

Dead And Divine "Like Wolves"

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I am young, and I'm in love. Post-apocalyptic?
Sure.
But it's something I'm working on.
Equipped with a bible and a rifle, I should be fine, with
this holiness on my side.
But what's the good in a god by your side, when the
devil creeps around my neck like a snake?
We march, in the damnation parade. We're cast, ill-
starred in an operatic gun ballet. I apologize.
I have prior affairs I've arranged, I have a date with the
gallows and I can't be late.
I don't care much for your advice, this drink here is
rather convincing,

But your horns and tail tell me otherwise.
So I'm getting the hell out of here. The stench of deceit
is far too much to bare.
And when we dance, oh how we'll dance before a
conflux of crows.
Like wolves, I can't help but lick my lips at the thought
of biting.
Into your skin, and tasting grace.
Oh god what I'd give to feel the slightest bit alive again.
Temptation has a killer body.
That boys got the devil inside him. That boy's got it.

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