

# 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 mine  
And 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  
Filled 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 damnation  
And 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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