

Blindspott, Ilah (Silent War)

Skin like nicotine
She was dressed to kill for me
Flesh cut from magazines
Hold your breath for me (and scream)

My silent war...
How could I ask for more
How could I ask for more?

Taste the sickening sweet
When you raise your glass for me (and my own trophy)
The win, the defeat, parasites
The disease owns me

In my silent war...
How could I ask for more?
How could I...

You're the parasite
In my silent war
Would you fight
In my silent war?