

## Lycia

### "Persephone"

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Sugar sweet, pressing lips to taste defeat  
Something divine, something divine  
Fingers reaching through the air  
Twisting tongues and pulling hair  
Cross the line, crushing the line  
Catching the corpse before she falls  
Watching her crack apart the china doll  
Shatter the time, shatter the time

Bleeding through her milky skin  
Flesh is torn and stretched from sin  
Enemy mine, enemy mine  
Smelling the sickness, swelling the veins  
Blacken the sun and blacking the days  
Climbing the sky, climbing the sky  
You think I'm weak

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