

Diemonsterdie "Bones"

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Don't throw me a bone
I'd rather be left alone
I'd rather be by myself
Than beg for scraps of your precious hell

Hellfire forgets no one
Pulls the slow gun from his soul's hunger
Taste affection's suffocating gasp
Cynical, I've grown strong with anger
As you crash, awaken as the vapours rise
Fill your head with complicated prophecies
And drink the lies, drink the lies

Pull the shades over my eyes
Open mine
Cracks while you listen

Why should I wonder why
While you cry
Drunk on your burning skin?

Skin cracks, divine graces fall
Lifts up the sky
Grist for the mill
Pull the stone wheel from a broken eye
Read your books - your mind grows
As your body cries
Fill your head with complicated prophecies
And drink the lies, drink the lies
Drink it up
Lips like a child
Curl into a smile
If this is hell, I'll stay a while...
I'll stay a while

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