

Damnells, Shiny Bruise

Contract killers cannot find me.
I'm at home, when I'm with you, no matter where I am.
Gimme my last rights, I'm converted.
Forever yours, my holy lord, we're intreted.

The end will be, much quicker than the beginning.
I'm hoping that the things are said, are remaining with you.
For everytime I doubted you, I give myself a shiny bruise.
I will be the sweetest thing, surrender.

Is it too late to say I'm sorry?
So buried by, for the selfish child, who missed his chance for holy mercy.
Buried by your own sorrow,
If this was me, I'd let you run away with all you borrowed.

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Musical Interlude

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