

# The Tease

Isabella Valentine

Hold your hands into the sky  
Pray for mercy instead of timeBig cities' action, oh, my big city girl  
Think she builds her own heaven  
'Cause she finds it's a lonesome worldFilled with dirty street cars and dirty signs  
I hope there comes a time when  
I get to see your dirty mindHold your hands into the sky  
Pray for mercy instead of timeLow budget movies change our low budget lives  
There's something to corsets and horror  
That joins our lonesome mindsAnd these bloody faces with their bloody knives  
Say if we ever make it, we'll be so bloody tired  
Of these timesHold your hands into the sky  
Pray for mercy, instead of time  
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease  
And you're captivating, standing in front of meIs the reason I'm still wondering  
Why everyone we loved has broke away?Hold your hands into the sky  
Pray for mercy instead of time  
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease  
And you're captivating, standing in front of meHold your hand into the sky  
Pray for mercy instead of time  
So be my massacre, be my masochist, be my tease  
Because you captivate me when you stand in front of me

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