

Half Life

Oliver James

Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
 Fool you so well
 Fictitious styles of living
 We've expected to work
 But this is all your giving
 Half of what your worth
 Pigeon hold in battles
 Overtones of snow in her clutch
 Falling through lines
One more breath destroys the best of you
 The death of you
 Styling your shroud
 Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
 Fool you so well
 A precious gift embedded
 Deep within your skin
 But parasitic pleasures
 Are closer than kin
 Please expose your shadows

Such concerns are products of love
 Falling in lies
One more fraud destroys our trust in you
 Our love for you
 Styling your shroud
 Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
 Fool you so well
 As you kiss the abstract
 And pray it's everything you'd hoped for
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her
 Is killing everything that you've worked for
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her
 Is killing everything that you've worked for
 Styling your shroud
 Infecting the crowd

Steady letting the fruit of her thrill

Fool you so well

Smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her

The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, Lucifer

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>