

# Swallow People Whole

## The Receiving End of Sirens

From the manager to the morgue,  
Strangers are born and reborn  
Giving birth to the wages of sin...  
and claiming it came from within

Within me there's a gaping hole  
And it seems I'm last to know  
And no one, or thing, can fill this empty space  
that I've been pacing in

I fell in love with an empty place  
But I want change  
But I won't change

I can't feel a thing  
The pins and needles sing...

"I can't  
But it won't mean a thing  
Because I know you'll fall for  
Each and every pretty word I sing."

Spirits spin me around once more  
Sin if you sing the overture  
The lulls me back to sleep  
I swear I'm yours to keep  
Consumed with consuming  
And soon I'll swallow people whole  
I'll have back what strangers stole

If I can't find my happiness  
I'll soon devour yours  
I'll sing your weary head to rest  
With my overture  
Because I fell in love with that empty place  
But I want yours  
But I want yours

For it I fell  
For it I fell so fast  
For it I fell  
For it I fell so hard  
For it I fell  
For it I fell so fast  
I fell for it, I fell for it

We lose ourselves once more