

Firehouse

"Bistro"

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I can't deny
The way
Your fingers make my body shiver
And that i almost did surrender
To what was easy
In a way

But i know it's all over
It's the last page of the book

'Cause you're the knife
That cuts my wrist
The open sore
To where i drift
And it's the price
For being weak
And it's the price

But i know it's all over
It's the last page of the book

But i won't go
And i won't cry
'Cause you'll be gone
When i arrive
And if the clouds
Covers the sky
Then let it happen

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