

The Killing Moon "Bottom Feeder"

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Skin has parted now even as she choked
Calm she collected the dramatic effect on me
Only the purest of killers could love this soft strain
Of the requiem and I'm keeping perfect time
A song is tasteful on her tongue
Now that it's trapped beneath my feet
And that's all I have to say
I'll miss your jagged lips bent around a cigarette
As I whisper out duet for all of the pain
And suffering, it's the least she can do to relieve this
hurt
But I'll leave it all behind at the scene of the crime
Where she found her wedding ring
Tied to a promise six feet underground
Every imperfection is a solemn stare
To suffocate the fall and blanket the burial
It's a saccharine smile that I refuse to wear
It's all I hear anymore
So just let it go like your gravestone is weathered by
the snowfall

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