

Texture of My Blood

Dillon

Locked door, forgotten key
Tonight, open up for me
I am returning home
Without the slightest hope
Naked and on my knees
Look as if you're pleased to see
Me returning home
Pass me that spark of hope
Let you taste the texture of my blood
Lacking iron
Gates to my heart
Opened up, the relief
Time has come for you to see
Where im coming from
What i've been running from
I don't know
How on earth will i ever know?
Gazing through your eyes
I saw them coming right at you
My superior vena cava
Inferior to yours

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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