

Vices I Admire "Denouement"

Visit "[Denouement](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come and make me a part of your story. She has a name (an old word) she has a name fantastic and utterly unknown, for it is old: the first word strangled from the void was never spoke again. Whether right is right or wrong, she'll turn you to the empty parts, she'll fill your belly with regrets, old manacles are faithful yet. She wounds, she wounds, she has a name. She is the beating drum that marks her by the bodies she collects. She is always, she is ever, she is the scourge of kings and devourer of light, she is the lust to dine on flesh, oh she'll watch as you perform, for her you'll die to speak to her once more. Give me a love that makes me real, hold down my breath for me--another lonely world to fall in--give me a love that makes me real, I would write it on my arms: your misery's a gift, your plague--a comedy.

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