

## Post Satanic Ritual Baby

Evergreen Terrace

No sense in talking sense.  
In the end I always lose.  
The lie about love and fear.  
Is they're things that you can't choose.  
But my soul is still thirsty.  
Sometimes we all just need a drink.  
You only see through bloodshot eyes.  
When you're crying in the sink.

I tried to shake the feeling.  
But now the feeling's shaking me.  
My back's against the ceiling.  
Still holding on, I cut my teeth.  
Forget it all. Forget it all.  
Forgetting all that's under me.  
My back is against the ceiling.  
Still holding on, I cut my teeth.

I'm losing ground and I'm losing sleep.  
So leave that candle burning.  
So I can make it back from the brink.

I just can't shake the feeling