

A Port In Any Storm

It Dies Today

Fearful and numb, I now can accept
Deceit and dependency are my preeminent assets
Defined
(Defined)
A word etched in skin
Sweet host
(Sweet host)
I'll feast within
Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting hands
Drowning myself in seas of compromise
Fair ladies and harlots submerge with this sinking ship
Black urge
(Black urge)
I swore to dismiss
Your minions
(Minions)
Keeps on starving
Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands
One dip of impure blood has left a bitter taste
Pending a lust which brings us closer to false heaven
Oh, how one taste
(One taste)
Will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, fleeting hands
Oh, how one taste
(One taste)
Will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting hands

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