

Pedro The Lion, Breadwinner You

A sinking feeling has been lurking at your door,
That it is real you can't deny you must ignore.

Sing like the angel that you know you'll never be,
And try to pin the blame on me.

The heart that beats inside your chest the awful need,
It burns with holy fire, righteousness, and greed.

Sing like the angel that you know you'll never be,
And try to pin the blame on me.

Like the angel that you know you'll never be,
But you still try and pin the blame on me.