

# Ahimsa Sunrise, Kiss For Kill

You won't save the things that you promised me to keep;  
I'm sure out of luck with you.

Were not ready, were not ready to see.  
The aroma of death floats through the air  
What a wonderful way to celebrate.

I'd slit your throat in a heartbeat,  
you would like that wouldn't you.

Think of me as an art,  
to rip and tear apart my heart.

You won't save the things that you promised me you would keep;  
I'm sure out of luck with you.

You remind me of the sun,  
except you burn from the inside out.

The heat that you bring upon me,  
I know longer I know longer can hide.

I'd slit your throat in a heartbeat,  
you would like that wouldn't you.

Think of me as an art,  
to rip and tear apart my heart.

You won't save the things that you promised me you would keep;  
I'm sure out of luck with you.

In movie life  
I would kill you

Just to pass the scene  
I deserve better than this