

# Black Water Rush

Art By Numbers

Be cast aside for crimes that were pure, only to find you're empty handed.

Once more and I ... I'll be a believer of the truth in wine.

You can't tell me anymore, these understatement will surround me with ivory and lore.

I'm fixed, ready to stand surrounded.

Breath in these flames, we'll rise from the ground and ...

Once more my crimes were pure

We all end up empty handed

Once more and I'll be a believer still empty handed

(No more!) Ridiculed for always asking, why?

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We appose every right.

Can we ingest the night and hang it on our hopes?

Why hang it on everything?

Why waste it on anything?

Why hang it on everything?

Just watch we're both becoming empty handed.