

The Red Shore "Flesh Couture"

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Lets say for arts sake
We killed ourselves tonight
In our dreams we could live forever
Immortalized in our beauty
Don't say I didn't warn you, beauty can be reversed
Expose to me, the heart stings deep within
Until it bleeds
For one day of beauty
You pinned your hopes, upon the mirror and now it cuts
your skin
Shattered by your own reflection
Do you recall your own fucking face
She looked so beautiful, fashioned in her own despair
A fitting end to fashion
Her source of suicide
Beneath the veil of make up, your soul has slowly died
An endless wave of martyrs, dressed in a sea of black
To serenade the serpents, this scene has turned it's
back
Feel this shatter
To the ground
Your misfortunes I resound
So clean yourself up bitch
The fragments you savour
Are barely held together
Your basis for reason, compounded by the seasons
I suffered the arrows, your heart a formless shadow
Beneath the lies, your wings have been dissected
From this fashion, the dead arise
And with it's failure, we breath new life.

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