

# Afterhours, Fresh Flesh

I taste the leather  
Of your skin on another  
Do what you must dear  
Don't look down - down on me  
'cause you - you are only  
That which you see

Black is the fire  
of what's left of your soul  
Inside are you slave  
Or are you king?

All is calm  
Tied up with string

There was one who came undone  
And that was you