The Drainout

Anna Aaron

Oh Delilah make not too much haste
let me wait for death I already taste
and Id break free where I not tangled in the lace
and the rose round you hips
and its not the horses or the armies that kill me
but its one lie from your lips
Oh Delilah love jealous as the grave
my heart you rend and my head you shave
in sight of you I do not even have the strength
to bite your arm when it grips
and its not the horses or the armies that kill me
but its one lie from your lips

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