

The Devil Herself

To Elysium

Slow me down and lay my head
To rest and sleep with yours
Like a river runs it's course

Sometimes we grow to care too much
'Till we're a little too slow
Sometimes I say grace peacefully
When your sympathy is killing me

Exit Eden enter Elysium
Something for wounded love
Exit Eden enter Elysium
Something for the pain

Now we're sober and fucked up again
The Fall of Man fell within
Stuck inside and cutting up
Dust we are and to dust we cling

Pain is more a lover
Than the Devil herself