

# Binge

## Marriages

So loud  
The voice  
The life  
I take  
The sand  
From ground  
To hand  
I make  
So harsh  
The noise  
It soils  
My, my  
My head  
Head  
It hurts for miles  
I can't  
And I won't  
Be stormed  
And be still  
From what  
Still burns  
What I choose  
To kill  
So  
Oh blood  
Don't tell me what should live when  
I have come from Hell  
And I should know what love isBlood  
Blood  
Blood  
Blood  
Yes  
Blood  
On my hands  
I did  
Drugged down  
In depths  
Of mine  
Unsolved

Inside  
My child  
I swept  
To where a whore would ride me  
Call me by my birth name  
Call it, too, beside me Oh blood  
Don't tell me what should live when  
I have come from Hell  
And I should know what love is Oh Death  
Oh Death  
My good, sweet friend  
Won't you lend your hand and  
Be it gently lent when Oh him  
Oh him  
When he come and went said  
Won't you lend your hand then  
Oh gently lance it Don't tell me how my blood should live  
I was born here empty  
When I've naught to give and This how a war inside will find me  
Ruin good, sweet friends and  
Ruin digging sites To where the whore she rides me  
Calls me by my first name  
Calls it at my bedside Oh blood  
Don't tell me what should live as  
I have come from Hell  
And I should know what love is  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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