

It Dies Today "A Port In Any Storm"

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Fearful and numb, I now can accept
Deceit and dependency are my preeminent assets

Defined
(Defined)
A word etched in skin
Sweet host
(Sweet host)
I'll feast within

Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my
dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no
end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting
hands

Drowning myself in seas of compromise
Fair ladies and harlots submerge with this sinking ship

Black urge
(Black urge)
I swore to dismiss
Your minions
(Minions)
Keeps on starving

Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my
dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no
end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands

One dip of impure blood has left a bitter taste
Pending a lust which brings us closer to false heaven

Oh, how one taste
(One taste)
Will haunt the senses and my dreams
I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no
end
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, fleeting

hands

Oh, how one taste

(One taste)

Will haunt the senses and my dreams

I fiend the touch of your flesh, a lust which brings us no
end

Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting
hands

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