

Harlots

"Full Body Contortion"

Visit "[Full Body Contortion](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I saw your name drawn on the back of this notebook.
Remembering the moment I watched your hand write it
down.
Fuck you.
I knew that you would lead me astray, blinding my
judgment.
If you forgot my name I suggest you look through the
photos you never took.
Spit out the fires of hell with the breath that you cannot
breathe.
Lungs punctured so far deep that you gasp for the
hope of a chance for the continuation of life.
I wish I would have spread my soul far apart from you.
I would have told you to fuck off the minute you sat
down, but you sat there and stared.
This dead orchard next to me has littered the garden
of hope.
I have littered the air.
You sat there and stared.
All love is lost.
The distance between us has broken the value of
survival amongst the enemy that is unseen.
I walk on a fine line.
We are buried face down.
Buried face down.
Pouring life and soul into this product that doesn't
produce.
I could live like a king, but a pawn.
A trace of history keeping the closet nothing company.
Help me find knives.
The force of your head pressing down moves me.
I changed.
I've changed for the better.
My heart cannot beat.
My heart cannot beat without the blood.
Your reaction has said enough for everyone to hear.
I must find knives.

Visit [Harlots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

