

Daywalkers

Sexores

It seems your ginger flavor on your chin

I love to taste it, I used to kill for itI join our freckles, drawing hearts in our faces
It's your skin, my red love, my tender beam of lightCut their fingers to 'make my lipsticks

I'm your glory, your faith and your sin

Taste my tongue and my hand

You are my lover, my dirty bloody gunUse my glasses, hide the traces

Make these tombs some honey holes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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