

## The Coroner

### Devil Sold His Soul

A tear in the shape of a gun with our hands to the sky  
in the clarity of events I must turn down, break in my eyes  
as the ashes lay still, a downpour may pass

And when you think that this might just be the end, the first takeover  
your ruined lie had nothing to do with our escaping souls  
and with the said, no one cares, the fires still burn on

You leave me no choice

Sentiments keep burning  
one last wish  
burnt by my trust  
hold this chance  
it hurts to see this side of you  
save yourself  
your fucking heart expires

One dead wish  
sentiments keep burning  
ablaze in my heart again  
this is our last hope  
decide your debt for this  
this is our last hope