

# Verbena, Ether

Living is so easy  
With less than the life you got  
So blind that now you see  
A lonely little crown?

Playing with a fire  
I swear it keeps you warm  
Lay back and shut your mouth  
And out of the white she'll come

Take the lords name in vain  
Sunday's at your miss  
Remembering the dreams  
The crimson wish she cares?

Playing with a fire  
I swear it keeps you warm  
Lay back and shut your mouth  
And out of the white she'll come  
Taking my last breath  
I twist my neck to find you  
Don't steal my last breath  
I twist my neck to find you

Out of  
Out of  
The white she comes  
The white she comes