

# Evangelist

Matt Corby

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine  
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine  
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door  
Oh I hope I won't see you anymore Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
It seems that you're restrained by devout belief that ruins your life  
I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore you There's a white, light glimmer  
in my eye  
And the light is refracting in my sight  
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door  
I hope I don't see you anymore  
Cause I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight  
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your life  
I won't listen to you, won't you blow right past my door?  
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore you It's strange to believe that  
the lukewarm pollution has seen revolution  
Hard to reside with the fires still alive and the spirits need reviving  
Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous times  
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in time  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
won't ya blow right past my door?  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
blank the screen or I'll try to ignore ya.  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, won't ya blow right past my door? And I won't, I won't listen  
to ya, I won't listen to ya anymore.  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya,  
Won't ya blow right past my door?  
And I won't, I won't listen to ya, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore ya

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>