

# Your Touch Versus Death

## Every Time I Die

Eyes of celibates, burning images worn down rotted lies  
Lips dried peeling, eyes separate our lives dead underneath your skin  
This blood's not mine, you fucking whore, you don't deserve my gods  
You're a deified angel, you leave me sickened in prayer  
It's the residing disease in me that sheds its halos for  
whores  
It leaves my wrists cut with jaded tongues  
Your eyes freeze my fire of innocence, whores addictions, souls salvation  
I said it, I'm so tired, so saddened, I'm no coward  
Please bury me, they broke my wings in an attempt  
To divide a sickness from comfort of open wounds  
Wide eyed I died

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