

Every Time I Die **"Your Touch Versus Death"**

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Eyes of celibates, burning images worn down rotted
lies

Lips dried peeling, eyes separate our lives dead
underneath your skin

This blood's not mine, you fucking whore, you don't
deserve my gods

You're a deified angel, you leave me sickened in
prayer

It's the residing disease in me that sheds its halos for
whores

It leaves my wrists cut with jaded tongues

Your eyes freeze my fire of innocence, whores
addictions, souls salvation

I said it, I'm so tired, so saddened, I'm no coward

Please bury me, they broke my wings in an attempt

To divide a sickness from comfort of open wounds

Wide eyed I died

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