Half Life

Terata (US, IL)

Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well
Fictitious styles of living
We've expected to work
But this is all your giving
Half of what your worth
Pigeon hold in battles
Overtones of snow in her clutch
Falling through lines
One more breath destroys the best of you
The death of you
Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well
A precious gift embedded
Deep within your skin
But parasitic pleasures
Are closer than kin
Please expose your shadows

Such concerns are products of love
Falling in lies
One more fraud destroys our trust in you
Our love for you
Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well
As you kiss the abstract
And pray it's everything you'd hoped for
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her
Is killing everything that you've worked for
The smell of her, the thrill of her, the fruit of her, the use of her
Is killing everything that you've worked for
Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd

Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well
Smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her
The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her
The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, use of her
The smell of her, thrill of her, fruit of her, Lucifer

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