Former Self

Icon of Coil

Decisions are few, although I've found my peace
Avoiding the dark, caressing the sun
Despised by your touch, prefer to be alone
Now lend me your soul, it seems like I'm losing mineAnd this ain't me
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat
And this ain't me
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work
And this ain't meFilled by desire, I'm calm as a storm
Like a state of mind, it's someone you know
Too soon, too cold, this invitation
Now lend me your soul, I fall to damnationAnd this ain't me
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat
And this ain't me
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work
And this ain't me

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