

Constantines, Lizaveta

Lizaveta, we stood together in the pissing rain
Your skin was showing through your shirt
You said, 'Lover, let's run for cover.'
I said, 'Lover, wait.
Stay here and I'll give up all I'm worth.'

It's good... we desire disorder
With this design, we're all born our own destroyer
In that evil hour, without defense, be sensitive
You were born to live, You were born to live

Attraction lures the sot to drink, to all his troubles drown
But when his legs give way, he falls, and attraction keeps him down

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