# Cowards

## Perkele

This is the way to find my harlequins face
To my junkie dead body
Still covered in lace
The flesh still warm where skin had once been my lips
My smile just scattered fragments lining the ditch
You like to watch when I bleed(like a coward)
I've got some right here for you
I push you down on your knees(such a good whore)
I make your dreams come trueAt 60 miles an hour on course and pace in hybrid mental states
So my pathetic limp kiss has never caught this way
No catalyst begins across the face of those who end
Leaving its scar too deep for all of your attempts to mendCome on cowards
Come on you whoresI've got no choice but this if
I can't get rid of it
You'll never be any match
For what I can do to myselfI'm still stuck here breaking it backwards apart
Watching all the raindrops cover up before we can start (like a coward)
Without a doubt that all will be washed away
There's still no proof to see if I will somedayYou like to watch when I bleed(like a coward)
I've got some right here for you
I push you down on your knees(such a good whore)
I make your dreams come trueI've got no choice but this if
I can't get rid of it
You'll never be any match
For what I can do to myselfCome on cowards/come on you whores

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