

Twin Sisters And A Half Bottle Of Bourbon

Karma to Burn

I love to ruin my tent, I love the romances
From the bag of angels a sawn-off broken wing
They're drinking whiskey, they're getting high
They cast the shadows and the passing of the summer sky

The passing of the summer sky
The King is dead, the well is dry
The well is dry

She's shooting broken arrows, she's shooting crooked smiles
All along that wicked bench from the belly of a swine
She's pouring whiskey, she's getting high
Too scared to see herself, reflections of the devil's eyes

Reflections of the devil's eyes
The King is dead, the well is dry
The well is dry

The need may be your twisted needs
It may be you're crave
To rest my head on souls of fire
Sight the swarm I kiss my eyes