

Magnet, Quiet & Still

This bastard has come to claim his throne,
As king of picking on the wrong
The blade in his hand might scare you to death,
If the stink doesn't kill you first
Your silvery hair and heart of gold, is too big a prize to resist
So open your mouth, and knock back that final bitter pill
and wait until

It all goes still,
It all goes quiet and oh so still

His big black kiss comes better never, than early like this
But he keeps the score & time is just not on your side anymore
But I've taken your picture & a piece of your soul,
So nostalgia will beat him & win in the end

When all is still,
When all I quiet and oh so still
and there's a dark empty hole, the thought of you will fill