

A Realization Of The Ear

The Receiving End of Sirens

Don't love me and don't you dare care for me
I will only bring you pain
All the pleasure you can gather in this place
Will just amount to shame

All the bright colors I've ever loved
Will learn to fade
So bring back the womb of God
Oh bring, bring on the grave
Bring on the grave, bring on the grave

So this is what it's like
What it's like to disappear
With the music of the spheres
Still ringing in my ear

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How will I find my way out of this?
How will I find my way out of this?
How will I find my way out of this?
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