

# Finch, Brother Bleed Brother

Hate sin not the sinner  
A mold of ugliness thrown into  
The fire  
Brother bleed brother  
What have you done, my son  
With your desire?

I'll hold my breath until the end  
a prayer for us to make it through  
I'll hold my breath

Miles of conviction to carry the  
Weight of all your own mistakes  
Open your eyes. In the end  
Everything dies  
and I'd die for you  
and I'd die  
and I'd die for you  
and I'd die

Sifting seasons through the sand  
(Time moves so slowly)  
Spitting treason in your hand  
(I won't hear it)  
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(Time moves so slowly)  
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