

VAST, Dead Angels

Wine spills in my blood,
and your blood spills in my soul
You have no control

Dead Angels speak to me sometimes
Giving me advice that I should hear
You have what I'm looking for
Because you're close,
Because you're near

Wine spills in my blood,
Blood spills in my mouth
You are what I'm looking for
You are just pretend

You are what I'm looking for