

Puressence, Ironstone Izadora

With our heads to the side nobody

quite knows where they are
A trio of lies, trying to knock you
off your guard

With our heads to the side
With our heads to the side

You give me criminal ways in a
subliminal haze
Ironstone Izadora's the name

Got the mark of Cain I hang on
a chain around my neck
I'll say it again, pleasure or pain
what's coming next?

Move your head to the side
Move your head to the side

You give me criminal ways
in a subliminal haze

Ironstone Izadora's my name
Ironstone Izadora's my name

Tell me why she tells those lies
when she lies with you?
Tell me why its no surprise
when nothing is true?