

# Emil Bulls, Lava

Here I lie on a bed of ice  
Under a sheet of broken glass  
Watching out for demons that may rise  
Echoes from inside  
Vacuum in my head  
I get on my knees to pray for a virgin day

Let the sweetest things collide  
My girl her kiss and I will be ready to start life  
Please open the skies

There's nothing more helpless irresponsible and depraved  
Than me in the depths of an alcohol binge  
I never learned to say no  
So I pass out once more  
These self inflicted wounds will heal so I increase the dose again

Oh right here I feel safe sober and clean  
Open the skies ...