

The Rising Tide

Job for a Cowboy

Blood begins to spill from an open sea, dead bodies churn within the tide.

Attachment.

They drift against a now reddened sea.

These rising waters blush as their bodies decompose.

Dozens buried at sea, they swim in their graves.

They've proved themselves being too weak for this attachment,
the tide rises, the tide breaks.

Once again you've proven yourself to weak for this attachment.

The tide rises(hold) the tide breaks(hold)

As these waters blush

Their bodies decompose,

Dozens of corpses buried at sea

I hope I have made my last point,

The tide rises

You've proven yourself to be weak for attachment

They swim in their graves

They swim in their graves

They swim in their graves

They swim in their graves

Breaks

They've proved themselves being to weak, the tide rises

They've proved themselves being to weak, the tide breaks

Dozens of corpses buried at sea

Dozens of corpses buried at sea

They've proved themselves being to weak, the tide rises

They've proved themselves being to weak, the tide breaks

Dozens of corpses buried at sea

Dozens of corpses buried at sea

The weak have fallen but now (I stand alone)

The weak have fallen but now (I stand alone)

The weak have fallen but now (I stand alone)

The weak have fallen but now

They've proved themselves to weak for this attachment.

already on your site