Deadboy & The Elephantmen, Walking Stick

Revelation for
around your sunday dress

The soul out of a smoldering wretch
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there

Twisting walk ??
They're all up and down the strip
The soul out of a smoldering wretch
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there

The witch is on fire
She can't regret the day ?? repenting of the stars and earth