

Evangelist

Matt Corby

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door
Oh I hope I won't see you anymore.

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your
life
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore
you.

There's a white, light glimmer in my eye
And the light is refracting in my sight
Oh I Hope I see you passing by my door
I hope I don't see you anymore

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your
life
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore
you.

Is it strange to believe that the lukewarm pollution has seen r
evolution
Hard to reside & the fires steal the light and the spirits need
reviving
Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous t
imes
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in time
You should catch onto the rest