

Emil Bulls, Lava

Here I lie on a bed of ice
Under a sheet of broken glass
Watching out for demons that may rise
Echoes from inside
Vacuum in my head
I get on my knees to pray for a virgin day

Let the sweetest things collide
My girl her kiss and I will be ready to start life
Please open the skies

There's nothing more helpless irresponsible and depraved
Than me in the depths of an alcohol binge
I never learned to say no
So I pass out once more
These self inflicted wounds will heal so I increase the dose again

Oh right here I feel safe sober and clean
Open the skies ...