

# Icon Of Coil, Former Self

Decisions are few, although I've found my peace  
Avoiding the dark, caressing the sun  
Despised by your touch  
Prefer to be alone  
Now lend me your soul  
It seems like I'm loosing mine

And this ain't me  
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat  
And this ain't me  
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work

Filled by desire  
I'm calm as a storm  
Like a state of mind  
It's someone you know  
Too soon, too cold  
This invitation  
Now lend me your soul  
I fall to damnation

And this ain't me  
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat  
And this ain't me  
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work