

## Porcelain

Haste the Day

You tried to spit at the sun,  
Put it out like a burning ember.  
She has a porcelain soul.  
As you crawl under the moon.  
Make this bed and sleep forever.  
She has a porcelain soul  
'cause the life you live is less than alive.  
As they scream, "let them burn,"  
You know she'll burn at the hands of your kin.  
As they scream, "let them burn,"  
You know you won't forgive them  
She crawls through the dirt  
Like a four legged spider.  
He's there laying beside her.  
When the serpents tongue  
Is wrapped around her neck.  
"let them burn,"  
"let them burn,"  
And he knows that she died inside.  
And he knows.  
Open hands hold porcelain souls  
Into the eyes of a traitor.  
I still see a believer.  
The witness is here.  
She's a witch and I love her.  
Buy back her soul with the blood of the savior.  
Is it too much to forgive?  
The witness is here.  
Open hands hold porcelain souls.  
She falls to her knees and she begs for forgiveness  
As the Heavens open their gates.  
The wood burns and the fire blazes,  
But he bought back her soul with the blood of the  
savior