

# Half Life

## Terata

Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well  
Fictitious styles of living  
We've expected to work  
But this is all your giving  
Half of what your worth  
Pigeon hold in battles  
Overtones of snow in her clutch  
Falling through lines  
One more breath destroys the best of you  
The death of you  
Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well  
A precious gift embedded  
Deep within your skin  
But parasitic pleasures  
Are closer than kin  
Please expose your shadows

Such concerns are products of love  
Falling in lies  
One more fraud destroys our trust in you  
Our love for you  
Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well  
As you kiss the abstract  
And pray it's everything you'd hoped for  
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her  
Is killing everything that you've worked for  
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her  
Is killing everything that you've worked for  
Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd

Steady letting the fruit of her thrill

Fool you so well

Smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, Lucifer

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