

The Distillers, Sing Sing Death House

I am a death house haunted mirror
Acerbic heart aint nothing pure in here
I keep the memories of a broken you
Sing sing the stories of a fractured few

I believe i will open up
For all my rage will surely come undone

I am agnostic but i hang on a cross
Faithless saintless my sin stabs
I wear the crown of oblivion
Rule and aching void watch my sun burn out
I am a death house haunted mirror
Acerbic heart aint nothing pure in here
You close the door i sing pleading
Save me before you leave youre leaving