

# Circle With Me – Spiritbox

Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours  
Cut down the altar  
Visionare and deepest fake  
Dirty gold, the colors change  
Hands are frozen, feel no pain  
I just want to hold the flame  
Negative feedback loop  
I'm spinning out of control  
The sickly sweetness is crushing me  
But I want to know  
If there's no heat  
When I escalate the fire is cold  
They echo, "This could all be yours"  
Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours  
If you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours  
Vultures circling the flame  
Nothing sacred, nothing lost  
When birds of prey invade my thoughts  
They promise I will feel the pain  
Not strong enough to hold the flame  
Negative feedback loop  
I'm spinning out of control  
The sickly sweetness is crushing me  
But I want to know  
If there's no heat  
When I escalate the fire is cold  
They echo, "This could all be yours"  
Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours  
If you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours

Vultures circling the flame  
I held the power of a dying sun  
I climb the altar and I claim my place as God  
Circle with me  
Circle with me  
This could all be yours  
Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours  
If you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours  
Vultures circling the flame  
Feel the weight of a martyr  
A traitor watching me as  
Birds of prey never falter  
This could all be yours  
This could all be yours  
Circle with me



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych