

## Cure, The "Disintegration"

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Oh I miss the kiss of treachery  
The shameless kiss of vanity  
The soft and the black and the velvety  
Up tight against the side of me  
And mouth and eyes and heart all bleed  
And run in thickening streams of greed  
As bit by bit it starts the need  
To just let go  
My party piece

Oh I miss the kiss of treachery  
The aching kiss before I feed  
The stench of a love for a younger meat  
And the sound that it makes  
When it cuts in deep  
The holding up on bended knees  
The addiction of duplicities  
As bit by bit it starts the need  
To just let go  
My party piece

But I never said I would stay to the end  
So I leave you with babies and hoping for frequency  
Screaming like this in the hope of the secrecy  
Screaming me over and over and over  
I leave you with photographs  
Pictures of trickery  
Stains on the carpet and  
Stains on the scenery  
Songs about happiness murmured in dreams  
When we both us knew  
How the ending would be...

So it's all come back round to breaking apart again  
Breaking apart like I'm made up of glass again  
Making it up behind my back again  
Holding my breath for the fear of sleep again  
Holding it up behind my head again  
Cut in deep to the heart of the bone again  
Round and round and round  
And it's coming apart again

Over and over and over

Now that I know that I'm breaking to pieces  
I'll pull out my heart  
And I'll feed it to anyone  
Crying for sympathy  
Crocodiles cry for the love of the crowd  
And the three cheers from everyone  
Dropping through sky  
Through the glass of the roof  
Through the roof of your mouth  
Through the mouth of your eye  
Through the eye of the needle  
It's easier for me to get closer to heaven  
Than ever feel whole again

I never said I would stay to the end  
I knew I would leave you with babies and everything  
Screaming like this in the hole of sincerity  
Screaming me over and over and over  
I leave you with photographs  
Pictures of trickery  
Stains on the carpet and  
Stains on the memory  
Songs about happiness murmured in dreams  
When we both of us knew  
How the end always is

How the end always is...

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