

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Swallow People W

From the manger 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
It seems I'm last to know
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 say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause I know you'll fall for
Each and every pretty word I sing, sing
I can say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause I know you'll fall for
Each and every pretty word I sing, sing, sing

Spirits spin me around once more
Sin if you sing the overture
That lulls me back to sleep,
I swear I'm yours to keep.
Consumed with consuming
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

Cause I fell in love with an empty place
But I want yours
But I want yours

I can say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause I know you'll fall for
Each and every pretty word I sing, sing
I can say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause I know you'll fall for
Each and every pretty word I sing, sing, sing

For it I fell
(We lose ourselves once more)
For it I fell so fast
For it I fell
(We lose ourselves once more)
For it I fell so hard
For it I fell
(We lose ourselves once more)
For it I fell so fast
I fell for it, I fell for it
(We lose ourselves once more)

You could say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause you know I'll fall for
Each and every pretty word you sing, sing
You could say it
But it won't mean a thing
Cause you know I'll fall for
Each and every pretty word you sing, sing, sing