

## In Dying Arms

### "Flawless At Its Finest"

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Why does it have to be this way

I love the way your kisses scar  
The blackest thoughts they always call  
Your scent is flawless at it's finest  
The presence of my nightmare in flesh

So we meet again, the epitome of my dreams

Don't say I will leave, don't say no.  
I'll take this from my heart  
You wont have to be  
Everyone will know that you're not this way  
Who will be there not to be

I want you by my side  
To have and hold your mine  
If only you were here  
Your kisses are designed to perfectly match mine  
If only you were real

We are so in love  
So we meet again, the epitome of my dreams  
Don't say, you'll leave,

We are in love, we are in love

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