

brute

Boska

Between the liquor, the bend, the noise in my head
Between your mind and my crime and me int the grime
Between the gun, the lead, the lies that I said
Through your sweet breath comes the dawn of my death

Touch me, hate me

Give yourself to me and break me

Cut these eyes and I will see

Kiss these lying lips for me

Stroke this skin and I will kneel

Brutalize me, I will heal

Between the bullet and my lip and the lies you let slip

Between the dirt of this soul, your hear that's a hole

Between the place where you hit and this face that you spit

Through your sweet breath comes the dawn of my death

Touch me, hate me

Give yourself to me and break me

Cut these eyes and I will see

Kiss these lying lips for me

Stroke this skin and I will kneel

Brutalize me, I will heal

Cut these eyes and I will see

Kiss these lying lips for me

Stroke this skin and I will kneel

Brutalize me, I will heal

I escape alot of the time by sitting on my bum and

And analysing my past, you know, are you through? Are you?

Cut these eyes and I will see

Kiss these lying lips for me

Stroke this skin and I will kneel

Brutalize me, I will heal

Cut these eyes, I will see

Kiss those lying lips for me

Stroke this skin, I will kneel

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