

# Curare on Your Lips

## After The Sirens

Welcome to the last time  
That You can buy my answer  
With less than a question  
I would sell the hands off my wrists  
If they weren't so preoccupied  
With taking the bread from Your fingersAnd downing this cheap new years wine  
That we call Your blood  
And You can wait for midnight  
But my lips are sealed  
And You can wait for midnight  
But my lips are sealedIn this garden I'm waiting anxiously  
For my children to come and murder me  
In this crowded room, staring nervously  
Lovers lick at their lips and wait for the kissI've been sharpening  
My teeth for this moment  
And I'll stab with my lips  
But You've already won

Songwriters

Walter Donaldson; George WhitingPublished by

DONALDSON PUBLISHING CO Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>