False Light (Demo)

Isis

Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast
Come down on me, my sweet angel
Poison milk from that withering breast
Your mask is drifting
See what writhes beneathPorcelain grin is cracking, incest to uncoil
Your laugh spreads yawning, black hole formationDrown and the first real breath takes hold
Washed in a chill so peaceful, sink furtherHold his hand and crush it

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