

Constantines, The "Lizaveta"

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Lizaveta, we stood together in the pissing rain.
Your skin was showing through your shirt.
You said, "Lover, let's run for cover."
I said, "Lover, wait.
Stay here and I'll give up all I'm worth."
It's good... we desire disorder.
With this design, we're all born our own destroyer.
In that evil hour, without defense, be sensitive.
You were born to live.
Attraction lures the sot to drink, to all his troubles
drown.
But when his legs give way, he falls, and attraction
keeps him down.
In that evil hour, without defense, be sensitive.
We were born to live.

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