

Demons

Ghost Atlas

I hope that you don't mind
If I settle into the stems of your troubled mind
And watch your soul slowly decline

Someone, somewhere, prays that you
Make it out alive

Say the word any time
Move those fingers, they're yours and mine
I'll contort your limbs with ease
To the rhythm of my disease

For every devil that you shake
Lies another coiled within the warmth of your embrace
Never meant to escape

Someone, somewhere, loved you, child
They left you to save your own life
Now demons pull at the teeth of a soul never set free

Say the word any time
Move those fingers, they're yours and mine
I'll contort your limbs with ease
To the rhythm of my disease
Say the word, any time
As I linger in your mind
There's nothing else for me to be
Besides the needles in your feet
Say the word any time
Move those fingers, they're yours and mine
I'll contort your limbs with ease
To the rhythm of my disease
Say the word, any time
As I linger in your mind
There's nothing else for me to be
Besides the needles in your feet