

# MAD SEASON – RIVER OF DECEIT

My pain is self-chosen  
At least, so the prophet says  
I could either burn  
Or cut off my pride and buy some time  
A head full of lies is the weight, tied to my waist  
The river of deceit pulls down, oh oh  
The only direction we flow is down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
My pain is self-chosen  
At least I believe it to be  
I could either drown  
Or pull off my skin and swim to shore  
Now I can grow a beautiful shell for all to see  
The river of deceit pulls down, yeah  
The only direction we flow is down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
The pain is self-chosen, yeah  
Our pain is self-chosen  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down  
Down, oh down



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych