

The Church, She'll Come Back For You Tomorrow

Tremblin' the winter comes, penetrates the room
Sits beside you, takes hold of your hand

And the glances that she gives you
As your body turns to stone
And you shatter into pieces
As she leaves you all alone

She'll hypnotise you, make you follow
Or she'll come back for you tomorrow

And she's smiling and she's vicious
And she's sour and delicious
Can't ignore her or resist her
Try to leave her and I missed her

She'll hypnotise you, make you follow
Or she'll come back for you tomorrow

The sphere of life that glows and twists entices you to fall
Grants your wishes then takes them all away
And it crushes and it squeezes
Breaks the spirit, kills the soul
And it does just as it pleases
Did you hurry it to the hole

She'll hypnotise you, make you follow
Or she'll come back for you tomorrow

She'll come back for you tomorrow

Or she'll come back for you tomorrow

She'll come back for you tomorrow