

Your Touch Versus Death

Every Time I Die

Eyes of celibates, burning images worn down rotted lies
Lips dried peeling, eyes separate our lives dead underneath your skin
This blood's not mine, you fucking whore, you don't deserve my gods
You're a deified angel, you leave me sickened in prayer
It's the residing disease in me that sheds its halos for whores
It leaves my wrists cut with jaded tongues

Your eyes freeze my fire of innocence, whores addictions, souls salvation
I said it, I'm so tired, so saddened, I'm no coward
Please bury me, they broke my wings in an attempt
To divide a sickness from comfort of open wounds
Wide eyed I died

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