

A word has weight
When it rings true.
There's nothing I
Can hold you to
The hounds of hell
Need love and care,
The hounds need
Organs and limbs to tear

You and me are apples in trees;
Don't fall far from me.

Like a Pentecostal choir on Sunday
I can suck the venom out of your bones
Come on, Raven let me connect to the server,
I could be the one who cuts down the overgrowth

A word has weight
When it rings true,
And never when
It comes to you
Some secrets you
Should never tell
They'll feed you to
The hounds of hell

Like a Pentecostal choir on Sunday
I can suck the venom out of your bones
Come on, Raven let me collect on my winnings,
I could be the one who puts you back on the throne

Apologies, meet apologies
We could demon dance all night
Teeth as white as snow
In the vertigo,
Caked in phosphorescent light
And the apples are as sweet
In the nosebleed seats.

Come on, Raven let me collect on my winnings,
I could be the one who puts you back