

Fingers Like Daggers

After the Burial

Your feminine fingers are like daggers. Tearing me apart, with each caressing stroke. My scars unravel cruel history. Our love was stab wounds and lusty kisses. In your eyes I see wasted tears for wasted years, and heartache, heartfelt for granted. You left me with nothing but the desire to overcome. This gaping wound from where you stole my vital organ. But keep it with you, a trophy for yourself. Still you linger for another gaze. Die away from me. I won't stand by while you plague the air with your lies and deception. My shirt stained crimson, from long nights of anguish. These scars are forever, but this won't be eternity. You wash away guilt in the oceans of my tears. I will drown you.

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