

Makers

Rocky Votolato

Death keeps calling me, she's gonna set me free
No more
Sunshine sidewalk streets or misery
Like she did for you

Oh Allen how you suffered
Lower east-side apartment
We stayed up late
The bones inside your mind where all

Broken
And the keys that opened any answers were all stolen
Filling and refilling up the glass with makers
We both agreed

The Final Moment!
The sweetest remedy to ever be delivered!
Heaven or heavenless we're all headed for the same sweet darkne
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So she came for you, well I guess you wanted her to

Now in the
Safety of a coffin rest you're through
No more debts or memories
No more heart blood or skin on teeth

Final dosage to set you free
Heaven or heavenless we're all headed for the same sweet darkne
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