

Bride, Die A Little Bit Every Day

The devil has ears but he can't hear
Except what you tell him from a heart of fear
And now you spit out words just to see
Where they splatter upon me

Die a little bit
Die a little bit every day

Through painful toil of absolution
Swimming up from uneasy dreams
On a continent adrift from its morals
You find yourself a desperate man

Jesus based in solidity
I'm balanced to conceive
When things are revealed to me
I move past perplexity

Locusts came early from the west
To test his resolve
Only difference between war and peace
Is where we place our bombs