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 I'm down here on my knees Take me to your sweet oblivion

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