

Iota "Bitter Wine"

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I nailed my face to you
And watched the worms crawl through
They make a feast of me
But I'm easy

They eat my failing grit
And drink my memories
So I don't have to see
You leaving me

Though my hunger hasn't been replaced
It's the bitter wine I taste

I roll you on your back
And pour my heart on you

You make a feast of me
But I'm easy

You hunger still for more
I said come eat my eyes
So I don't have to see
You leaving me

Though my hunger hasn't been replaced
It's the bitter wine I taste

Though your hand annoits my mouth to taste
You know it's only time you waste.

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