A Port In Any Storm

It Dies Today

Fearful and numb, I now can accept
Deceit and dependency are my preeminent assetsDefined
(Defined)
A word etched in skin
Sweet host
(Sweet host)
I'll feast withinOh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting handsDrowning myself in seas of compromise
Fair ladies and harlots submerge with this sinking shipBlack urge
(Black urge)
I swore to dismiss
Your minions
(Minions)
Keeps on starvingOh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting handsOne dip of impure blood has left a bitter taste
Pending a lust which brings us closer to false heavenOh, how one taste
(One taste)
Will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, fleeting handsOh, how one taste
(One taste)
Will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting hands

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