

Death In June, We Are The Lust

Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love
Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love
Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love

We are the lust
That comes from nothing

We are the lust
As they turn to dust
As they ground to dust
A crown of tears
We are the lust

We are the lust
That comes from nothing