

# Death, The Flesh And The Power It Holds

I told you once but I will say it again  
When you live the flesh it is the beginning  
Of the end  
It will take you in  
It will spit you out  
Behold the flesh and the power it holds  
Passion is a poison laced with pleasure bitter sweet  
One of many faces that hide deep beneath  
It will take you in  
It will spit you out  
Behold the flesh and the power it holds  
Touch, Taste, Breathe, Consumed  
Deja-vu, Already knew from the first encounter  
But know I know to let go of words to speak no more  
Like a wind upon your face you can't see it  
But you know it's there, When beauty shows  
Its ugly face, Just be prepared

Passion burns like fire carried by the wind  
The end of a time, A time to begin  
It builds you up one way and tears  
You right back down, A time to begin  
The end of a time

Touch, Taste, Breathe, Consumed