

SIRENS

Windwaker

I'm thinking bout girls on white horses
With angelic voices
They're luring me in with their song
Oh, what could go wrong...

Soft mist
Red leaves
Frost lingers on the trees
And my armour
The keeper of a heart
That keeps me going under
I kind of like it by myself
Where no one else could reach me
I'm no longer
The keeper of a heart
That keeps me going under
My mind cannot be occupied
Sell out your kind

I'm thinking bout girls on white horses
With angelic voices
They're luring me in with their song
I'm thinking bout boys talking poison
In elegant noises
They scream til their voices are gone
Oh, what could go wrong?

I don't...
I don't believe in me sometimes I feel defeat
Left out to bleed, in the street of your
Hypocrisy, your plaguing me
I tried to leave but you won't let go
Conspiring it's a means to an end
Making fires just to start again
It's kind of nice here by myself
Building up dust on the shelf
No longer
A dull imposter

I'm thinking bout girls on white horses
With angelic voices
They're luring me in with their song
I'm thinking bout boys talking poison
In elegant noises
They scream til their voices are gone
Oh, what could go wrong?

I'm left with nothing
As the grounds lays above me
In a grave with no name
Where no one else will remember
Forgotten here forever
If I can't die in peace
I'll live in pain

If I can't die in peace
I'll live in pain

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