

Devil's Cut

alt.

Too much hurt, the sentimental respite
I was full of love, and now I'm deprived
I told myself I can't forgive you again
You'll break my heart and then you ask for amends (repent)

One last call
The doors are closing, hit the road
You've filled your cup, with tainted blood
To find your soul and pour it out

Too much pride to break the cycle of hurt
You brush it off and push me down in the dirt
I'm sick and tired of picking up the pieces
For no reason

One last call
The doors are closing, hit the road
You've filled your cup, with tainted blood
To find your soul and pour it out

I know you have demons
You know they're not mine to fight
'Cause I hear them screaming
I know they'll never die
The venoms coursing through your brain
'Til there's nothing left but pain

You couldn't find the key
So you ripped the love from me
You couldn't find the key

One last call
The doors are closing, hit the road
You've filled your cup, with tainted blood
To find your soul and pour it out
The bottle's empty
And I hope you find
What you need
From at the bottom
So pour it out
Pour it out

You couldn't find the key
So you ripped the love from me