

# Karma To Burn, Twin Sisters And A Half Bottle O

I love to ruin my tent, I love the romances  
From the bag of angels a sawn-off broken wing  
They're drinking whiskey, they're getting high  
They cast the shadows and the passing of the summer sky

The passing of the summer sky  
The King is dead, the well is dry  
The well is dry

She's shooting broken arrows, she's shooting crooked smiles  
All along that wicked bench from the belly of a swine  
She's pouring whiskey, she's getting high  
Too scared to see herself, reflections of the devil's eyes

Reflections of the devil's eyes  
The King is dead, the well is dry  
The well is dry

The need may be your twisted needs  
It may be you're crave  
To rest my head on souls of fire  
Sight the swarm I kiss my eyes