

## In Dying Arms

### "Blemish"

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I've never felt so exhilarated,  
I can't picture this frame being broken.  
A fragile display of what we are,  
Fragile, be gentle,  
Don't break what we have.

My hands slide down your perfect structure.  
My senses are tightening by the second.  
I could never see this bind breaking.  
I see you on your knees like how is your fucking kind.  
You disgust me like a slut. You disgust me like a cunt.

The scars spread all around yourself,  
If you're so pure, then what's that blemish.  
Your blemish

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