

Everybody Else Wins "Brittany"

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Lie down, black roses fill your skin
My mouth grazes the back of your neck
Hands Down, upon the throne that I praise
Amazed at your perfection, breath me in

Fast a sleep we lie upon our own mistakes
That brought us to this lonely place

Fall down with me again
Let the night fill your eyes
Entrance me, let my hands be your guide
And fall down into me
Soft Hues encircle your frame
Your figure is yet to be tamed
Want fills the air
With accents of our love
Yet to be discovered
Let the small of your back surrender to my tongue

Id wait forever for just a shining chance
To save me would only take a glance
From your eyes
I will keep you in my arms with memories and songs yet
to sing about you and me

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