

## Demon Host

Timber Timbre

Death she must have been your will  
A bone beneath the reaper's veil  
With your voice my belly sunk  
And I began to feel so drunk

Candle candle on my clock  
Oh lord I must have heard you knock me out of bed  
As the flames licked my head  
And my lungs filled up black  
In their tiny little shack  
It was real and I repent  
All those messages you sent clear as day  
But in the night  
Oh I couldn't get it right

Oh Oh Oh Oh

Here is a church and here is a steeple  
Open the doors there are the people  
And all their little hearts at ease  
For another week's disease  
And eagle eagle towel and scream  
I never once left in between  
I was on the fence  
And I never wanted your two cents  
Down my throat in the pit,  
With my head upon the spit  
Oh reverend please can I chew your ear?  
I have become what I most fear  
And I know there's no such thing as ghosts  
But I have seen the demon host□

Oh Oh Oh Oh