

BELLADONNA

Wolf & Bear

Non stop
Drinking hemlock
When the flood wants what the storm brought
Feel the head rush
Succumb to sway
Cannon fodder unless you turn away

Holding you back?
What's holding you back?
Weight of your lies turn into pressure cracks
Forcing doors shut
Never stay closed
When what you're hiding starts to decompose

Cast away
Pushed and shoved
(Cast away
Pushed and shoved)
Ask yourself, stolen joy
Was there ever love?
Time will never slow
Rivers cease to flow
As above so below
Lost yourself in the void
Yeah, giving up control

Thought I told you can't take it back
No not this time won't pay for that
Don't wanna get up
I'm safe on the ground
Thought I told you can't take it back
No not this time won't pay for that
Oh no
The stone you cast will weigh you down

Bloodletter projecting
Feeding and collecting
Nothing honest
Pulling water from a well of lies
Are your eyes adjusting to what we are becoming?
Is it death that makes us feel alive?

Rotten harvest
Bullshit artists
All come up to bat
Never wanted your opinion
No one asked for that
Sell your soul
Lose control
Cant make eye contact
I don't want to be a victim in this aftermath

I'm trying
Trying
Not to get in my head
These are the words that just need to be said
You're far above me

Talking like you love me
Would you even notice if I end up going missing

Oh girl
You think you forgot me
If it weighs you down cut it loose
Elevate don't make an excuse
You don't wanna know
What I've been through
Been through
I've lived so dishonest
Not breaking my promise

Oh yeah, you think you forgot me
If it weighs you down cut it loose
Elevate don't make an excuse
You don't even know
What I've been through
Been through
I've lived so dishonest
Not breaking my promise

Thought I told you can't take it back
No not this time won't pay for that
Oh no
From the tip of your tongue
No kingdom you crown
Thought I told you can't take it back
No not this time won't pay for that
Oh no
You change the world with just a sound

Bloodletter objecting
Cowering, confessing
Must be honest
No more water
Now the wells run dry
Are your eyes adjusting to what we are becoming?
Death is proof that it was once alive

Rotten Harvest
Bullshit artists
All come up to bat
Never wanted your opinion
No one asked for that
Sell your soul
Lose control
Cant make eye contact
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