

## Blindside

### "Ilah"

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Skin like nicotine  
She was dressed to kill for me  
Flesh cut from magazines  
Hold your breath for me (and scream)  
My silent war...  
How could I ask for more  
How could I ask for more?  
Taste the sickening sweet  
When you raise your glass for me (and my own trophy)  
The win, the defeat, parasites  
The disease owns me  
In my silent war...  
How could I ask for more?  
How could I...  
You're the parasite  
In my silent war  
Would you fight  
In my silent war?

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