

Former Self (V.1.0)

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 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

Songwriters

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