

The Bled

"Meet Me In The Bone Orchard"

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Once again, I need your skin, these teeth will take too much, they always do.
Sever me, desire bleeds you dry, coercion takes too long.
Drain you and leave.
You never felt so alive until you put in your midnight eyes these bones you cracked on the run will be left to bleach in the sun.
Smother me these idle hands will be the death of us (at least one of us)
Salivate it makes me sick, was I born this way?
You wish
You were
You never felt so alive until you put in your midnight eyes these bones
You cracked on the run
Will be left to bleach in the sun
You simply refuse to accept no consolation gift
These offers I will reject
I won't be swinging by my neck
The cold moon will always eclipse
The truth spilling from your lips
These offers I will reject
I won't be swinging by my neck
Give it up
Know when to quit are you in control?
A balancing act on a burning tightrope
Hunger pains until you get your way
Until you get your way
Until you get your way nausea.
Keep chasing the sound in your head
Down a road that will never end
It eats away at you and you cannot abandon it.
You should have fled when you still had the chance.
You should have fled when you still could have.
Suffocate your hope.
Keep chasing the sound in your head
Down a road that will never end
It eats away at you and you cannot abandon it.

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