

Pulse

Cursive

I'll never go back there don't make me go back there
Now that God is an athiest
Finally, well i can sleep at night
In a hotel room
With holes in the curtains
I shivered as she slid up my leg
she could convince me
a hundred hail mary's
she whispered "dear boy, your god is dead"
i'll never go back there
don't make me go back there
i--don't--sleep--in this dead cold bed
in a hotel room
the color of her skin
holes in the drapes
spray beams of light
strangling lovers,
were we kidding each other
gasping for breath,
in poisonous lies
in a hotel room
(it was my second communion)
is that your blood cleansing my veins
if three little angels
(would peak in these curtains)
they'd whisper "dear boy, your mouth was too warm"
was too warm
was too warm

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