

Bride "Murder"

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Feels like suicide salt to the wounds of pain
Pray for a miracle while you are going insane
Carved like a lover's decadent stare
Keep going back to the temptation in the air
Wash away his touch, enemy inside
The Lord will come to her, find the reason to justify
Virtue is swollen, the night is spent and down
She's so sure of herself she'll stare into the sun
Wake up in the morning take a deep breath
There's no smell of roses, just the scent of death
Life's intoxicating like street confetti red
Can't start believing with so many voices in your head

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