

Widemouth

Black

The message goes with it's brand new child
We fall over from grace with every stickly man insect
And you pass by the woods without blinking an eye
Will you put forward the pieces that passes you by

And the message goes with the fire on high
As the rightful champion, a heart of gold
But why did he make me and why does it seem?
Oh! They're trying to tell me pray the three letter name

I burn the child, cause I don't know why
I have a clinical eye, can't prove a thing

The message says that the sticks and the leaves
And the insects were put here to test if we see
To ignore them for what they might be
Oh! Burn all detail from the fire on high

I'll burn the child cause I don't know why
I have a clinical eye, can't prove a thing

The message goes with the fire on high
As a rightful champion, a heart of gold
But why did he make me and why does it seem?
Oh! They're trying to tell me pray the three letter name

I'll burn the child cause I don't know why
I have a clinical eye, can't prove a thing
I'll burn my child, cause I don't know why
I have a clinical eye, can't prove a thing