

Standing On Satan's Chest

Nessly

Who's gonna sing for me?
They took everything from me
Like a mother holding her child in the street
Teardrops moisturize a lifeless face
Tragic, but a way to test your faith, ooh

Standing on Satan's chest
Won't let him take a breath
Those demons aren't your friends
They got fake intentions
The shadows wanna gain my trust
But my faith is a weapon
Angels in my reflection
I need a symphony (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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Teardrops moisturize a lifeless face
Tragic, they can test your faith, ooh

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