

To Death

Kisschasy

Sick, I'm on a road that's up and down
The devil choked and spit me out
'Can we get some air back here?'
Oh no you

Can't we make a search for common ground?
I'll take the woods you take the lost and found
Peel your eyes it's everywhere
I'm finding out

I'm a criminal, criminal
Inside my own humble home
I'm watching time race ahead
I'm missing you to death

Stop! I saw the culprit get away
He took a suitcase full of shame
He made a left but I'm not sure
For all I know...

All, all I know
Down, down the drain
Cold, cold in this
Dark, dark, deep grave