

Walking Stick

deadboy & the Elephantmen

Revelation fall around your sunday dress
The soul of a smoldering wretch
But for sleep, there's nothing left
But for sleep, there's nothing left

Twisted walking stick, been all up and down this stretch
The soul of a smoldering wretch
But for sleep, there's nothing left
The witch is on fire, she can't regret
The daylight repenting now that the scars have left