

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