

Holding On To Hell

Gin Wigmore

You're selling broken hearts
Still I feel, I feel you're moving on
And I can't cope, I feel my body burn
I feel it cold, come over you

Oh, open me, baby
Something in the way
There's something in the way that you move
A little crazy
Something in the way
There's something in the way that you move
Beaten and broken
Rolling in hell
Rolling in the way that we know
Eight years the time
Feeling like a holy poser on a wrecking bell

Heal, I'll heal your broken parts
I want you to love,
I want you to love me well
But I can't give, I cannot give you all
I cannot give you all. No

Oh, open me, baby
Something in the way
There's something in the way that you move
A little crazy
Something in the way
Holding on the records of hell
Hell doesn't taste good
Dizzy by the daisies, dizzy by the daisies you know
Holding my hand out
Something in the way
There's something in the way

Oh I'll sit and die, awaiting to indulge in breaking bones
How high? Is the ways to grow indulgence?
How high? Is the sway to indulge in you more?
Oh baby, something in the way
There's something in the way that you move
Oh baby, holding onto hell, I'm holding onto hell as we go