

Madder Mortem, Lesser Times

I do recall that face
I've done my best to wash you away
But still your fingerprints on my skin
And still your scent all over me

There's no more time to waste
Now all these fine days are smothered and grey
And I have never felt this low before
And never will again

And I don't think it will work
Leave me bleeding on your doorstep now
Shelter the weakened souls from the ugly things in life
Leave me bleeding alone

This time I really tried