

## Mourn

Down

Mourn  
Hotel room of doom  
I can't find a clue  
Confusion broken hearted woe  
Sheets and pillows soaked  
My telephone seems broken  
I'm calling crucified  
Blacklisted no reply  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Stole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn  
Adopted son doth mourn  
Sermon served in praise  
In a sacred empty space  
Pit no ones sorrow against your own  
Seven days in vain  
The last three spent inflamed  
I stand crucified  
As they're stricken blind  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Stole my sight but not my heart  
Missing the lone state home  
My blood runs cold, I mourn  
Stole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn  
Mourn, yeah, yeah  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Be my eyes  
Stole my sight but not my heart  
Missing the lone state home  
My blood runs cold, I mourn  
Stole my sight but not my heart  
I miss my second home  
Adopted son doth mourn