

Post Satanic Ritual Baby

Evergreen Terrace

No sense in talking sense.
In the end I always lose.
The lie about love and fear.
Is they're things that you can't choose.
But my soul is still thirsty.
Sometimes we all just need a drink.
You only see through bloodshot eyes.
When you're crying in the sink.

I tried to shake the feeling.
But now the feeling's shaking me.
My back's against the ceiling.
Still holding on, I cut my teeth.
Forget it all. Forget it all.
Forgetting all that's under me.
My back is against the ceiling.
Still holding on, I cut my teeth.

I'm losing ground and I'm losing sleep.
So leave that candle burning.
So I can make it back from the brink.

I just can't shake the feeling