

Divination

Defeater

I walk in shadows and darkness
I feel the fill of the sand
My words are calloused and poisoned
Easy work, the more idle the hand
Cover my tracks to the pulpit
The back alley's my arms
My veins are thinning and poisoned
Lying tongues in mouths of snakes, guile charm
I feel the fill of the sand
I feel the fill of the sin
I feel the fill of the sand
I feel the fill
Breathe addiction and darkness
I feel the smoke in my lungs
My lips spit venom and poison
All lies except when speaking of love
Cover my ears to the ringing
To the memories and pain
Her voice like the singing of sirens
Drown myself among the rocks and the waves
I feel the fill of the sand
My veins, the touch of her hand
I feel the fill of the sin
The ash, the touch of her hand
I feel the fill of the sand
My veins, the touch of her hands
I feel the fill of the sin
I feel the fill
In my hour of darkness
I feel the feel of the sin
My wounds are calloused and poisoned
Easy work, the more idle the hand
Cover my tracks pulpit
The back alley's my arms
My veins are thinning in poison
Lying tongues in mouths of snakes, guile charm
I feel the fill of the sand
I Pray to dirt, folded hands
I feel the fill of the sin
My veins, the touch of her hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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