

Peter Koppes **"Finest Hour"**

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The scent of night on your fingertips
Touch of velvet on your rose petal lips
Scream of lives my senses afraid
The music spoke what our words could not say

Don't break, in the finest hour
Don't break, in the finest hour

A Darklit drive on the plains of awry
Smooth and fruit from a sane god's eye
Secret longing passion, passing as we bathe
In the rule of silent wanderlust haze

Don't break, in the finest hour
Don't break, in the finest hour

Den of midnight, blood on the wire
We watch as sadness, fuels the moral pyre
The sea of gloom, wades out of the room
Dining on hope, we both licked the spoon

Don't break, in the finest hour
Don't break, in the finest hour

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