

Closure In Moscow "Kissing Cousins"

Visit "[Kissing Cousins](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We have never lived, we have never even tried,
Come on now give that burden to me.
We have never lived.
We're just creeping all our days.

And you could feast an age,
Feast and still feel famine all the same
When this food's an orgasm dripping context down my
drains.

We've had our chances.
We didn't see them through

It never ends, carry on the sin.
It never ends, it never ends.
We can never rest.
It's like kissing cousins. It's like breaking bread.

It gets me so frustrated:
Everyone's an expert, I'm so sick of it.
It makes me want to gouge a thousand eyes.
Choke five hundred throats.
Feed them to the fishes swimming in my moat,
While I sit in my castle, perched all alone,
Disconnected on a sullen throne.

It never ends, carry on the sin.
It never ends, it never ends.
We can never rest.
It's like kissing cousins, it's like breaking bread.

Visit [Closure In Moscow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.