

Eve Boswell

"Your Touch Versus Death"

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Eyes of celibates burning images worn down rotted lies
lips dried peeling
Eyes separate our lives dead underneath your skin this
blood's not mine you
Fucking whore you don't deserve my Gods you're a
deified angel you leave me
Sickened in prayer it's the residing disease in me that
sheds it's halos for
Whores it leaves my wrists cut with jaded tongues your
eyes freeze my fire
Of innocence whores addictions souls salvation I said it
I'm so tired so
Saddened I'm no coward please bury me they broke
my wings in an attempt to
Divide a sickness from comfort of open wounds wide
eyed I died

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