

Poets of the Fall "Delicious"

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I hear a sigh, longing for loving in this life
The how and the why that keeps us running through the
night
Touching divine, for me it has only your face
I'm looking to find pieces of wisdom I've misplaced

I don't make the rules, dear
You don't hear the symphony I hear
We don't get a dollar bill
For every shining tear

Fictitious and so real
Love's a one time deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah

So precious, yet surreal
Life's a one time deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah

Witnessing fault in every pawn in the game
The only one called proudly answers to my name
No, I don't know why love is a thief in the night
The one that you try is your most devoted guide

We don't make the rules, dear
We don't hear the symphony they hear
We don't get a dollar bill
For every shining tear

Fictitious and so real
Love's a one time deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah

So precious, yet surreal
Life's a one time deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah

So thank you for choosing me, playing me, displaying

me
And selling me to slavery, yeah
Thank you for using me, flaying me, erasing me
Awarding me for bravery

Fictitious and so real
Love's a one time deal
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So precious, yet surreal
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