

Morphine Season

Every Time I Die

Looking forward to a flat lined love affair
The comfort of a dire love sickness
I've come to cherish bed sores and the salt in my own tears
My beautiful affliction your kiss festers like a boil I find myself ugly in your eyes of asylum scenery
Have you come to take me away take me away
Darling you are a disease that spreads like sunshine
The vultures make a halo while they wait for me to die Your fingers crawl like flies on peeling flesh
Paralyzed you warm me in a cold sweat deadened
But moving in seizures loving in fits of disillusional blurs
Don't you come near me buried above ground and rotting
You can't take the corpse from his cold This is not a sickness if I beg it's an addiction
Throw your flowers to the fever
I'm an abscess with a heartbeat An arm span of dirty needles and a rusted pieces
Flowers mask the decomposing
Passion is watching how fast I can deteriorate
The desperation is a clotting incision

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