

10 Years "Half Life"

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Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well

Fictitious styles of living
We've expected to work
But this is all your giving
Half of what your worth
Pigeon hold in battles
Overtones of snow in her clutch
Falling through lines
One more breath destroys the best of you
The death of you

Styling your shroud
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A precious gift embedded deep within your skin
But parasitic pleasures are closer than kin
Please expose your shadows
Such concerns are products of love
Falling in lies
One more fraud destroys our trust in you
Our love for you
Styling your shroud
Infecting the crowd
Steady letting the fruit of her thrill
Fool you so well

As you kiss the abstract
And pray it's everything you'd hoped for
The smell of her, the thrill of her
The fruit of her, the use of her
Is killing everything that you've worked for

The smell of her, the thrill of her
The fruit of her, the use of her
Is killing everything that you've worked for

Styling your shroud
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Smell of her
Thrill of her
Fruit of her
Use of her [x3]

The smell of her
Thrill of her
Fruit of her
Lucifer

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