

# Every Time I Die, Your Touch Versus Death

eyes of celibates burning images worn down rotted lies lips dried peeling  
eyes separate our lives dead underneath your skin this blood's not mine you  
fucking whore you don't deserve my Gods you're a deified angel you leave me  
sickened in prayer it's the residing disease in me that sheds it's halos for  
whores it leaves my wrists cut with jaded tongues your eyes freeze my fire  
of innocence whores addictions souls salvation I said it I'm so tired so  
saddened I'm no coward please bury me they broke my wings in an attempt to  
divide a sickness from comfort of open wounds wide eyed I died