

# Lacrimas Profundere, Gallowsong

It's my gallow, oh  
And it's yours  
And we can't swallow enough of  
And every little thing we had to do  
Fell in our throat and dies into  
There's nothing to be found and nothing to go through  
We had our glasses and thought  
They were true  
Please believe me bitch  
It can't go on  
And we can't do it one more time