

Nembrionic

"Psycho One Hundred: Morning"

Visit "[Psycho One Hundred: Morning](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Soon dawn. It brings the sun and whispers are no longer.
Her former life adapts the freezing cold
He breathes and touches her, a form of worshipping sadness.
Blood, sputum, seed are one, drawing scenes, so vile.
The heat of day climbs higher, the mist soon leaves her white flesh.
In remembrance, darkness, filled with screams of laughter.
His tense appearance relives a glorious past, so beloved.
A last kiss then, love, we sever.
Soon day, light diffuses it's finger through the window.
Hope, her eyes seem now a moment.
He enters, from earth abandoned, performing a play of the horrified.
In ecstasy his eyes, as fire, point at the ceiling.
Soon dawn, it brings the sun and whispers are no longer, her.

Visit [Nembrionic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.