

## Evangelist

Matt Corby

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine  
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine  
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door  
Oh I hope I won't see you anymore.

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your  
life  
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore  
you.

There's a white, light glimmer in my eye  
And the light is refracting in my sight  
Oh I Hope I see you passing by my door  
I hope I don't see you anymore

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your  
life  
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore  
you.

Is it strange to believe that the lukewarm pollution has seen r  
evolution  
Hard to reside & the fires steal the light and the spirits need  
reviving  
Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous t  
imes  
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in time  
You should catch onto the rest