

A.F.I., God Called In Sick To Day

Let's admire the pattern forming.
Murderous filigree.
I'm caught in the twisting of the vine.
Go ascend with ivy, climbing.
Ignore and leave for me the headstone crumbling behind.
(Wooahhh)
I can't help my laughter as she cries.
My soul brings tears to angelic eyes.
(Wooahh)
Let's amend the classic story, close it so beautifully,
I'll let animosity unwind.
Steal away the darkened pages, hidden so shamefully.
I'll still feel the violence of the lines.
(Wooahh)
I can't stand my laughter as they cry.
My soul brings tears to angelic eyes.
And miles away my mother cries.
Omnipotence, nurturing malevolence.
Go.
Woahoo
(Wooahh)
I can't stand my laughter as they cry.
My soul brings tears to angelic eyes.
And miles away my mother cries.
Omnipotence, nurturing malevolence.
Wooahh