

Howling Bells

"Majour"

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You only get one taste

And for this gift we are graced.

You only get one taste

And for this gift wait.

Now let me go

So I can brag about the gifts that he stole.

(Thank you) For all the lonely nights.

I will carry this with me where I go.

Bad taste in my mouth.

You would think I'm a whore.

Bad taste in my mouth.

You would think I'm you.

You only get on taste

And for this gift we are graced.

You only get one taste

And for this gift

She's likely to go,

Or so she'll say.

We sleep as we do to keep our nights days away.

Love, or so she'll say.

Immature love.

You breed immature lust.

So died the virgin.

I have told you before,

You we're nothing special to him

(and that's just another thing that's nothing new

For you).

You'll be born.

You before.

Embody me... with you body.

I've never seen it. I have never.

Embody me... with your body.

I've never seen it.

Are you happy?

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