

I.V. "Empty"

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In the gloom mist morning, a bag of wasted hue
My throat it closes tighter, better to keep shut than use
But why? If you trust than maybe
something would happen with us, with us yeah

Give in if its a sin, I don't want to be the saint to save
you
Pull through lie here with me, cocoon and grow empty

Come to claim the screaming
Watch them beg for flesh
You dance for edge and dreaming,
But leave the truth to rest
Then why does it kill to fold
Into a tangle vessel of lies, despite...

I give in if its a sin, I don't want to be the saint to save
you
Pull through lie here with me, cocoon and grow empty,
empty..

Give unto me, love leave impress
Do unto me
Give unto me (give unto me), love leave impress (love
leave impress)
Give unto me... do unto me...
Give unto me, love leave impress
Do unto me
Give unto me (give unto me), love leave impress (love
leave impress)
Give unto me, do unto me..

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