

Skeleton Kiss

Christian Death

scratch scratch, should be there
I dig the vision of rotting corpses
and I'm pouting in the corner five more minutes, and we'll all be dead
five more minutes, and we'll all be dead skeleton closets
close up tight
filthy mirrors don't clear our life
in her frightening presence nailed to her heart-felt decision
if God turns today, I'll meet you in hell
well, I'll meet you in hell look in the eyes in the six-stringed beast
concussion is a cancer-spreading tear-cage
blue-light beauty's got it's victim by the tail (five more minutes and we'll all be dead)
say they're guilty on a bed of nails
won't you wake me up with your kiss
and give me one moment of bliss flesh to bone
is a purating process
touch, touch
before the fall
before the fall
before the fall (five more minutes and we'll all be dead) temptation is food
open your mouth and accept it

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