Fashion Tips Baby

Fear Before The March Of Flames

You can't make me go outside
The trees are vicious
The winds speak lies
Arms of summer warn "rain tonight"
On horseback through it
I coughed to save your lifeI first fought the knife that brought life to
Skin was stretched and rules were made
Scalpel pushed and pulledNow I kneel in shame
Terrors of the night
Waiting her to scream at night
Akward desire to taste her
Take her outside
Make her make meI put her on her back
And sewed diamonds into her eyes
She can see me better now
And I can love her againSo easily you fashion the words crime
as her dress slips down around her ankles

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