadilla"

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This cold floor we know too well. hearts poisoned with
pride.
Black blood dotting our warmth.
Ending our contentment.
This place is a contorted altar.
I must seek strength from somewhere,
For I've reduced myself to nothing. we've been here
one thousand times.
Cold idle hands, floor-welcomed knees.
Hello autumn, I need not your companionship.
Doubtless I stand; laying my heart into the hands of
eternity.
Revive me doctrines!
Await the day, when all our blood will wash away.
The world's balance I'm too familiar with;
Selfishness outweighs generosity
Blindness produced by your own hands afront your
face.
Lips bleeding with guilt.
Frightful little fiends.
If these words mean nothing; than where is the
conclusion?
Lyricism aside, Christ is the deduction

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