

The End, Again

Mini Mansions

Listening down the pause
Now I can play at odds
I can feel your car lights

Narrowing past the bend
Now I can take a stand
Falling for the last times

And you ask if I've a sermon
Holier virgins
Disappearing invites

And you ask if I'm in danger
Holier saviour
Love amongst the last rights

Syphoning through the fog
Wonder if there's a god
I can feel their car lights

Peeling of vaseline
Now don't you make a scene
Glares of frozen joy rides

And you ask if I've a corner
Holy adorer
Must reveal the end-times

And you ask if I would hurt you
Holier curfews
Simulate the insides

If you want me as a vulture
I'll pretend
Why must I feel the end, again

If the verdicts never start in my defence
Why must I feel the end, again
Again

All descend
We can feel the end, again

I'll descend
We can feel the end, again

I'll descend
We can feel the end, again

All descend
We can feel the end, again