

Hell

Waxahatchee

Swallow my pride, it's mine to quell
I'll put you through hell
I'll put you through hell

I release a ramble of a sigh
You illuminate me as I galvanize a flowery demise
I, well, I was never gonna survive
He's a fire burning fast and so so bright
Taking back the night
It's a classic plight
Through vacillating eyes
He wants to have it all and who am I?

And I hover above like a deity
But you don't worship me
You don't worship me
Yeah you struck the illusion, you did it well
I'll put you through hell
I'll put you through hell

I nurture the one track taking flight
Let it surround me like a starry night
Let it hypnotize, puncturing the minds
Of those who canonize
A love that is so true it never dies

And I hover above like a deity
But you don't worship me
You don't worship me
Yeah you strip the illusion, you did it well
I'll put you through hell
I'll put you through hell
I'll put you through hell
I'll put you through hell