

The Coroner

Devil Sold His Soul

A tear in the shape of a gun with our hands to the sky
in the clarity of events I must turn down, break in my eyes
as the ashes lay still, a downpour may pass

And when you think that this might just be the end, the first takeover
your ruined lie had nothing to do with our escaping souls
and with the said, no one cares, the fires still burn on

You leave me no choice

Sentiments keep burning
one last wish
burnt by my trust
hold this chance
it hurts to see this side of you
save yourself
your fucking heart expires

One dead wish
sentiments keep burning
ablaze in my heart again
this is our last hope
decide your debt for this
this is our last hope