

Ligeia

"Dead Man's Bride"

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Vomit paints the picture, losing flesh in a missing moment.
Eating locusts, asleep for days.
Silver splendor burns the memory.
Let the blood from our vein run dry all night.
Carry the soul that signifies your heart through mine.
Murder awakes the child.
Cancer whore of manipulation, stab wound mistress plays the travesty.
Let the blood from our vein run dry all night.
Carry the soul that signifies your heart through mine.
And it signifies your heart and it signifies your arms broken, bathing in sin.
Open dissection, removing skin.
I have nothing with you.
You're just nothing.
I'm sorry you did this to yourself and I'm sorry you failed again.
It's time to reverse the aim of this barrel, to forget I'm punctured forever.
The purity died and so will I so cough your lungs out cancer.
Let the blood from our vein run dry all night.
Carry the soul that signifies your heart through mine.

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