

The Asp At My Chest

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Serpent friend of mine, your venom sweet as wine,
Still I don't believe you Possess my hopes and then, don't know what came of them,
Still I just don't leave you Perhaps the fault is mine, and this the final time
You set yourself upon me The fall will not be far, can still see what we were
And won't be anymore When the venom comes I'll close my eyes,
As my body numbs and life unties,
I will feel your pull one last time,
Then will I escape you?

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