

# False Light (The Oktopus Remix)

Isis

Come down on me, my sweet angel  
Poison milk from that withering breast  
Come down on me, my sweet angel  
Poison milk from that withering breast  
Your mask is drifting

See what writhes beneath Porcelain grin is cracking, incest to uncoil  
Your laugh spreads yawning, black hole formation Drown and the first real breath takes hold  
Washed in a chill so peaceful, sink further Hold his hand and crush it

Lyrics provided by

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