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 meOh blood
Don't tell me what should live when
I have come from Hell
And I should know what love isOh Death
Oh Death
My good, sweet friend
Won't you lend your hand and
Be it gently lent whenOh him
Oh him
When he come and went said
Won't you lend your hand then
Oh gently lance itDon't tell me how my blood should live
I was born here empty
When I've naught to give andThis how a war inside will find me
Ruin good, sweet friends and
Ruin digging sitesTo where the whore she rides me
Calls me by my first name
Calls it at my bedsideOh 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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