

Iq

"For The Taking"

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I still have a dream, a dream that is mine
That when this is over, they'll empty my spine
Still the sweet smell of burning alive
If God prods my liver, I'll let go the line

I'm stuck in the trench with the stench of decay
and nothing can be what it wasn't today
I've not slept in days with my wits going numb
Wish she could see what I've become

Holding my breath, take my last breath
Addicted to this
I wouldn't say a word
I don't want my children
Staggered with hump backs
No feeling to wake, not even to die
I'm dying for her to ask where I am
I'm dying for her, she don't give a damn
I'd almost forgotten how rotten skin fails
Not even in my death can her beauty pale
and she come tear a tear from my eye
So call me a coward but how would you fight ?
And talk about heaven and days when we danced
But down here, Christ, Heaven it can't stand a chance
and you make me so sick for murdering Slovik
For having no tug of your war

You never would listen
A surrogate has risen

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