

David Kushner, Sweet Oblivion

I'll bleed for you
I'll bear the bruise
If I feel the way you do
Oh, I'd be someone new
Someone new

Save me from the sickness that I love
Take me to your sweet oblivion
I'm kneeling at your altar
I'm down here on my knees
Take me to your sweet oblivion

Gladly, I await the night
Slipped between these ribs of mine
With you, there's no dying shame
Just a breathless whispered grace
Kings and choirs sing your name
Angels standing at your gates
If precious blood is what it takes
I'm praying, won't you

Save me from the sickness that I love
Take me to your sweet oblivion
I'm kneeling at your altar
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Take me to your
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Sweet oblivion