

Garden

Tommee Profitt

It's every man for himself
We're standing at the gates of hell
Nowhere to run, no way to turn back time
There's sickness here in the veins
Rain can't wash away
No one to help, no one to hear their cry

We used to be in the garden
Now we're here where no one's safe
No one's safe

Hidden here behind the trees
Can't let the heavens see
The blood on our hands the insanity runs deep
Perfection's at our fingertips
But death waits behind the lips
So hard to resist the animal instincts

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Trouble it follows me everywhere I go
Leaving me running on such a dangerous road
Trouble it follows me everywhere I go
It takes its toll

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