

# Never Be The Same

Bad Wolves

Keep sitting in the search  
Curse reverses again  
Gods haunting you  
If you'd rather be insane  
I'd rather be in flames, fuck it  
It's just the way it goes

When there's no getting better  
The sick n twisted gather  
A pound of flesh turns gold

You said it yourself  
This heavens a hell  
I can't believe this is happening  
It's not good that we dwell  
It just doesn't sit well  
You know I'll never be the same  
You know I'll never be the same

Weep, cry, looking up, in and out of your burns  
Gods haunting you  
It's so heavy yes the crown  
All the weight keeps beating you down  
It's just the way it's sold

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The sick n twisted gather  
A pound of flesh turns gold

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I can't believe this is happening  
It's not good that we dwell  
It just doesn't sit well  
There's no point for apologies  
If making amends is a fight that saves  
I'd rather die than be buried awake

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