

## Jordan Reyne "Perfidity"

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You were always the quiet one  
With strange ambition for oblivion.  
The bite of the cold is always you to me.  
The smell of the quiet brings your taste to me.  
You were always the twisted one  
Who drank your solace from anyone  
For the strength of your hate I loved your bitterness  
For the blood in your soul I loved your emptiness.  
We always wonder why good things die  
We cry them our poison and we drink ourselves dry  
And cut flowers always die.  
The bite of the cold is always you to me.  
The smell of the quiet brings your taste to me.

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