

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