

Tura Satana "Last Rites"

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Lies hurt truth lives no one forgives. love is sickness we
can't quit this...

Until we meet again, until we meet again, keep it
sacred

I'll be your perfect drug when you need escape and
when you need to confess then I will be your saint I'll be
Your pretty whore when you need to release the thing
that makes you sick, I will be your disease

Beg for forgiveness

I'll be the guilt you feel when you have been untrue the
one who makes you do the things you love to do I'll
Be the vow you break and swore you never would the
only one to tempt your faith, the only thing that could
Lust, greed, gluttony, sloth, wrath, pride and envy
these are your last rites is nothing sacred these are
your

Last rites nothing is sacred

This is for me who cannot forget denying our sin by
dying with it this is for you who cannot forgive my ruin
Is yours together we live

I am the cut that bleed, the scab that will not heal the
wound you wear inside, the bruise you cannot feel I
Am the pride you swallow, the venom that you spit the
vomit in your stomach, throw up and choke on it
I am the cross you bare, the road that's paved with fire
the mirror of yourself, the one that you desire I am
The lie you hide, the truth you cannot say I am the
smell of ... that you can't wash away

Lust greed gluttony sloth wrath pride and envy these
are your last rites is nothing sacred these are your last
Rites is nothing sacred these are your last rites nothing
is sacred and nothing can save us

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