

## 10 Petits Indiens

### "Half Life"

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Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well

Fictitious styles of living  
We've expected to work  
But this is all your giving  
Half of what your worth  
Pigeon hold in battles  
Overtones of snow in her clutch  
Falling through lines  
One more breath destroys the best of you  
The death of you

Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well

A precious gift embedded deep within your skin  
But parasitic pleasures are closer than kin  
Please expose your shadows  
Such concerns are products of love  
Falling in lies  
One more fraud destroys our trust in you  
Our love for you

Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well

As you kiss the abstract  
And pray it's everything you'd hoped for  
The smell of her, the thrill of her  
The fruit of her, the use of her  
Is killing everything that you've worked for

The smell of her, the thrill of her  
The fruit of her, the use of her

Is killing everything that you've worked for

Styling your shroud  
Infecting the crowd  
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill  
Fool you so well

Smell of her  
Thrill of her  
Fruit of her  
Use of her [x3]

The smell of her  
Thrill of her  
Fruit of her  
Lucifer

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