

Mourn

Down

Mourn
Hotel room of doom
I can't find a clue
Confusion broken hearted woe
Sheets and pillows soaked
My telephone seems broken
I'm calling crucified
Blacklisted no reply
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Stole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn
Adopted son doth mourn
Sermon served in praise
In a sacred empty space
Pit no ones sorrow against your own
Seven days in vain
The last three spent inflamed
I stand crucified
As they're stricken blind
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Stole my sight but not my heart
Missing the lone state home
My blood runs cold, I mourn
Stole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn
Mourn, yeah, yeah
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Be my eyes
Stole my sight but not my heart
Missing the lone state home
My blood runs cold, I mourn
Stole my sight but not my heart
I miss my second home
Adopted son doth mourn